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APRIL 19, 1924

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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EASTER

Kuppenheimer

GOOD THES

When the occasion calls for a good appearance —
Kuppenheimer Good Clothes

Westclox

To offset spring fever

THESE are the days when your thoughts will wander and you would like to follow them. It is spring fever time.

It is the call of the out of doors. An hour's exercise in the open air is the best spring tonic you can get.

Try taking that hour in the early morning. Spend it in your garden, on a walk, or practicing with your mashie and see what an edge it puts on your breakfast appetite.

When you get to work both you and your thoughts are keenly on the job. Keep at it a week and see what a difference it makes. You will count it the best hour of the day, presented by your Westclox alarm and a little resolution on your part.

If you choose alarm clocks and low priced watches with the trade mark Westclox on the dial and six cornered, orange bordered buff tag, you are using expert judgment.

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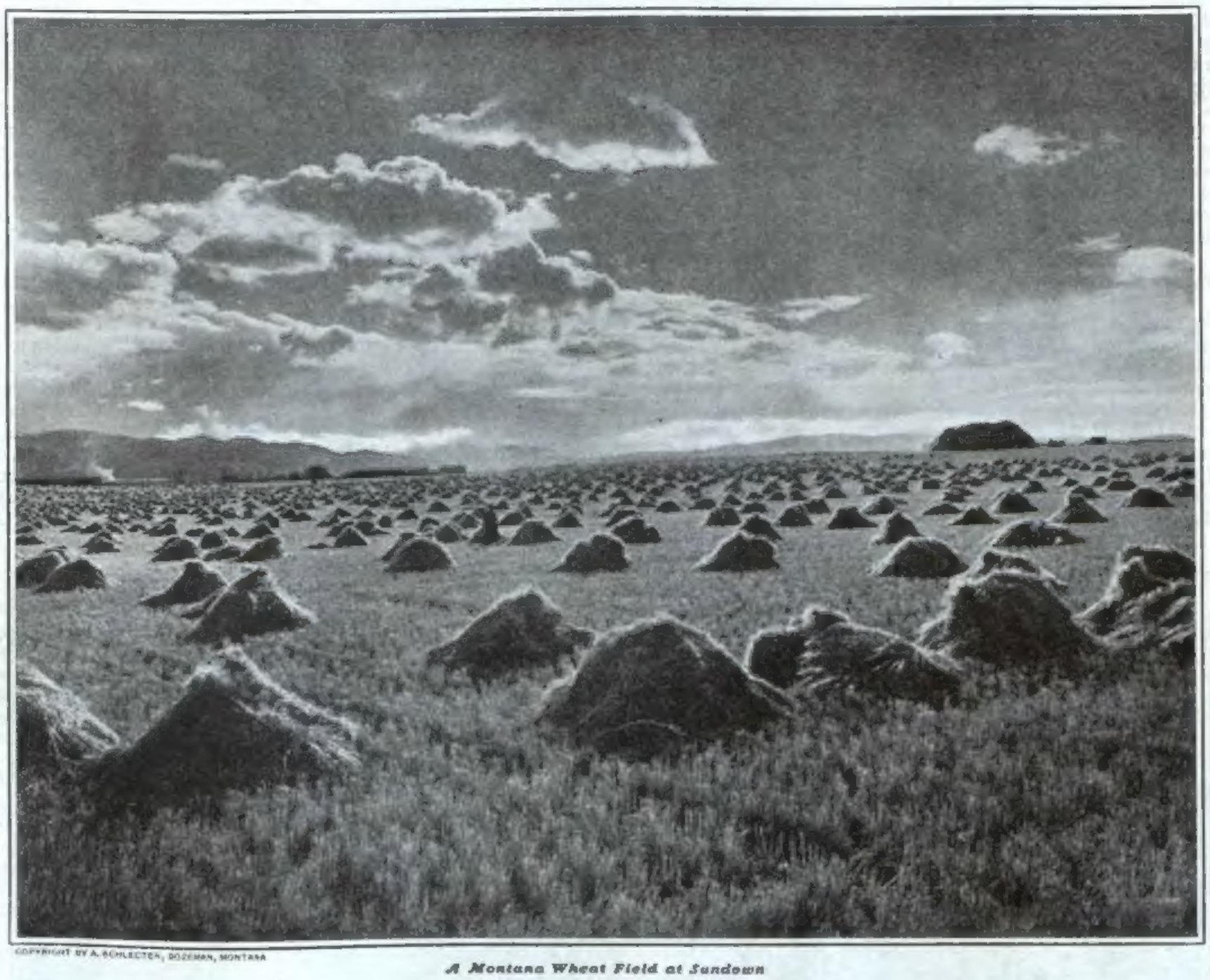
A Fifty-Year Crisis in Agriculture

By GARET GARRETT

IT IS proposed that we shall have in this country a successful agriculture without its ancient means—that is to say, without either slave labor or peasantry.

Conscience has abolished slave labor. It is forever put away. As for peasantry, we care not for it. The word associates with Old World drudgery. "Shall the American farmer be reduced to the condition of the European peasant?" asks the political rhetorician. We answer all with one voice, "No!"

This is what the psychologist calls a reaction. Few stop to examine what "peasantry" means. The sound is wrong. It makes us think of Russia or the Balkans; we pass lightly over France and Germany, where peasantry, though it hurts the back, does offer one sweet reward. The name of that reward is security. Wars, revolutions, economic disasters pass; the peasantry survives, like a tree, through the seasons. It appears that we do not esteem security. Or perhaps we take it for granted. At any rate, we say "No!" We point with pride to the fact that although the yield per acre is much lower in this country than in Europe the yield per man is higher. To explain this we keep in our minds the picture of the American farmer, not bending his back, not tending a few acres intensively, but sitting on his plow with eyes to see his prairie domains stretching to the horizon, commanding mechanical energy. That is the American way.



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A Montana Wheat Field at Sundown

Nevertheless, agriculture without slave or peasantry presents difficulties which are yet unsolved. We hardly know what they are, never having defined them thoughtfully. It has been possible for a long time to conceal them. They could very easily be concealed as long as new land was to be had for the trouble of taking it—virgin land that increased in value from the first stroke of the ax and was prodigal in giving. And it could be further concealed as long as the cost of production continued to fall, as it did for many years, even where the first richness of the soil had been taken. It continued to fall for two reasons—the use of improved implements and the method of specialization.

The Rising Costs of Agricultural Production

BUT now the land is all accounted for; all owned. There cannot be any such improvement upon existing implements as these represent upon the scythe and flail. And specialization already has been carried to the point of evil. Thus costs are rising. They have risen enormously for reasons that are permanent. And now concealment begins to be much more troublesome.

Agriculture in this country was at first of two types. There was the planter type, resting upon slave labor. The planter crops were such as rice, tobacco and cotton.

The other was the individualistic type—heroic, romantic, allegorical. With a few rude tools, a gun, his team and wagon, a bushel of seed, a bag of salt and a new wife, the pioneer entered the wilderness. Later the surveyor found him in a log cabin, proprietor of the solitude, surrounded by increase. Others came and bought him out; he went on to do it again. Then these others, having further improved the land, sold it again and followed the original soil breaker. When they overtook him he sold and went on. So wave after wave.

We can remember it who were not there. The straining of the wagon gear through the listening stillness of forest, nameless terrors, the pungency of hot harness, the odors of evening and frying food on the river bank, the sweetness of coarse fare, storm, starlight, morning, boundless expectation, and news and rumor even there. Always someone had gone before; news was coming back. The place of eminent desire was not Boon's Lick. The perfect valley was just discovered farther on. Then the great anxiety whether in taking what was here one had not missed what rumor said was there.

Speculation in Land a Century Ago

"SCARCELY," says a contemporary writer—1826—"has a family fixed itself and enclosed a plantation with the universal fence—split rails laid in the worm trail, or what is known in the north by the name of Virginia fence—reared a suitable number of log buildings, in short, achieved the first rough improvements that appertain to the most absolute necessity, than the assembled family about the winter fire begin to talk about the prevailing theme—some country that has become the rage as a point of immigration. They offer their farm for sale and move away."

Selling out on the third or fourth wave, to people who built roads as they came, who brought hardware, better tools and flocks, and who meant to stay, gave those restless homesteaders the capital they required to go on with.

Speculation in land was already the national mania.

Flint, writing his Recollections in 1826, said: "During my residence in Missouri the rage for speculating in their lands was at its highest. I have often been at collections where lands were at sale for taxes and by orders of the court, and at other times, when there were voluntary sales at auction. The zeal to purchase amounted to a frenzy. Land speculators constituted a particular party. It required prodigious efforts to become adroit. The speculators had a peculiar kind of slang dialect, appropriate to their profession, and when they walked about, it was with an air of solemn thoughtfulness, as

though they were the people and wisdom would die with them. A very large tract of land was cried by the sheriff for sale when I was present, and the only limits and bounds given were that it was thirty miles north of St. Louis. A general laugh ran through the crowd assembled at the courthouse door. But a purchaser soon appeared. . . . Families were constantly arriving, many of them polite and well-informed, and they were going on to these tracts, which, portrayed by the interested surveyor and speculator, and as yet only partially explored, were to be their home. Never have I seen countenances suffused with more interest or eagerness than in circles of this description, where the comparative beauty and advantages of different sections of the country, or the best sites for location, were the themes of conversation. No doubt many of these speculations were dishonest. No subject is more susceptible of all the arts of cheating, because in no point is it so impossible to disprove advantages, which vary with the imagination of him who contemplates them."

But, as he adds, there were moments of retribution. The speculators at that time overstayed their market, as one says in Wall Street. Land values took a mighty fall and many of them were ruined. The tract of land lying somewhere thirty miles north of St. Louis was for a time perhaps unsalable. Not for long. Less than ten years later, in 1835, a survey was made for a railroad in Illinois from the steamboat landing at Alton through Brown's Prairie by Carlinville and Otter Point to Springfield, a distance of seventy miles. Merely the survey. And people were seized with the delusion that there would soon be no more farm land on that prairie, only cities. Farms in a state of rude development as farms were immediately laid out in town lots. Imaginary town sites were sold on what are still to this day only very good farms. A panic followed. Always as a thing of course the panic followed. Yet never did the value of land go back to where it was. Fantastic values disappeared; permanent values steadily and amazingly increased, and this has never stopped.

Plenty, Famine and Panic

WHAT occurred on the Illinois prairie has been occurring ever since, not as a rational procedure but as an expression of the pioneer mentality, with its restless, excitable imagination, its love of adventure, its ruling phantasy of wealth by luck and discovery, and its aversion to slow repetitious toil. Briefly, the mentality of the gold seeker. We know it. There is less or more of it in all of us.

So far from ever having sought to control or rationalize this spirit, the Government has encouraged it. There has never been but one national land policy. That was and is to exploit the land. Why not? The land—it is the land that makes us rich! There was nothing else to begin with.

It was in order to bring value quickly to the land that the Government made enormous grants of the public domain to the railroad builders; and on the part of the builders, to create and capture that value was the great incentive. Many of the early railroads were conceived as settlement projects on a magnificent scale. A railroad might be laid down on the prairie almost as fast as a team could walk; and then the only problem was to get people in fast enough from the Old World. The increase in the value of the land was expected to pay for everything, even the failures and disappointments, and ultimately it did.

When it was no longer necessary to subsidize railroad building with grants of land the Government found something else to do. There were vast areas of arid lands. Agriculture did not need these lands—not then. It does not need them now. Yet the impulse to exploit them was irresistible. Enormous sums of money have been spent to reclaim them by irrigation. But irrigated land, although very productive, is costly. It may be a good investment for such as mean to practice intensive farming on small acreage. But the element of speculation is not present. The majority pass it over and take instead the free, unirrigated land beyond, where the hazards are steep but where something you become possessed of for nothing may make you suddenly rich.

Of this a notable instance has just occurred. When a vast tract of semiarid land called the Montana triangle was opened for settlement there was a frantic rush to seize it. A motley of adventurers, speculators and people with neither capital nor experience, whom the blind earth hunger moved, and also a great many farmers from Iowa, Illinois, Missouri and South Dakota, where land had become dear—they all crossed the beautiful irrigated Milk River Valley, and established themselves on that dry, high bench beyond, where land was free and where nothing had ever grown but buffalo grass. Over an area half the size of Iowa eighteen thousand habitations, seventy towns and villages, schoolhouses, banks and elevators popped out of the ground.

And, note, nobody knew whether or not that land would farm. The Government that threw it open for settlement did not know, the railroads that brought the people did not know, the Agricultural College of Montana did not know; and of course the people did not know. They would have to find out. They planted wheat. If the land would grow anything it would grow wheat; and, besides, wheat growing is the true American way of exploiting the virgin soil. It is more exciting than placer mining, and much less laborious.

This semiarid land did at first yield wheat in a prodigious manner. After two freak years of plenty it was valued at fifty dollars an acre; you could borrow twenty-five on it. After three freak years of bad weather it fell to ten or fifteen dollars an acre. Then the panic. Montana now is dealing with the consequences. They will pass. The Agricultural College is teaching people how safely to grow wheat there, on a dicing principle, so that if you get one crop in three you come out ahead. That land never again will go back to buffalo grass. It probably could not happen as a matter of biological fact, for it is said that once the natural sod is broken the grass will not return. But for economic reasons it is forbidden to happen. The land was not and is not needed for wheat. There is a ruinous surplus of wheat. Yet there are those towns, the elevators, the investment which cannot be permitted to perish. To support it the people must be kept on the soil. To this end shall be employed all the resources of agricultural knowledge; even, if necessary, public funds.

Now the point. It is this: If by "peasantry" we shall agree to mean, not uncouth rusticity but a manner of taking root in the soil for special love of it, the painstaking cultivation of small holdings with the labor of the family and a high degree of self-containment upon the land, then American agriculture is largely free of it. Actually it does exist. The cases are innumerable. But it is not characteristic. What may be called the American idea of agriculture is somewhat as follows:

First, that it shall be at least as profitable as industry or business for all who are willing to engage in it;

Second, that it shall not be more laborious than industrial life, for if it is people will leave it;

Third, and for the same reason, that it shall enjoy as far as possible all the benefits of city life and be compensated for those it is obliged to do without;

Fourth, that it shall be efficient, as business is, and produce primarily a money crop.

Our Unique Idea of Agriculture

THERE is almost no thought of a country life self-sufficing in virtue of satisfactions beyond the reach of cities, a rural culture self-regarding in its own environment. When you speak of it people do not know what you are talking about. Farming is understood to be a business, not a way of living one might prefer to any other.

This American idea of agriculture, altogether unique in the world, was never stronger than at the present time. It controls all our ways of thinking. The power of education is behind it. The Government first and last spends great sums of money in support of it. We adopt it unawares. Consider how now it is the fashion to speak of agriculture. Farming is an unscientific term, becoming obsolete. We speak, instead, of the wheat industry, of the cattle industry, of the dairy industry, of overhead, fixed charges, net income, quantity production and turnover.

It shall be said, first, that if in any country on earth this idea may be realized, here is that country; and, moreover, that the extent to which American agriculture has been already urbanized, specialized, industrialized, could not be imagined anywhere else. It has more plumbing, more automobiles, more scientific data, more news, more contact with the cities, more excitement, more attention, shorter hours and less drudgery than any other agriculture in the world, now or ever before. Great numbers of farmers keep their families in towns. Many go to Florida or California for the winter. In their preoccupation with the one money crop, whatever that may be, they often neglect to produce their own food. They increasingly buy their food, as city people do, and the same kinds.

Taking it the country over, 40 per cent of the food eaten on the farms is not produced on the farms. It is not that they sell grain for cash and buy flour or bakers' bread, not that they sell hogs for cash and buy hams and bacon and lard from the Chicago packers by the trainload; they buy garden vegetables, potatoes, fruits, canned goods, jellies, milk, butter, eggs, cheese and poultry. In Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas the average farm

(Continued on Page 113)

PHOTO, BY A. SCHLECTER, BOZEMAN, MONTANA

Cattle on the Range, Montana

THE LOVELY LADY

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

HE HAD never met a woman who remained a mystery for more than a month, and he was getting old now—nearly twenty-one. True, there were some he had loved—dozens, dearly, for days at a time; even weeks. But he could never keep it up, because they would not remain enigmas, like the imperious beauties he had read about.

The new-generation beauties he encountered, eager little debutantes at dances, and even the older women—of twenty-one—did not seem to care much about mystery and seldom tried to be imperious with him. They tried to be snappy.

There was nothing enigmatic in the modern manner of looking you boldly in the eye, calling you by your first name the first time you met them; no subtlety in the way they grabbed your cigarettes. Impossible to clothe them in glamour when they refused to clothe themselves in much of anything. Delightful, disturbing, but always in the end disenchanting. They were too anxious to be popular and he regretfully saw through them. So he swore off women a dozen times. He was disappointed in love.

And yet—it was queer—he could not keep away from them. He liked them so. They went to his head, made him glow and feel glad, aroused wonderful visions of what might be, ought to be—a lovely lady to worship and adore as his father had adored his beautiful mother.

But his girls! Gosh! So few of them wanted to be worshiped; so many of them wanted to be kissed, and preferred his gin to his adoration. Well, he had laughed and kissed them and liked it. He liked drinking with them, too, unless they drank too much. He still retained an inherited prejudice against seeing girls get tight—a lingering taint of Victorianism.

For example, the night—only it was nearer morning—when he took that one home from a party before she wanted to go. He scarcely knew her, but she was a classmate's younger sister, a cute little kid, and her brother wasn't there. It was a kind of party she had no business attending. Alone with her in the taxicab, driving around and around in the park to sober her up, he gallantly called her a little fool. She kissed him on the mouth. He told her to go to hell and deposited her within the portals of her sheltering home.

But that sort of thing seldom happened now since the recent wave of reform. There never had been so much of it as some of the older generation believed, especially those who had no sons or daughters of their own. They liked to believe it, the blinking old hoot owls! They could see only what went on in the dark, heard only the echoes of the noisy ones. Most of the new generation, he maintained, were as decent as the older generation had been. They were simply more honest. There was nothing hypocritical Victorians feared and hated more than the truth. There were plenty of attractive girls he still believed in and liked, good friends of his, humorous and reserved, who discussed eugenics and the Freudian wish with maidenly modesty.

But even these would not quite do. Perhaps there was something the matter with him. Could it be that he had been born in the wrong generation, a throwback, a sort of Victorian himself? Horrible thought! All the same, about the time of his twenty-first birthday he began to take a more indulgent interest in the older generation. Merely a sign of age; purely a scientific interest, like the study of fossils.

Being broad-minded, however, he was willing to admit that there must have been something worth while even in the absurd past, which the modern writers viewed with such amused contempt. It had produced people like his parents, anyway, and they were all right, even though they were old-fashioned. And they were not so old-fashioned, nor, for that matter, so old as the general run of parents. He not only loved his people—such things frequently happen even in these days—he liked them. He could talk to them—on some subjects—and actually enjoy it. That does not happen so often.

Home from college for week-ends, he began talking to his mother about those romantic old days before the war, to him a vague memory of childhood. He even delved deeper into the past, listened to tales of that legendary period when she and his father were young in the days of chivalry and hansom cabs at the end of the last century. What a queer place the world must have been away back there, before his generation came into it, bringing modern improvements, inventing a new century of their own, creating another world, indeed. They said, "Let there be light," and there was true light at last on literature, art and sex.

But the Victorian era, with its organized bunk and prudery, was now so remote that one could feel an antiquarian fascination in those old dead days beyond recall without really losing caste. Those ceremonious old days of the stately cotillion and the funny frock coat, when men made dinner calls and women kept visiting lists and both had manners—meaning inhibitions which, for example, kept them from going to dances without an invitation. How quaint and charming!

In his father's day a smart woman was called a Lady of Quality, he believed; or was it a Woman of Fashion? At any rate, gay blades in queer collars surrounded by black stocks fought duels over the Toast of the Town—or was that in a still earlier period? Grandfather's time, maybe, or great-grandfather's; some place back around there, though there were differences, no doubt, even in the past. Modern writers, the only authors one read, perhaps overlooked that thought. Yes, his immediate parents' youth must have been in the days of the blush and the bustle, when men were beaus and women were belles, and the belles seldom employed paint in public, and the beaus never employed bootleggers in private. Ah, those were the happy days! The Victorian period was gathering the glamorous haze of romance. He actually caught himself wishing he had lived in those brave old days of yore—a shameless reactionary, a traitor to his own enlightened generation.

And there were ladies in those days. He wanted to love a lady. Perhaps that explained it all.

The Old Man Was Always Masterly at Handling Situations and the Boy Could Not Help Admiring His Poise in the Present One

II

"SUCH a beautiful boy," she thought; "and he doesn't seem to know it!"

This pleased the lady, but puzzled her. Noticeably good-looking men were so noticeably aware of their own charms as a rule; not with the constant, detailed awareness that all women have of their own appearance, whether beautiful or not, but with an insolent complacency which no woman, even the most beautiful, ever attains.

She had indicated a comfortable chair for him across the tea table from her own. As he thanked her for letting him come she detected a quality in his respectful glance that gave her a delightful interpretation:

"Oh, it's because he's thinking about my own good looks! Such a nice boy!"

She lowered the famous eyelashes, apparently for the purpose of adjusting the alcohol lamp under the teakettle, and let him gaze his fill.

"Such a lovely lady, such an imperious beauty!" he said to himself, the light upon her face being just right, not too strong. She had seen to that before he was announced.

She did not know that she was an imperious beauty. No woman ever does. She knew that she was a beauty, though. They always do.

"He likes me, he likes me!" She was as flattered as a flapper of seventeen. More so, perhaps. "I'm young enough to please him," thought the imperious beauty.

And now as she scalded out the teapot he saw the enigmatic smile, like Mona Lisa's, and he wondered what lay back of it.

"He hasn't had his good looks long enough to think much about them, the nice big boy; but I've had mine so long that—dear me!—I have to think about them all the time or I'll lose them!" That was what lay back of the enigmatic smile.

She put in the tea bag and filled the pot. The Mona Lisa smile vanished and across the expressive face came a wistful look, as if haunted by some sad thought. The mystery of woman! It thrilled him. She had just come to an important decision, sad but necessary:

"Yes, when I get back to Paris I'll go to that place around the corner and have my face lifted." To hide the scars where the tucks are taken in the skin might involve a change in the manner of dressing her hair, but—oh, well, brushing it straight back would soon be ordinary in any case. "My neck and chin are still good, thank heaven."

They were talking in the meanwhile, these two; but what they said to each other did not matter—as yet.

She poured his tea and put in two lumps and a slice of lemon without asking and without hesitation, and yet she had given him tea but once before. It staggered him.

"You remembered!" he said, and he looked his amazement.

To that she made no comment, not even a smile, and filled her own cup. Her subtle silences fascinated him. So different from the laughing chatter of the noisy generation.

It was wonderful enough that this experienced woman of the world, a famous international beauty, was kind to him, had let him come to see her, had made a cup of tea for him alone. But she remembered how he liked it. Why, she must actually have thought about him! It made him dizzy and it made him grateful. If he could only have the privilege of doing something great for her sometime, of serving her somehow without hope or chance of reward. But he supposed that she would soon tire of having him around, as she had doubtless done with many an older and better man. He knew that to her he seemed merely a boy.

"A frightfully callow kid to this smart woman, who must be nearly thirty!"

Well, he would appreciate his blessings while they lasted.

Being a woman of the world, she had begun by treating him as if he were a man of the world. Very young men usually loved that. He was still young enough to enjoy being considered old, but he was wise enough not to assume a sophistication he had not acquired. He declined the rôle.

"You see, it never pays for me to pose," he told her with the effective humor of sheer honesty. "I always forget and give myself away."

Next to his fresh good looks, his ingenuousness pleased her most. Her soft laugh told him so; told him to go on.

"Besides, I know better than to try to fool you. I don't suppose any man can fool you."

She looked at him and liked him. He was so tall and strong, so delectably young and not ashamed of it.

"Why not?" she asked, still smiling.

"Oh, you just take one look at 'em and then know all about 'em, I suppose. Mrs. Deshiel, don't most men bore you a good deal?"

"Anyway, you don't," she said; "so why bother about the others? Let me fill your cup."

Men were her *métier*. An artist is seldom bored by color.

He let her fill his cup. He detested tea, but he adored the quiet grace with which she poured it. She was long and slender, and all her movements were deliberate and well poised. She performed the ritual without the slightest clash of silver on china. When she left the room to answer the telephone she did not hop or hurry; she floated. When she returned she did not flop into her chair; she somehow became seated, and did not loll. And she toned in so wonderfully with the small but perfect drawing-room of this little gem of a house. She was an American, but she lived most of the time abroad. His father was her lawyer and managed her estate. That was how the boy had the luck to meet her.

The second cup made him bolder.

"Do you know how I always think of you, Mrs. Deshiel?"

She raised her eyes to his. She did it slowly. Even when she looked at you directly, her eyes seemed somehow veiled.

"I didn't know that you thought about me at all, Mr. Linton."

She had not yet begun calling him Stanley, after the manner of his own generation, and he liked this. Of late she seldom addressed him by name at all, and he liked that too. He liked everything about her.

"Why, naturally, I think about you a good deal."

As Clearly as if She Had Said It, He Knew That He Could Infold Her in His Arms. He Was Bewildered and Appalled, Flattered and Disappointed

"Do you? Why?"

"Because you are so kind. You have let me know you."

No gallantry; just a statement of fact, an acknowledgment of gratitude. Such sweet homage and such delightful manners. None of the raucous familiarity she disliked but accepted from certain of his contemporaries. She leaned the least bit forward and he saw the enigmatic smile again.

"Tell me how you always think of me."

He smiled, too, for fear she might be laughing at him.

"Well, to me you are the last of the ladies."

He dropped his gaze before hers.

"Dear me, am I so old?"

The sensitive spot. So she laughed musically to show that it was not.

"No; so young. That's just the point. I thought they had quit making them. There used to be lots of ladies. There still are—old ones. There's my mother—but she is forty."

Although only twenty-one, Stanley was far more observant than most men were or could be in the presence of beautiful women, and he detected that haunting wistfulness again.

"She's not listening. I'm probably boring her," he thought. He said, "Do you mind my talking about you so much?"

"It's awfully nice of you, but rather unusual for me. You see, I am a woman; so I have to talk to men about—what interests them most." She meant, of course, themselves. "But then you are a very unusual man." They always like to be told that they are unusual.

He gave her an unexpected look and shook his head.

"I'm talking about what interests me most."

What a delightful boy! And not so ignorant and awkward as most of them at that age, despite his disarming simplicity. There was intelligence in that smiling glance, and something else which aroused the lovely lady. This man, indeed, had fooled her. What a wonderful young lover he could be if he tried, the sweet, strong, joyous thing! What a delight to take him in hand and teach him!

"Some little fool of a flapper will get him and tame him into a horrible hustling husband of the well-known American type." What a pity! And then he would wake up after it was too late and realize all the opportunities he had missed. It did not seem right to this lady. Something ought to be done about it.

So he came and looked and worshiped and had a wonderful new interest in life. He had found a lady at last! That was all he wanted of her. It was not all she wanted of him.

During the Christmas holidays youths and maidens from many universities and schools forgather in the city to receive and impart higher knowledge in the art of dancing. There were parties from noon till morning. But Stanley had managed to steal away more than once from a *thé dansant* to the silent, softly lighted temple of his lady of mystery, unknown to his companions.

It was on the third of these afternoons that some orchids were brought in by a servant, and with them a new feeling entered the scene. Instead of a card, there seemed to be a note with the flowers. She asked his permission to glance at it. He watched her while she read it, because he loved to watch her when she did anything. As she read it he saw the Mona Lisa smile; and after she read it she looked out of the window and then at him.

"Oh, do let me fill your cup," she said.

That was all; and yet he was as sure as he could be of anything he did not know that those innocent orchids in some way concerned him. He remembered this afterward. She had admirers, of course; suitors, as they used to be called—dozens of them, probably. He expected that, would have been disappointed in her if she hadn't. It never occurred to him to be jealous. He wasn't. That would have been presumptuous and absurd. But he felt that something was now expected of him and he did not like the feeling. He wanted to fight it off. He wanted—oh, he didn't know what he wanted; but he felt that he was going to lose something. He did not feel so much in awe of her now. He wanted to remain in awe of her. Was another disillusionment due?

He arose to leave.

"Father has a committee meeting this evening, so I'm taking mother to the theater and we're dining early."

"When shall I see you again?" she asked.

"When will you let me come?"

"How would you like to motor me up to that new inn I was telling you about? It is said that you dance beautifully. I should love to dance with you."

She wanted to dance but not to be seen with him. He was so young and she was so criticized.

"That would be wonderful," he said.

He did not want to dance with her at all. There were millions of others to dance with. Did Mona Lisa dance?

"When shall it be?"

"But I haven't any car."

"I have. Are you free Saturday evening?"

"I'm so sorry. Mother has invited some of my friends for dinner."

"The later the merrier on Saturday night."

"What tough luck! We are all booked to go on to a couple of dances after dinner."

She held the note in her hand.

"Then I suppose I'll have to accept this invitation." He had expected that, but he did not like it. Was she playing with him? "I'd so much rather go with you," she

said. "Well, come Monday for tea, if you're free, and we'll arrange it then."

"You are so kind; but, you see, mother keeps my date book for me."

"Very well then, ask your mother if you can come."

He didn't like the tone of that. It was the first approach to a breach of taste he had ever detected in his wonderful lady.

She had arisen and was standing beside him now. She saw how tall he was. She loved the light on his brow. She liked his thick, healthy hair. She could hardly keep her hands off it.

"May I give you one?" She indicated the orchids. She began the intimate process of pinning it in his buttonhole, the famous eyelashes lowered the while. He was so adorable and so near. Someone would get him; why shouldn't she? She was as excited as a girl, but not so perturbed. She knew just what she was doing and loved it.

The young man knew, too, but he did not like it. Such an old trick, this buttonhole thing. Not a word was uttered. But the boy understood. He was that kind. As clearly as if she had said it, he knew that he could infold her in his arms. He was bewildered and appalled, flattered and disappointed.

"There," she said, and patted the flower; then looked up at him, her hand still upon his shoulder.

He knew what she wanted. He had no business knowing, but he did; and though elated, such was his sweet distress that he decided to run away. It was too easy. His fastidiousness was shocked. His thought was, "Get the hell out of here quick!" Petting parties were one thing, but a woman of thirty, a lady—no, not for him.

"Thank you so much," he said. "I'm late. I must fly."

"But you'll come on Monday for tea, won't you, Mr. Linton?"

"Naturally—if I can." And he left her.

"Oh, he will come," said the lady to herself.

Halfway home the young man said to himself, "She thinks you're a prig." Three-quarters of the way: "What a chance—and you missed it!" As he entered the house he kicked himself.

"You dumb egg!"

III

THE fascinating Mrs. Deshiel was not the only lady who regarded Stanley Linton as unusually good-looking. There was his mother. She, too, enjoyed gazing at him—when she had a chance. For a modest person, she was shamelessly vainglorious about her son; and he was her only child. He had a strong face, she thought, as well as sensitive and fine. But being his mother, she could see so much more in him than mere good looks. She loved to watch his eyes kindle at the sight of beautiful pictures, the sound of good music, good poetry—secret tastes he shared with her, not yet eradicated even by college, though he never handed out this line in the presence of his contemporaries.

She was proud, too, of her son's pride in his father, which she shared; and it nearly killed her when these two quarreled, which was not so often, now that Stanley was a "college man." Boy and man both he was now, in such curiously unblended streaks; so unaccountably wise and yet so often childlike. Most of all, it is to be feared, she rejoiced in his devotion to herself. With her he never quarreled.

Stanley's parents were having tea together at home. They had been out Christmas shopping. Earlier in the day she had been out on a similar errand with Stanley.

"Jim, you had the distinction of walking on the Avenue with Stanley yesterday. Did you observe how all the girls glance at him? It's a wonder it doesn't turn his head."

"It does. Before we reached Forty-second Street, it turned his head at least forty-two times. He never missed a pretty one during the whole triumphal tour. Lord, how old it makes a father feel!"

She laughed.

"Seriously, Jim, what are we going to do about it? They won't let him alone."

"Does he want them to?"

"No, bless his heart; but you ought to talk to him about women."

"You're a woman—talk to him yourself."

"But he's a man. He respects you."

"You're his mother. He worships you."

"Oh, he likes me; but he thinks I'm a sweet little old fat Victorian mother."

"You're not fat; you're just—plump; and he adores you. It runs in the family."

"Oh, but I couldn't talk to him about that subject! It would embarrass him."

"Neither could I. It would embarrass me."

"But somebody ought to do it."

"You ought to do it."

"No, you do it."

"I can't."

"Neither can I!"

"So what'll we do?"

"Nothing, I suppose."

"I suppose so."

They heard him coming in. He was whistling as he took off his overcoat. He was still whistling as he strode into the room, red-cheeked from the frosty air, tingling with health and animal spirits. He liked seeing them sitting there. Rather old-fashioned and provincial, maybe, to have tea together. But they were a nice-looking pair, all the same. It was such a comfort to have parents you weren't ashamed of.

His mother tried not to beam at him, but both parents considered it kind of him to come home for tea with them in the midst of the holiday rush. They had not seen a great deal of him. An only child. Parents are so at the mercy of their children.

"No, thanks," he said to his mother; "I've had my tea."

She did not ask where. She never did. But she wanted to know, all the same. She always did, being his mother. She wondered who had pinned the orchid in his buttonhole.

"See here, young fellow," said his father, putting down his cup, "your mother thinks that I—that is, she—or rather we—ought to talk to you about the girl question."

Stanley looked his father straight in the eye, and then at his mother.

"Right!" he said. "Nothing I'd like better than a good sex talk with you two." And he lit a cigarette.

"Good Lord!" said Linton, with an amused glance at Stanley's mother. "I think it's time for me to dress."

His wife took him by the coat and pulled him back into his seat.

"Don't you dare leave me alone with this dreadful man!" she said, and they all laughed. His parents might be Victorian, but at least they could joke about it. The prevailing opinion among the best modern authorities was that the Victorians were utterly lacking in humor.

"Stanley, your mother is blushing."

"Jim, I'm not. I'm behaving better than you are. Go on, Stanley, go on. You see, Jim, I don't mind."

"Well, I don't want to embarrass you people."

"Oh, you're putting us at our ease," said Jim. "So thoughtful of you."

"Well, my generation believes in the truth."

"All right, give us the truth. Are you mixed up with any woman?"

"No, I'm not."

"Oh, I'm so glad, dear."

"But I'd like to be."

"Stanley!"

"Of course I would. I'm crazy about 'em. All men are."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said his father.

"Oh, of course father's too old now; he doesn't remember. Women don't exist for him any longer."

"Poor old Jim! Nearly forty-three! Too old now to take any interest in women."

"Well, father is one of the lucky ones. He found the right woman early in life."

"I caught him young, poor dear, and wouldn't let him go. He's never had a chance."

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Delightful, Disturbing, But Always in the End Disenchanting. They Were Too Anxious to be Popular and He Regretfully Saw Through Them

THE UNITED STATES TODAY

By the Earl of Birkenhead, P. C.

Material Prosperity

EACH time that I visit the United States I am conscious of an enormous advance in the material prosperity of this illimitable country. But I confess that on the present occasion the impression was deeper than ever before. Everywhere I went I saw cities developing with incredible rapidity. Everywhere factories are being extended. Everywhere great public buildings conceived upon a scale of nobler architecture are coming into existence. And the United States are evolving a special quality of architecture which does not any the less owe something to the American type that it is founded in its essential features upon Greek conceptions. I am not here speaking, of course, of the skyscrapers of New York. These are indeed among the wonders of the world. And those who conceived them are entitled to take a high place among the architects of the world. For they devised something altogether original, extremely difficult, and at the same time quite indispensable if the majestic and variegated life of New York was to continue on a site so narrow and so congested. And they have dealt with a problem which no other nation has had occasion to approach, with a scheme of inventiveness which, however bizarre, possesses a character and a genius of its own. No one who upon a summer evening has approached these towering edifices, overtopping the lower clouds in their tall beauty, can fail to realize an almost magic city, peopled indeed by the eager searchers after wealth and surrounded for some space by mean streets; but nevertheless a splendid emblem of the aspiring greatness of this immense republic.

The architecture of the larger cities is matched by the public spirit and munificence of the wealthy citizens of this country. One great university after another is enriched by the munificence of private benefactions. The University of Chicago is modeled architecturally with mimetic fidelity upon the noblest buildings of Oxford and Cambridge. Here is to be found an almost exact replica of the great hall of Christ Church, unfavorably distinguished only by the portraits which are ranged upon its walls. Nor is it alone in the great centers of wealth like Chicago that an admirable sense of civic responsibility operating upon immense wealth has produced illustrious universities. In the States it is almost universally realized that the accumulation of wealth upon a large scale involves and renders natural a bestowal of some portion of it upon generous public purposes.

In Great Britain we are still able to note with admiration many evidences of the same spirit. But the creation within so short a period of time of so many provincial universities had unquestionably congealed the fountain of private munificence in relation to our greatest universities, Oxford and Cambridge. Here the rich stream of medieval endowment has failed, and the two most illustrious universities in the world have been forced, not without great peril to their essential character, to look to public resources.

Twenty-five years ago the average American man of business was conceived of, and not altogether with injustice, as one who left home early and returned late, employing the long day in the feverish interests of Wall Street; he became dyspeptic at forty; and he very often died at fifty. In the interval—if he was successful—he accumulated a vast fortune. His wife and his beautiful daughters enjoyed it, and as far as he was concerned the rare alleviations of a hectic life coincided with a few hurried visits to Europe.

I never was quite able to realize what such a man derived from life commensurate with the exertions that he made. The Psalmist, after all, said that the life of man was three score years and ten. Persons gifted with exceptional constitutions have very readily and agreeably to themselves prolonged this period. There is, for instance, still living in the United States of America an old lady aged a hundred and twenty-six; and she gave a tea party on the occasion of her last birthday. At such an age it might very reasonably be assumed that a tea party on such an anniversary is a very enjoyable occasion. But not to reason from an extreme case, the late Lord Halsbury learned to ride a bicycle at the age of eighty, and to play golf at the age of eighty-two. I do not know whether he rode the bicycle well or badly; though the evidence is overwhelming that he played golf very badly; but in any event he undoubtedly enjoyed both. I have never myself been able to understand the philosophy of life of the men who, unless they dislike life, overdraw their accounts at the only vital bank that really matters. After all, however much wealth one has, it is as certain as anything can be that at the last dreadful moment it must be left behind. Charon's fare may be as readily paid by the pauper as by the prince; indeed there is every reason for believing that in the last resort you may be ferried over that stream without any contribution at all.

I think there is a great change in this respect in the outlook upon life entertained by most successful business men since I first visited America nearly thirty years ago. And oddly enough, the modest instrument which in my judgment has done most to promote this change has been the game of golf. When I first knew America I should doubt—though I do not know—whether there were more than twelve golf links in the whole of the United States. The late Mr. Gladstone was once, much against his wishes, compelled to play golf. He is reported to have commented upon the experiment that it was a good walk spoiled. Such would undoubtedly have been the verdict thirty years ago of any ninety-five per cent of the whole male population of the United States of America. But today the pervasive influence of Scotland has conquered America as completely as Lord North failed to conquer it. I suppose there are about three times as many first-class golf courses in the United States of America as in any other country in the world. And more and more I observe signs that the successful business men of the United States are allowing themselves this relaxation from their daily excitements. More and more they seem to me in this respect to be attaining a sane and equable philosophy of life.

I am not anxious in a sketch which is not intended to be controversial, except in one or two minor particulars, to involve myself in the great protectionist controversy. I merely therefore note this fact—that it is evidently impossible to predicate of protection that it is destructive of the economic fortunes of the nation which embraces its doctrines. For the prosperity of the United States is exuberant and phenomenal; and yet on my repeated visits to that country it so happens that I have never met a prominent business man who was a free trader. I have certainly met some men who thought that in some respect or other their tariff might be modified or altered. But I greatly doubt whether it would be possible to find among those who really count in the United States a dozen men who accept for their guidance the teachings of Cobden.

I am well aware that it may be retorted—and I have often made public admissions of this fact—that the astounding natural resources of the United States of America make it impossible to derive from their experience maxims valuable for the guidance of communities whose economic conditions are so little comparable. But I note these circumstances, which I believe to be indisputable, merely in order to make it plain that the assumption that free trade is the best policy for all countries at every stage in their development is one that cannot be sustained. For the proposition that the whole business world of the United States of America is so blind to its own economic interests as not to know whether free trade or protection serves its interests best is a paradox too wild to deserve or require disputation. In my mind the requirements of the domestic market in the United States of America will for a long period of time, perhaps twenty or thirty years, keep their factories in busy employment. There is so much wealth in the country, so much expansion and development, such self-confidence, that I see little prospect in the near future of any dependence on a large scale upon export markets for manufactured goods. And therefore I cannot myself see any prospect in the near future that the United States will be driven upon trading and industrial grounds to the conclusion that their own material interests demand a risky intervention into European politics.

The agricultural situation appears to me from the American standpoint to be more anxious. In this field America does at present require, and it maybe will for a considerable time continue to require, the relief of foreign markets. And such markets will not be upon a paying basis until Europe and the world emerge from the aftermath of the war. There is unquestionably great discontent among the farmers of the United States. And this discontent may easily react fatally upon the fortunes of other of the great American political parties. For the agricultural population of America is extremely numerous, and politically not ill-organized. The difficulty of the Government in attempting to attract it politically is that it has nothing to offer which the farmers value. And so it happens, paradoxically enough, that the problem which we have to confront in Great Britain, where we have unhappily sacrificed agriculture, is the same problem which must confront the Government at Washington, which cannot sacrifice it, for years and perhaps for generations.

In my judgment the political considerations which alone might induce the United States

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Englishmen Visiting the States are Frequently Touched by the Numbers Who Come to Them Claiming That Their Grandfather Was a Liverpool Man or That Their Grandmother Was From Somersetshire

THE YES MAN SAID NO

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"You Poor Boob! You Wouldn't Listen to Me, Would You? I've Told You Over and Over That This Thistle-Headed Partner of Yours Has Stingers, Haven't I?"

EVERY light that blazed its weird tint into the blackness of the immense Iskovitch lot and every vividly clad and painted-faced figure that hurried from glow to glow through the intervening shadows was but a reflex of the seething activity in the mind of the proprietor of this vast enterprise, for Isidor Iskovitch belonged to the latter of the two great factions into which the motion-picture industry is divided—those who are struggling to hold what they have and those who are struggling to get more. Isidor was conducting his struggle, at present, in a dingy and littered cellar print shop beneath his dark administration building, a youngish-looking fellow with no flesh on his bones, with five deep creases between his brown eyes, grimness in the straight line of his mouth, and smudges of printer's ink daubed on his hollow cheeks and pointed nose, his right hand and his shirt sleeves. He had on a printer's apron, and in his hand he held most awkwardly and unprofessionally a printer's stick with three lines of type in it. A queer occupation, alone and at dead of night, for a man at the head of a twenty-five-million-dollar business, and his attorney stared at him.

"What's the idea, Izzy?"

"I'm framin' a little publicity for the Pinnacle. I bought up The Black Saint, but nobody knows it, an'——"

"The Black Saint!" Isidor's attorney was an immaculate little man, all points from his pointed patent-leather shoes to his pointed collar and his pointed nose and chin and eyebrows; and every point on him seemed to shoot out a sudden sharp gleam. The Black Saint was the latest sensation of the legitimate stage, and it had been closed by the police in so many cities that it had been taken off the road. "What do you want with that thing? You wouldn't produce it!"

"You bet you my life I wouldn't! But the Pinnacle wants it, an' I'm just keepin' it for 'em. It's good for a coupla scraps on their lot. I'm framin' one now." And he held up for inspection a proof sheet of his amateur printing, with one of the envelopes in which his most powerful competitor was accustomed to send out its Eastern publicity. "Say, Flackman, I spent since ten o'clock poundin' the tails offa P's to get one that'd match."

Flackman produced a pocket reading glass and gravely inspected sample and original, but there was no twinkle in return to Izzy's triumph as he passed them back.

"I hope you realize that if they catch you in this they can make it hot for you."

"Say, looky here!" There was a sudden change in Isidor Iskovitch; something implacable in the intensity of the passion that possessed him as he shook a bony finger. "The Pinnacle's through makin' it hot for me! They kept me hoppin' the hurdles from the time I went into the business, but now it's me that's makin' them hop; Klekoff and Roabert too! Why, I already got those two fellas so they don't speak except on business, an' every time I hand one of 'em a wallop that he thinks the other one done it, I promise my little son, asleep in his cradle, before I go to bed, that there won't be any Roabert or Klekoff in the industry when he gets growed up—an' his papa'll be the Pinnacle!"

Something of an answering throb even in Enoch Flackman, for ever since Izzy had come to him as an ambitious poor boy, with his first case, there had been ample reason for his passion of vengeance against the Pinnacle.

"Well, they asked for it, and I hope they get it." Then the lawyer smiled dryly. "But they're still in business together, as I told you from the start that they would be. They are too strong to be licked in combination, Izzy, and too intricately entangled commercially to be separated by personal animosity."

"An' you'll keep tellin' me that till I get 'em split out!" retorted his client, slamming his printer's stick on the type case. "Say, I gave my word to them dirty bums that I'd put 'em outta the business before I got through, an' I'm gonna. What did you find out about those old stock companies?"

"Everything." Flackman went into his pocket for his neatly tabulated statements. "Before the Pinnacle was formed, Klekoff was the head of the Venus Picture-Producing Company, now defunct; and two years before that, Roabert organized a stock company known as the True Life Motion-Pictures Company, which also went broke. The stock of each is scattered in a great many places, and I've located most of it. It could be had for next to nothing; but I've examined the charters of both concerns, and I'm certain that in no possible manner could either of them injure the other by possession of even 100 per cent of that stock. That's what you wanted to know, isn't it?"

"Sure," said Izzy, and fell into a deep study. The other watched him silently while he locked up his type in the form, slowly and painstakingly, slipped the chase into the little press, trued the proof with many awkward trials and struck off a perfect envelope. Then he turned with a grin. "Oh, well, I guess it's just as good as if they could do somethin' with it, because each one o' them birds is so crooked that he thinks maybe the other one's gotta dirty trick the other one don't know yet. So, Enoch, get a coupla good safe fellas, one for each company, to buy me up that stock—a coupla fellas, maybe, where one of 'em's goin' to the Yukon an' the other one wants to go to Honolulu or Japan or some place. Anything just so they don't know it's bought for me."

"I'll have nothing to do with it," declared Enoch quietly. "Remember—will you?—if you ever get on a witness stand, that I said this; and remember also that as your attorney I advised you against your proposed forgery of the Pinnacle's publicity. These are my parting words, except that I bid you good night." And shaking hands heartily with his friend and client, he went out to put into execution the purchase of that stock, leaving Izzy quite content that the matter would be carried through expeditiously.

Then the amateur printer finished his job, cleaned up every vestige of the evidence and mailed one thousand Pinnacle publicity envelopes to his cousin, Aaron Iskovitch, of the New York office, at Aaron's home in Riverside Drive, together with a neat news story mimeographed in close imitation of the Pinnacle's Eastern publicity.

II

IN ONE moment the Pinnacle lot was pursuing the even falsetto of its way; in the next moment Old Nick was to pay, and no pitch hot. During the period of comparative peace, April Blossom, the blondest star of this high-arched firmament of moviedom, was in one end of the big stage busily portraying a woman of virtue falling into vice, and in the other end Gail Pierce, the brunettest star of this hugely domed welkin, was portraying a woman of vice falling into virtue, these being the two most lucrative varieties of heroine known to the screen. A safe length of three hundred feet separated the two eminent artists, and their directors were becoming placid in the belief that the day would go by without any displays of temperament or other violence. But just when the little birds of tranquillity were twittering their limpidest up in the tall rafters, Dot Haddon, today a reckless roisterer with the blue circles of her profession painted well around her eyes, found in the afternoon paper a small item that brought sweet April Blossom straight up. Oh, this was a rare moment, a precious moment, such as comes to only a few of us at the widest of intervals; and sweet April, fluffing the folds of her flesh-pink negligee, started to saunter diagonally across the big stage, almost purring in her happiness.

"Oh, I say, Miss Blossom," ventured a meek and modest worm—it was her director—"we're all set for those close-ups now."

"Are you?" she drawled. "Well, keep set, Charlie!"

Thereon Charlie, a very able man, who was ever in the dilemma that if he couldn't direct a famous star he had no standing in the profession, and if he did he had no standing with himself, cursed softly, ordered the lights kicked off and lit a cigarette; while the reckless roisterer—on a comfortable annual salary because it was necessary to have somebody in a star company who could act—produced her little square English grammar and retired to a period chaise longue to improve her mind; and Gail Pierce, lithe and lissom as a snake in her cerise negligee, saw the approach of the enemy with stiffening vertebræ.

"Cut!" bawled her director, realizing in advance that the scene was ruined and would have to be shot over.

Nothing more sisterly sweet than the expressions of the two ladies as the blonde one came to the edge of the Khegels. A moment she stood thus, smiling, then she spoke softly.

"Congratulate me, dearie. Roabert has just bought The Black Saint for me"

The jet eyes of Gail stared, then they glittered; then she laughed.

"For you? I say, precious, you oughtn't to bring your needle on the set."

Repartee is not necessary to a victor. Instead, the visiting star smilingly held out her copy of the paper, folded carefully to the item emanating from the New York office of the Pinnacle. There it was, in black and white. Roabert had purchased that phenomenally exploited drama, The Black Saint, at a fabulous price as a vehicle for the Pinnacle's beautiful and gifted star, April Blossom, the play having been assigned to her because her delicacy and purity would make possible the situations which in the hands of a less ethereal player might be considered risqué.

There was that stillness such as pervades all Nature just before an annihilating thunderclap; then with an unintelligible shriek Gail Pierce sprang up and the cerise negligee was off the set. April, smiling serenely, sauntered after her. She knew just where to go.

In the little inner office of the Pinnacle, Klekoff the mighty leaned against his mantel with the lavender light gleaming on his scarlet hair, smoking a cigarette in a long holder and preserving his poise determinedly as the lithe and lissom Gail grabbed his telephone and hissingly demanded the private wire to New York and Roabert. Her eyes glittered and her bosom heaved as the flesh-pink negligee entered.

"Wonderful news, isn't it?" drawled April to Klekoff, leaning against the mantelpiece beside him in chummy confidence.

"Yes." Klekoff was deeply puzzled. "I'm waiting for corroboration of it by wire."

He was boss of all the productions of the Pinnacle, Roabert was the boss of its finances, and both were jealous of their rights. It was quite correct for Roabert to purchase a play on which they had both agreed, but not correct for him to have announced any production plans. Besides, why April? She had asked Klekoff for it, but Roabert had promised it to Gail and Klekoff had given in to Roabert. The thing was settled, so why start something? What did it mean?

"Say"—Gail had Roabert on the phone and her voice broke into it like a back fire—"what is this stuff about The Black Saint? What's that? Speak louder! I don't get you. You promised it to me! You did, didn't you? What's that? Get closer to the phone! What's this joke about April's being so delicate and pure that she can get away with it? What's that? I don't get you! Don't yell so! If that blonde's got anything on me in delicacy and purity I'll show you the suppressed police records the next time you come out!"

"Say, you"—April had her by the shoulder and was shaking it for attention—"remember you're talking over the phone!"

"Take your paw off of me!" yelled Gail, jerking away. "You put it on my shoulder again and I'll leave marks on it you'll carry for a month. . . . No, I wasn't talking to you"—this into the phone as Klekoff dragged April away in the interests of efficiency. "But I am now. Listen! If I don't play The Black Saint I'll —— What's that? Oh-h! Didn't you, Heimey? Hold the wire a minute." It was she who purred as she turned to Klekoff and the blonde. "It's all a mistake. Roabert never made the announcement and he hasn't even closed for the play. When he does it's my play!"

"We'll see about that!" And at this moment to sweet April Blossom death would have been preferable to Gail Pierce's getting The Black Saint. She turned to Klekoff and desperation was in her every atom. "When that play is bought, I star in it. I've been announced. You're not going to let Roabert hang a joke on me to please her! Or haven't you anything to say about productions?" Klekoff could have slapped her for that. He was already having all he could do to control his resentment at his partner, and this deft finger nail on his quivering sore spot made him wince. Suddenly she snuggled against him and looked up at him little-girl fashion. "Anyhow," she lied, "you promised it to me, didn't you?—long before Gail ever thought of it—on the very morning after it opened in New York. Didn't he, Stuart?"

Stuart was an extremely self-possessed and dapper young man, with a well-curled mustache and pink cheeks, who stood now in the doorway, and he glanced at his chief for an infinitesimal fraction of a second. In that psychological moment Gail laughed, just one little high-pitched sardonic syllable, and something kindled in Klekoff's pale, evasive eye. "Yes," said Stuart.

"Yes!" mimicked Gail in withering contempt. "I'd like to know what that proof gets us!" And with fury she turned to the phone. "Say, April says Klekoff promised The Black Saint to her before it was promised to me, and Klekoff admits it; and his yes man says yes, and I guess that nails it. Klekoff's right here, and you tell him yourself what's what! I guess you have something to say about the Pinnacle—or haven't you?"

Thus pouring her oil on the burning waters, Gail handed the phone to Klekoff, who turned to Stuart with, "Did you get the newspaper office?"

"Say, What Is This Stuff About The Black Saint? What's That? Speak Louder! I Don't Get You. You Promised It to Me! You Did, Didn't You? What's That? Get Closer to the Phone!"

"Yes. Harvey says the blurb was the regular mimeograph sheet from our east-coast publicity department."

"Oh, it was! And there were dimples in Klekoff's nose as he now turned to the phone. "I don't know what you mean by all this, Roabert, but I'm production manager and I object to having the public told I am not! What's that? Don't yell into the phone. . . . You didn't! Well, how did that announcement get into the papers if you didn't authorize it? It was sent out by the publicity department you control, and I have the proof. You announced the play for April, and she plays the part!"

With a siren shriek the cerise negligee plunged out of there, and the next train de luxe carried Gail Pierce eastward.

That night Izzy Iskovitch went down into his cellar after his plant was deserted and sent out some more publicity for the Pinnacle—from the Eastern office! Gail Pierce, the beautiful star of the Pinnacle, was on her way to make The Black Saint in the east-coast studio, under the production control of Roabert, who had just purchased the play for her!

As a matter of fact, Roabert had that very day attempted to purchase the play for Gail, but had been told by the well-paid agent that it was already sold to a purchaser whose name Roabert did not recognize. Nursing fondly to his bosom the interocean battle which that new blurb would bring about between the partners and their feminine urgers, Isidor Iskovitch once more went to bed quite satisfied, with a cold glint in his eye.

III

MRS. ANNA PARSONS was a splendid representative of that great class of American mothers who desire to see their children properly raised; a slender young woman of quite evident culture and refinement, neatly clad in a gray tailleur, with a modest hat on her soft brown hair, and a smile of pleasure on her lips as down in the garage she heard the clear piping voices of children at play. She had motored out in her tiny coupé to this pleasant suburb where she had put her little daughter to board amid pure air and wholesome surroundings, and she quite approved of her wisdom in keeping Audrey away from the contaminating influences of the city. Without going into the rose-hung cottage to see Mrs. Briggs, she tiptoed down to the garage, hoping to peep in unobserved on the innocent pastimes of the neighborhood children; but at the door she stopped as if stricken to stone. There, on a royal barge made from a wash bench and a porch rug, reclined her little Audrey, clad in the tatters of an old lace curtain, with two skinny-legged little girl fan bearers of about six or seven, clad principally in unevenly applied stove polish; and the siren on the barge was holding out her chubby arms to a lumpy youngster with a tin pail on his head and the cover of a tin wash boiler clutched to his chest. To this doughty warrior she was saying [Title], "Kiss me, my hero!"

He did his best, and then all happened swiftly. The sandy-haired leading man, an older boy with a stove-polish mustache, strode in, flung the warrior out of the way with a mighty clatter of tinware and seized the heroine in his arms—and he was a bear. The kiss that he bestowed on the vampful queen of the barge was what is popularly described as rough stuff, long continued, to the thrilled applause of the other actors, who fairly wriggled in vicarious ecstasy, their faces red and their eyes shining. It was the famous passion scene from the Pinnacle's latest masterpiece, Hot Repentance, starring Gail Pierce; and it was the artistic gem that had made thoughtful people in most of the states enjoying censorship inquire in awed wonder how this thing got past the censors. To complete the ensemble, a reckless roisterer, surrounded by a scarf of imitation karakul and her eyes embellished with passionate circles of stove polish, danced in with a startling assortment of wriggles, to strew rose leaves on the abandoned lovers, and ——

"Audrey!"

There was agony in the cry of Mrs. Parsons, and it stopped the show. It was the actors who now stood as if stricken to stone, except for the littlest girl, who ran out screaming, her stove polish gleaming in the mellow sunlight; and that, with Mrs. Parsons' horrified cry, brought Mrs. Briggs from the rose-hung cottage and the mother of the sandy-haired boy from the next cottage; from the next the mother of the wriggle expert, while the balance of the cast ran streaking it for safety in all directions, with their clothes in their arms. The bricktop, catching the glare in the eye of his mother, a scrawny woman with a gorgonlike face and protruding teeth, began to blubber in anticipation.

"We wasn't doin' nothin'. We was just playin' Hot Repentance. Audrey's Cleopatra and I'm Mark Antony, and we only done what they done last night at the Eagle."

His anticipation had been right. For this lucid explanation his mother boxed both sides of his head and sent him bellowing to wash the dishes, and told him that he'd get his hot repentance when his father came home!

"I—I don't blame the children," faltered Mrs. Parsons. She had caught Audrey to her and was holding the child with a convulsive clutch. Her face was pale and she was trembling. "It's the movies! That's why I didn't want Audrey ever to see them."

"She don't!" broke in Mrs. Briggs indignantly. She was the sort of fat woman usually described as kind and motherly; but she had her spunk, and she was slightly nettled. "I can't keep the other children from going, though, can I? And I can't keep them from telling her about them, can I? And I can't keep her from seeing the billboards, can I?"

"Why do they make that kind of pictures anyhow?" hotly demanded the mother of the wriggle expert, who had thrown a protecting apron around her gifted offspring.

"Because the public pays for it; and as long as the public pays, the producers will make these sex pictures. And the children can go to the devil for all they care!" Anna Parsons' voice had risen to a harsh shrillness, the pallor was out of her cheeks, and there was a glitter in her eyes totally unlike anything these neighbors had ever seen in the refined

and almost painfully correct mother of Audrey. She had always used such nice language and such a soft voice. "They're not going to spoil my girl! I won't have it! I'm going to put her in a convent. Mrs. Briggs, have Audrey's things packed by the time I come back." She stopped to stifle in her throat the anger that wanted to scream. "Believe me, here's where I turn on the curse!"

It was with a free and extraordinarily vigorous stride that she swung out to her little coupé, leaving the wondering neighbors to stare after her; for though they were fairly fierce mothers themselves, they had never before seen such a passion of motherhood as this. Fifty-five minutes later she was in the severe Colonial parlor of the United Welfare League, groping for words to tell what she had to say, for in her youth Anna Parsons had not been too well grounded in language, nor had she conversed much with the erudite; and the president of the league, Mrs. Hoppinscotch, and her guests, Mrs. Weevil, of Pasadena and Boston, and Professor Keane, of several universities, were all denizens of the world, used to big affairs and at home anywhere; and, without meaning to do so, they abashed her somewhat.

Suddenly, however, the mother of Audrey saw a smudge of black on her gray sleeve. Stove polish! It brought back with a rush the picture of the vamp on the royal barge and the unwholesome excitement in all those maturing youngsters, and she set her jaws with a snap as she began to describe the scene she had come upon in the garage. She had a fine natural sense of dramatic construction and climax, besides her fear for her child; and as she swept them on to her ringing plea for a sane censorship that should regulate the pictures and make of them the great agency for human betterment they should be, she found them leaning forward motionlessly, found them, suddenly warm with sympathy, all three of them.

"I am very glad you came," said Mrs. Hoppinscotch, blinking. She was a society woman, neat as a doily and correct as the book; but her lean jaws and the firm line of her lips meant something. "We've had this subject up before, but we've been lazy. We've dawdled around with committee meetings and organizations and suborganizations long enough. Margaret, may we count on you?"

"Mercy, yes!" Mrs. Weevil, famous for her child-welfare work, spread her palms on her thick knees and jerked her head so emphatically that her hat slid down over her left eyebrow, where she let it hang.

The thrill of big movement was suddenly in that dignified Colonial parlor. The case of little Audrey was to be the nucleus of a nation-wide, drastic, swift-gathering force for Federal censorship of motion pictures; and the mother of little Audrey sat as one in a dream, thrown out to the edge of the maelstrom she had set a-swirl, numbed and almost frightened by it. They were planning immediate action, the enrollment of already existing organizations of influence and power; and Doctor Keane, a twinkling-eyed man with glossy gray hair, was promising to introduce the committee to a friend of his, Senator Shellaby, who might father the bill; and all at once there was a secretary in the room preparing the opening gun of the publicity campaign; somebody was being enthusiastically mentioned as the impassioned Jeanne d'Arc of the movement, and —— Why, it was Anna Parsons, and they were asking for her photograph!

"Oh—oh, I couldn't possibly!" she stammered, in a panic, for this was an unexpected phase of her fight for the soul of her child. As those eight eyes turned toward her in surprise, and stared fixedly, she squeezed her hands together. They were suddenly moist. "There—there are circumstances that make it impossible for me to take part in any public movement where my name might appear, or—or my photographs."

IV

THE freedom of the nation was in jeopardy! Once more the insidious poison of restrictive legislation was sapping at the vitals of this glorious republic, threatening to destroy the rights and liberties of the sovereign people, those rights and liberties for which our fathers fought; and the bird that shrieked when Kosciuszko fell was no doubt preparing once more to spread its wings and emit a scream that should reverberate around the globe, when who rushed to the rescue but those nearest and dearest friends of the great American commonwealth, the motion-picture magnates! Not for them to see the privileges of the public trampled underfoot, its precious heritage of self-determination thrown to the winds, self-constituted mentors set up to tell it what it wanted and might have, and so its sacred liberty and license abolished. No! Far be it! And in extreme perturbation they mobilized to face the foe in a solid harmonious unit, with somewhat the more passion in their patriotism because the infringement of freedom looming nigh was as follows, to wit A new and malignantly dangerous agitation to put the motion-picture industry under a Federal censorship! Why, the New York State censorship alone was costing the industry nearly half a million annually—other states in proportion!

How honey-sweet is harmony! Around the fattening feast—for always men eat before they talk—sat cheek by jowl eminent producers who had scarce grunted at each other for years; but now, drawn together by the panic common to them all, private grudges and grouches were forgotten. If a censorship were to be created that would actually succeed in purifying the pictures, the industry would go blah, for the public would scarcely pay eight hundred million dollars a year for educational instruction and uplift, travelogues and beetle close-ups.

Ah, the soup, and with it a telegram for Klekoff, sitting up there at the center calk of the big horseshoe, with the bright lights gleaming on his scarlet head as if he were the danger signal of this impending tragedy. He opened his telegram so that none from the right hand of him could read it, though one at the right hand of him, Roabert, hiding modestly behind his stubby beard, bored so keen a scrutiny at the back of it that he might almost have absorbed it through the very fiber of the paper. Klekoff exhibited surprise, then he smiled, then he pondered; then, with sudden decision, he scribbled an answer at the bottom of the telegram and showed it to Stuart, at his left, who exhibited surprise, smiled, pondered, and with sudden decision handed the telegram to the messenger boy, together with a bill. At this point in the proceedings Roabert, writhing within, covered his gripping curiosity to know the contents of that telegram by beaming up at his partner to show to the world the sugared unity beween them, and to set at rest the persistent gossip that there was dissension in the interior of the Pinnacle, so impregnable from without. Dissension—ha-ha! Why, dissension would lower the Pinnacle's stock! Roabert cast a furtive eye at Isidor Iskovitch, down midway of the right-hand prong of the horseshoe, and watching that center calk as a cat watches a mousehole. Izzy looked at his watch—7:30—4:30 in Hollywood.

There is a span of an hour between the grapefruit and the coffee at a merchants' banquet, an hour and a half at a club affair, and two hours at a picture magnates' gastronomic durbar. Between the salad and the ice cream Iskovitch also received a telegram, which he read with his lips set grimly, then stuffed in his waistcoat pocket; and from that time on he paid no more attention to the head of the table until the coffee was served and the speeches started.

Klekoff, of course, for two reasons—that he was chairman and that he was Klekoff. No trouble at all for him to point out to the stricken the full seriousness of the menace that confronted them and to tell them what they should do about it. They should establish a fund, assessed pro rata on their respective gross business—the most magnificent defense fund ever aggregrated—and they should uphold broadcast the innocuousness of that class of production which, though pulsing cross sections of life's great human drama as it is actually lived in the minds of the continuity writers, had fallen under the ban of the nuts—or, to be more polite, the filberts.

Hurray! Hurray! Three cheers for Klekoff! That was the sort of spirit with which to meet a powerful antagonist—get the weapons in hand and show the teeth and make a loud noise!

But even while the applause for the scarlet-haired chairman was still ringing, there rose one in his place near the center of the right-hand wing who said, "Mr. Chairman."

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"Congratulate Me, Dearie. Roabert Has Just Bought The Black Saint for Me."
"For You? I Say, Precious, You Oughtn't to Bring Your Needle on the Jet"

CROWDS—By GROVER THEIS

Waiting for the Next Race at Saratoga

TWENTY years ago that ubiquitous and anonymous creature, any schoolboy, might not always be sure in what year Columbus sailed the ocean blue, but he knew infallibly that the great American game was baseball. Baseball is still our distinctive game, our contribution to the world's sports. It is a national game, a great game; but the time has come when it must yield its title of nobility as the great game. The great American game in this third decade of the twentieth century is relatively a new game; or, to be exact, an elaboration of an ancient game. There has never been anything like it in the past as it is now played. It is called Crowds.

It is the supersport at all sporting events, engaging multitudes where the contest itself involves two boxers, a score of baseball players or two football elevens. Anyone can and may play it, and apparently nearly everybody sometimes does. The rules are simple—a common objective and an attempt to get there.

East, West, North and South! The game is being played on a scale so stupendous that definite figures are impossible of compilation. More than that, there is no procuring them. Simple arithmetic is easy in this adding-machine age, and a conspicuously successful—that is to say, enormous—game of crowds can be calculated in figures; but to discover how many persons actually participated in the aggregate game of crowds on any given day is a task literally beyond achievement. At that, with the figures available admittedly incomplete, the tens of hundreds and tens of thousands, when added together over a year, run into millions that exceed the total population of the country, and the total receipts for tickets of admission read like a loan to some debilitated European nation.

An Ancient Game

ALL records for crowds were broken in 1923, but it will have lost that honor when the figures for 1924 are in. Sporting experts and those who make a business of dealing with crowds are so bewildered by the gigantic development of the game that they admit themselves stumped when they are asked "Where will it end?"

Nobody knows. The answer must be problematical

All those who agitate themselves over the spectacular record crowds that fill our newspaper headlines are prone to forget that the game of crowds is nothing new. Ancient Rome had no Boyle's Thirty Acres or Yale Bowl or Leland Stanford Stadium; but it had its Colosseum, which is still a synonym for size, and from ten to fifteen similar stadiums with a capacity of forty-five-odd thousand. These arenas of the gladiators pale before the modern plants, but then the population of that time was not so great.

Nor is the modern game of crowds peculiarly American. The S. R. O. sign is already out for the Olympic Games to be held in Paris this summer, and we have nothing to equal the Wembley Stadium in London, with seats for 126,000. Nevertheless, we are playing the game of crowds as never before, and almost certainly it is going to be played on a scale greater than we dream of in the next few years. The only limit in sight is the practical one of facilities for caring for the crowds. It is a question of the Pullman car, of the automobile, of hotel accommodations, stadiums and arenas that will hold the crowds and permit them to see the show. Only in terms of such details can the future of the crowd game be visualized.

That is why men as experienced and successful in the business of handling crowds as Tex Rickard, outstanding promoter of boxing, and Col. Jacob Ruppert, owner of the Yankee Stadium, the country's biggest baseball plant, foresee no end. Rickard declared before the Dempsey-Firpo fight at the Polo Grounds that it was not a question of filling the stands, but a question of their capacity. Events proved him correct. From the applications for tickets he received he judged that he could as easily have sold from 150,000 to 200,000.

Does this mean that the day of the 250,000 boxing arena is here? If it isn't, it is not far distant, if the architects will oblige. Rickard declares he will not question any forecast.

"Give the public the attraction it wants and money will not stand in the way. Get the seats, make them seeing seats and the public will come. The limit has not even been approached."

The Yankee Stadium Already Too Small

AFTER a World Series game last fall, when 65,000 jammed their way into the Yankee Stadium, Colonel Ruppert lingered on and watched the crowd depart. Between 40,000 and 50,000 had clamored at the gates, unable to get in, and many more thousands were not even allowed to reach the near vicinity, Elevated motormen having been instructed to carry their packed trains six blocks farther on in order to avoid dangerous confusion. As he sat in his box, Colonel Ruppert was asked when he would enlarge the stadium.

"Just one year ago," he said, "I thought that it would be a few years before the fans would fill this." And he surveyed the tiers of empty seats. "I am beginning to wonder now what the end will be. Here I have a place that will seat 65,000, and already it is inadequate. I plan, however, to add 20,000 more seats."

With nonprofessional sports—college football chiefly—conditions are the same. On the same day that 65,000 saw the Army and Navy game in New York, in Cambridge 55,000 watched Yale beat Harvard. And both crowds sat it out in cold, pelting rains, the weather being so wretched in Cambridge that

Part of the 78,000 Which Filled the Yale Bowl at a Harvard-Yale Football Game

one newspaper correspondent date-lined his story The First Stages of Pneumonia.

Given a sports event of any magnitude, and like rivulets that trickle down from remote mountains into some great stream, individuals from Maine to Texas gravitate toward a mighty flow of humanity that culminates in what sports writers love to call a sea of faces.

A Few Figures

THE outcome is to be sought at the hands of inventors and engineers. This is an era of material wonders, and perhaps it is not too absurd to imagine the earth dotted with great covered hippodromes seating 500,000 or 1,000,000, with parking space on the roofs for our aërial flivvers so that we can all hop off for a game on another continent and be back for supper with no more fuss than we make now about running out to the home team's park. The picture appears fanciful today, but so would some of our present-day stadiums back in 1903, when Harvard erected its stand on Soldiers' Field.

The appeal of sports and crowds is not centralized. All over the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, tremendous stadiums are springing up like cities in a newly opened territory. Many of them could seat the entire population of cities that are wont to think of themselves as of quite a respectable size. Hoboken may sound like a joke on the vaudeville stage, but it is no insignificant place. On the contrary, it is a busy and important city. For all that, the 68,166 inhabitants recorded by the 1920 census could move next door into Boyle's Thirty Acres and have room to grow before the 91,000 seats would be filled. Indeed, any of the stadiums that seat 75,000 could accommodate the entire census population of any of the largest cities in fifteen of the forty-eight states, including Arizona, Maine, Mississippi and Montana. Another population-and-crowd contrast is provided in the case of the new University of Illinois Stadium seating 60,000, which is virtually six times the census figures for Urbana, where it is located. Twenty-one of these college stadiums, counting none below 20,000, have an aggregate seating capacity of 954,000.

Colleges and universities seem to be running far in the lead in the race to provide places for crowds to assemble in, with the result that there are fifty stadiums and bowls or stands seating 10,000 up to 80,000. Baseball is not lagging far behind. The major leagues alone have room for 558,000; and nearly all these are of comparatively recent construction, so it cannot be said that no attempt or only a meager attempt is being made to let the people play the game of crowds.

In fact there are signs that the problem is not to be left largely to private individuals and educational institutions. Several cities, among them Chicago and Philadelphia and Los Angeles, have projects to follow the example of Baltimore and erect municipal arenas; and agitation is afoot to have the Government undertake a gigantic plant in Washington for the service games.

The Observation Train on the Banks of the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, Where Thousands Jam Washington Win the Varsity Race in 1923

It does not follow from all this that the management of the crowds is ended with the erection of big concrete structures and the scheduling of contests that will interest the public. That is the time the real work is just beginning for the promoters, and it is in the days following, right up until the last person is on his way home, that they demonstrate time after time that the handling of crowds is a business that has been brought to a high state of proficiency. The good old days are no more when it was enough to hire a hall, provide a show and let the town crier and man at the ticket window do the rest. Whether it be a college football field or a boxing arena, upwards of 50,000 human beings, with good sense, poor sense or no sense at all, are not handled without the expenditure of extraordinary foresight and thought not only by the officials in charge and the attendants in the stands but the railroad officials, hotel men, police and firemen, to mention a few of those who assist in getting a crowd expeditiously where it wants to go and home again.

Nothing is left to luck. Every move is planned out in advance down to the last detail. The seating capacity is no matter of guesswork; every single seat is charted. Every usher and pop-corn vender has his job and his station laid out for him. Detective agencies have trained staffs for exactly such purposes as the handling of crowds, all the arrangements for the race tracks in the New York metropolitan area, for example, being delegated to them. Even the weather is given consideration, and provisions made and announced in case of a storm.

The task falls heaviest on promoters of big professional sports events, and if they are held at night just so much extra preparation is required.

In all the years that Tex Rickard has been staging boxing bouts—and his first was the Gans-Nelson fight at Goldfield, Nevada, in 1906—he has never had a casualty, although he has handled more than 1,000,000 persons and has taken in more than $10,000,000. Such results do not come from haphazard, slipshod methods. He takes no avoidable risks. Shortly before Willard and Firpo were to meet in Boyle's Thirty Acres, the huge wooden arena built for the Carpentier-Dempsey conflict, Jersey City's building inspector said he would not grant a permit, the reason stated being that the structure could not safely uphold the estimated burden of 15,000,000 pounds of humanity. Rickard immediately turned loose his own corps of building experts and also called in the experts employed by the two insurance companies carrying accident policies on the bowl. It was made safe and the permit was granted.

Handling the Hordes

DAYS before the night of the fight he began telling the public the easiest, safest and best ways to get to the arena and how to find their own seats. Transportation was given as much direct attention by him as the fighters got from their trainers. He invited and received the cooperation of railroads, traction officials and ferryboat directors. He also worked with the city officials of both New York and Jersey City, requesting the help and advice of the two cities' police and fire departments especially. Often he has declared that it would be out of the question to manage successfully events attracting more than 25,000 without the full cooperation of the local public-safety departments.

By the time the crowds began to arrive more than 500 policemen were on hand, and an equal number of firemen, many of them not in uniform, assisted in taking the hazard out of the game of crowds. In addition there were 400 ushers, 200 plain-clothes men, 300 refreshment venders, 100 guides and dozens of other employes. Not only was care taken to have the ring fully illuminated but thousands of high-power lights distributed within the bowl, and hundreds more outside, made the structure and the approach to it for a distance of 200 yards on all sides as bright as day.

Virtually the same system was followed at the Polo Grounds for the Dempsey-Firpo match; only it was rather less arduous, since the transportation problem fell mostly on Subway and Elevated officials and taxis. Again the police

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The Yankee Stadium Packed at the Third Game of the World's Series in 1923

2 Plus 2 Equals 4

By Gerald Mygatt

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"Please Sit Down. Yes, I am Doctor Cantwill. You Will Now Tell Me Briefly, if You Please, Just Who You are, Who Your Father is or Was, Who Your Grandparents Were—if You Know"

FOR the third successive morning Rosalie Kaine stared with incredulous blue eyes at the advertisement that challenged her from the newspaper in her trembling hand. As on the two preceding days, she found herself obsessed with a strange half conviction that the thing could not possibly be real. Yet the newspaper was real enough, for it crinkled crisply in her fingers; and there the advertisement stood for all eyes to see, a neat quarter column of fine text headed with that cool, uncompromising statement in bold black type, the whole ensconced in its now familiar position beside the death notices. Beside the death notices! Rosalie shivered slightly as the thought turned itself over in her mind. But of course that could not mean anything.

She glanced hurriedly across the breakfast table to find her mother patiently and methodically decapitating her matutinal egg.

Then with reddening cheeks the girl picked up the paper again and, lifting it high to shield herself, set once more to studying the provoking type. She could have recited it word for word, but that did not matter.

On the first two days the advertisement had been headed, in letters a half inch high:

I WANT ONE GIRL
Out of New York's 2,000,000

That heading, in such a peculiar part of the newspaper, was what had caught Rosalie's eye and then her interest. Today the caption had been changed. It read simply:

I HAVE NOT YET FOUND HER

But the rest of the text was the same, the very same; and there was that about it which made Rosalie tingle all over with something more than feminine curiosity, for it seemed humanly inconceivable that anybody on earth, particularly an utter stranger entirely ignorant of her existence, could so accurately delineate and describe the Rosalie Kaine who—well, at least the Rosalie Kaine she liked to believe she was. She blushed anew as she slowly read the closely set type:

The girl I want possesses, and must possess, certain definite and perhaps singular qualifications. She is first of all, a gentlewoman. She is a graduate of an accredited finishing school. She is either an orphan or lives with one parent, whom she helps to support. This means, succinctly, that she is now earning her own living. She is neither married nor engaged nor seriously in love.

Her great-great-grandfather fought in the War of 1812. Either this or its strict equivalent. There will be no doubt in her mind as to what is meant by "strict equivalent."

"Of course," said Rosalie to herself, "what he means by this is that our family is old and really truly American. The funny part is, though, that Great-Great-Grandfather Kaine did fight in the War of 1812." She knitted her brows and went on reading:

The girl I want has blue eyes. Her hair is either auburn or golden. She is within one inch of five feet one inch in height. She is slim. There are times when she is sure she is pretty, and times when she is afraid she is not. In speaking of her, people frequently use the words "exquisite" and "lovely." She values these adjectives and tries secretly to live up to them.

She has never been a debutante, but could have been. She is perhaps three or four years past the debutante age.

In the past twelve months, of her own volition, she has been several times to the opera and at least once to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. She has been invited to numerous college football games. She knows the difference between William and Henry James, and has read at least one book by the former. She also knows whether Babe Ruth is with the Giants or the Yankees. Of the following she must be an adept at four out of the six: Tennis, golf, riding, swimming, skating, bridge. At least two girls of her acquaintance try to copy her clothes.

The qualifications listed above are not intended humorously. The girl I want must have them—all

I want this young woman to serve as a personal assistant in professional work involving the treatment of paranoia. The work will be exacting and the hours, upon occasion, long. The humane and interesting character of the work, together with the salary offered, should prove ample compensation. If your qualifications are not precisely as stated above, please save your time and mine. If, however, they are, you will come into my office at an initial salary of one hundred dollars a week.

This long advertisement was signed Milutus T. Cantwill, M.D. The address given was in the East Sixties, in the block just off Fifth Avenue. What the dictionary told her about paranoia rather scared her, but Rosalie reflected quickly that one thing at least was certain—the neighborhood was of unimpeachable respectability. Perhaps—perhaps—oh, if she only dared!

Rosalie laid down the paper and once more looked across the table at her mother. The older woman, a creature of plump curves and mournful gray eyes, was conscientiously buttering a slice of toast.

The girl started to speak, checked herself, then said a little unsteadily, "Mother, there's quite a lot of difference between twenty-eight dollars and a hundred, isn't there?"

Mrs. Kaine nodded absently. The butter had been out on the window sill all night and was chilled to an unresponsive rigidity.

"This queer advertisement, mother—it's in the paper again today. Do you remember, I showed it to you?"

"Yes, dear. . . . Isn't your coffee growing cold?"

"But, mother, don't you see—it's me! That's the funny part of it. It sort of makes me think ——"

"I do wish you would be more careful in your diction, Rosalie. It frets me to hear you employ such obvious solecisms as 'It's me.' As for the advertisement, I thought we discussed that yesterday. It seems very clever, or whatever advertisements are supposed to be; but of course it's out of the question to consider taking it seriously. People of our station in life don't do such things."

Mrs. Kaine sniffed with finality and resumed buttering her toast. Rosalie eyed her mother evenly.

"Our station in life, mother, is nothing to shout about. You and Aunt Ellen, by some stretch of the imagination that is beyond me, manage to live in a past in which the Kaines rolled up and down Fifth Avenue in coaches and sixes, or whatever the old boys used to ride in. Very pretty; but here you and I sit in a three-room flat in the upper Bronx—and right from where I'm sitting this minute I can look out and see a clothes pole. Yes, I can, mother, and you know it just as well as I do. The difference between you and me is that you look out of our window at the gas tank and see Gramercy Park. Well, I can't. I'd a whole lot rather consider myself plain folks, on the way up to somewhere, than busted gentry, on the way down. Yes, I would!"

She raised her chin defiantly. The older woman sighed heavily.

"Rosalie, I don't understand you, I must confess. Up to four years ago, when your father died, you had many advantages—not everything, for we were never wealthy, but many things. Those things are your birthright. This"—she waved vaguely at the mean walls—"this is merely temporary, an interlude. When you marry, my dear, if you only marry wisely, you will come into your own again."

"My own!" The girl laughed harshly. "I'm in my own now. I'm earning my own living and paying my way. I'm a punk artist, but I can do fashion figures the way the public likes them; and I'm getting a regular salary, and that's something. As for getting married"—she laughed again—"if I ever do, the chances are a hundred to one that he'll be as poor as a church mouse. Working girls don't meet any other kind. So don't count on my marrying money, mother dear, because I'm going to marry for just one thing. If he has that—the power to make me love

him—I don't care who he is. My goodness!" She jumped to her feet abruptly. "Look at the clock! I'm four minutes late. Here, kiss me, you dear, sweet, old-fashioned thing, and stop worrying and trying to make plans, because I've found that life makes its own plans for us."

On her swift walk to the vortex of the Subway station Rosalie's last sentence kept revolving itself in her thoughts, as last sentences will. Life makes its own plans for us! Why—her eyes brightened as the realization drove home to her—it was true, utterly true! Of course life made its own plans for us. She stopped with a jerk at a news stand and bought another morning paper, for in her hurry she had left her own at home. By the time she had crowded through the revolving platform gate the paper had been opened automatically and neatly folded so that all she had to do was to drop her eyes to the place where it said, "You will come into my office at an initial salary of one hundred dollars a week."

It never occurred to Rosalie that Milutus T. Cantwill could possibly mean any girl in all New York except herself. He couldn't—that was all. It was all there, so definitely, in plain black and white—even about her great-great-grandfather, even about her reading William James, even about her height and the opera and the way Elsie Brownwell and Queenie Adams tried to copy her clothes. She became aware that she was trembling, and she knew instantly what the reason was. She was afraid—afraid that some other girl, miraculously like herself, had got there first. Abruptly, she was cold with the fear of it.

At Fifty-ninth Street she jammed out of the Subway in panic haste, incoherently telephoned to her office that she would be late, and then ran—for she could see no taxi—through the scurrying streets; across Fifty-ninth, up Park to Sixtieth, over to Madison and then up again. When she could run no longer she walked, panting heavily, her cheeks red with excitement. Presently she turned to the left, walked more slowly, finally stopped.

Her eyes widened. There it was, no question about it—a tall, austere residence of chaste white limestone, three marble steps, a front door of plate glass set in grilled iron. At the left of the doorway, set into the white face of the building, gleamed a small brass plate bearing in neat black letters the legend, M. T. Cantwill, M.D.

Rosalie drew in a deep, long breath. She looked down instinctively at the skirt of her tan woolen suit, at her stockings of tan silk, at her trim tan pumps. Then, apparently satisfied, she walked deliberately up the three steps and pressed the doorbell.

A negro, clad meticulously in black livery, swung the door open. As Rosalie started to speak, he bowed. She found herself being ushered into a small square reception room at the left of the entrance hall. She started to speak again, but the negro bowed once more and disappeared. She had not said a word.

The house was totally silent, as doctors' houses so professionally are. Rosalie seated herself uneasily, discovered that her entire energies were being devoted tensely to the business of listening. The feeling irritated her, yet she could not shake it off. She sat there, erect and nervously alert; the distant rumble of street traffic was all that came to her ears. Deliberately she shifted her position and began looking about the room.

It was as austere as the exterior of the house itself—four paneled walls, done in gray and bare of pictures; two windows, each doubly curtained; four chairs upholstered in mauve velvet; a carpet of the same color; a slim mahogany table, bearing a book; and two wide doorways, the one through which she had been ushered and another at her left, both hung with heavy curtains of mauve plush. Rosalie was staring at the strange doorway, wondering vaguely what might lie beyond it, when the curtains parted soundlessly and a woman stepped into the room.

Rosalie glanced up sharply to find the newcomer smiling stiffly down at her. She was a woman of middle age, lean featured, lean limbed, dressed simply in a house frock of plain black cloth. Her hair was iron-gray. Had it not been for her eyes, Rosalie thought instantly, her appearance would have been starkly severe, in spite of her attempt at a smile. The woman's eyes, however, were large, deeply set, velvety black, and there was something about them that imparted to her whole being a sense of—no, not friendliness, not exactly warmth, but perhaps sympathy. Afterwards, when she had time to think, Rosalie remembered that first impression and pondered over it. Yes, it had been sympathy. Why, of all things, sympathy?

The stranger spoke in a low, modulated voice.

"This way, if you please," she directed, and held aside one of the heavy curtains.

The girl stood up, possessed suddenly with a vague feeling of uncertainty. This was dispelled straightway, however, as she looked through a short, dusky passage into a large, cheerful room, flooded with morning sunlight. It was a long room, and as she entered it Rosalie noted that the walls on either hand were stacked to the ceiling with row upon row of books, leather bound, in reds and greens and russet tans. These books and the great Persian rug flung across the floor made up her first image of the apartment; then she noticed more. At the far end the walls narrowed to form an alcove. The left side of this alcove was taken up with a towering bay window of leaded glass, a window seemingly ablaze with sunlight. Beyond this light, and indistinct to her eyes because of the dancing, shimmering motes of golden dust, stood a broad flat-topped desk of some ruddy-brown wood. Behind this desk sat a man.

The man rose, gestured toward a chair by his side. Rosalie walked the full length of the room under what she knew to be his appraising scrutiny. Momentarily, as she passed through it, the dazzle of sunlight blinded her; then she found herself standing composedly by the desk and saying in a perfectly natural voice, "You are Doctor Cantwill?"

He did not reply to her question. Instead he focused his eyes upon her for a long moment, during which she in turn looked at him. All she could see at first was that pair of eyes boring into hers—commanding eyes, coal-black and deep-set; eyes strangely akin to those of the lean woman who had ushered her into the room. They were eyes neither kind nor unkind. At the moment, so Rosalie felt, they were but living instruments of measurement. She managed to pull her own stare away from them, then almost gasped; for above those black eyes, and framing them, was a head of hair the like of which she never had seen in all her life. It was red—redder than brick red—and it stuck out so thickly on all sides that it made her think, even in that first instant, of the mane of a lion—a lion outrageously dyed. Her glance traveled unwillingly downward, taking in a long, pale face, deeply lined but clean shaven, terminating in a firm, square jaw with a vertical blue scar, just off center, running from lower lip to chin. The man's shoulders were broad and square, his body tall, bulky, heavily boned. He was swathed rather than clothed in a sack suit of mottled gray tweed. He spoke.

"So far so good," he pronounced in a deep, slow voice. "Yes, very good; although your hair is more sandy than golden. Still that is perhaps my taste rather than my opinion." He lifted his gaze abruptly past Rosalie's. "What is yours, Hermine?"

The girl turned sharply to find the lean woman standing close behind her.

The woman said, "Golden, Milutus."

"Golden it is," said the man, seating himself. "You may leave us, Hermine." Then to Rosalie: "Please sit down. Yes, I am Doctor Cantwill. You will now tell me briefly, if you please, just who you are, who your father is or was, who your grandparents were—if you know. I wish to know your age, what your schooling has been, where you are working, what your work is, why you are working, how much you are earning. In short"—he leaned back in his chair and for the first time smiled—"I want you to talk."

Rosalie said, "That's an easy request for a woman to comply with, Doctor Cantwill. Shall I begin at the very beginning?"

"Begin at what you conceive the beginning to be."

Rosalie began. The red-haired giant tilted his chair backward, half closed his eyes.

After a long time he said, "Entirely satisfactory, Miss Kaine. It's interesting—that fact about your great-great-grandfather. As you have gathered, I made that specification purely in a sense of equivalents."

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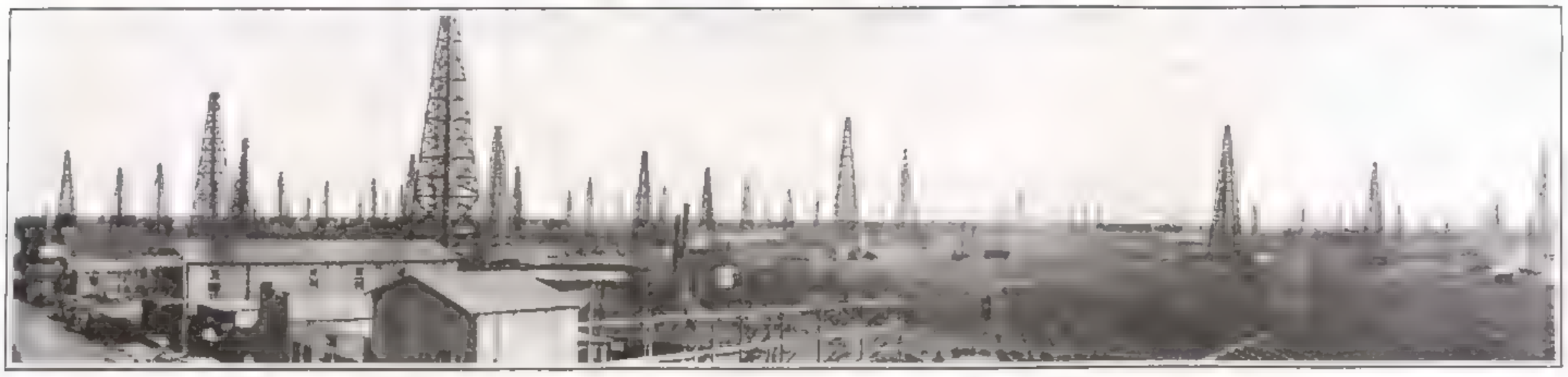
Colquitt Caught His Breath. He Stared at the Woman, Then at the Sleeping Girl, Then at the Woman Again. "I—I Don't Get This," He Stammered. "What is it, Anyway—a Joke?"

THE BLACK GOLCONDA



The Powell Field, Texas, the Largest Oil Producer in the United States

The Texas Oil Domain

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ONE morning early in January, 1901, a mound on the coastal plain of Texas, not far from Beaumont, exploded with a bang, well-nigh shattering a derrick and releasing a geyser of petroleum that gushed 200 feet in the air. For ten days the oil flowed unchecked, inundating the whole adjacent area. That mound was the site of the first well on Spindletop, and the roar of its release, like that historic Revolutionary shot at Concord bridge, was heard around the world.

Spindletop—or rather, Swindletop, as it came to be known because of the orgy of speculation that it inspired—represented the beginning of what was in many respects the most significant era in American petroleum since Drake's first well at Oil City. It annexed Texas, today a vast producing empire, to the oil map. It led to the organization of the two most powerful independent companies now in operation. It put the American people into oil stock in a big way for the first time. It witnessed the practical introduction of the rotary drill, which has helped to revolutionize operation. It pioneered what is known as the Coastal field, which, with its flood of heavy petroleum, helped to open the fuel-oil epoch.

No other American oil section can present such an imposing array of distinctions. This is why Texas, with its multiplicity of fields, many of them shot through with real romance—for the cattle kings became oil barons—is the basis of a whole article of this series.

Ranger, Burkburnett and El Dorado

AS TEXAS struck its oil stride and became a national producing factor, there was an interesting repetition of history. The madness of speculation that brought thousands to ruin at Spindletop was duplicated twenty years later with the opening up of Ranger and Burkburnett. There was this difference, however: At Spindletop the get-rich-quick artists escaped with the swag, while in Northern Texas the Doctor Cooks went to jail. Thus, though the human instinct to gamble in undesirable oil securities remains unabated, there has at least been an advance in the laws penalizing promoters.

In the extent of its production Texas could easily be a separate unit like California. Geographically, however, it is allied with other domains. Northern Texas is part of the mid-Continent area, while South Texas is in the so-called Coastal field. Each section has its capital. Fort Worth is the business center of the north and Houston of the south. For the purposes of this article the state will be considered as one oil entity.

Just as the consideration of Oklahoma had to include a brief summary of Wyoming and Kansas, so must this appraisal of Texas incorporate some estimate of two sections that cannot be overlooked in an examination of American production. They are Louisiana and Arkansas. The former has no outstanding features and ranked seventh last year among the producing states.

Arkansas is another and more lurid tale. One of the most recent of American fields—it only began to figure as a producer in 1921—it stood fifth in the roster of petroleum commonwealths in 1923.

The story of Arkansas oil is almost as replete with spectacular details as that of Spindletop. The first field—El Dorado—began in 1922 with a record gas well that blew up, caught fire and then formed a succession of craters which ingulfed a negro cemetery. This gas well attracted a horde of oil operators and production was soon under way. During the following year the widely known Smackover area came into being. Even with the first well it had a distinctive detail, because it was on the extreme edge of the productive section, which is unusual.

In addition to oil, Smackover oozes two other things—human interest and mud. In inaccessibility and difficulty of working conditions it is probably unsurpassed in any other existing American field. It is located in a more or less barren and scantily populated district, with limited railroad facilities and practically no roads. The workers had to live in shacks. In the early days heavy rains fell almost continuously, and hundreds of horses and mules were drowned transporting material. The strike attracted much of the riffraff that often flocks to a new oil area and the wild life that rioted at the opening of Glenn pool in Oklahoma was duplicated. At the peak of production last summer the field reached 100,000 barrels a day. The total for the year was 35,600,000 barrels. Like Ranger and Burkburnett, Smackover became a paradise for promoters. The development of the field came at a psychological moment, for it followed upon their activities in Northern Texas. The spectacular behavior of some of the flowing wells gave them a strong selling point. Some of the promoters even advertised stock in guaranteed gushers. As usual, very few of these promotion companies actually produced oil of any consequence. Summed up, Arkansas is an important but uncertain oil area and must be reckoned in any appraisal of our future supply.

The Pioneers at Corsicana

WE CAN now turn to Texas for the real task at hand Although a little heavy oil was drawn from a hand-dug well near Nacogdoches as early as 1866, the oil industry of the state really began in 1895 at Corsicana, whose citizens, finding traces of oil in the city water wells, began to drill for petroleum. The first well was put down in the center of the town and produced two and a half barrels a day. Such was the beginning of a development now embracing fifty-three fields, located in three huge belts, which produced 128,415,000 barrels of oil last year, placing Texas third in the list of our oil purveyors

The development at Corsicana was historic in more ways than one. Indirectly it led many years later to the discovery of the great Powell field, located a bare nine miles away. As I pointed out in the first article of this series, those Corsicana operators literally walked over the riches of Powell without knowing that they were treading on a treasure-trove. They missed it because geology as an aid to oil finding was not developed as it is today.

In a human way, Corsicana contributed vitally to the expansion of Texas oil, because to the city there came in the middle '90's two men destined to loom large in the oil drama of the state. They were J. S. Cullinan and the late Walter B Sharp.

Cullinan had been bred in the original Pennsylvania oil nursery Big, vigorous and forceful, he began as a tank builder and soon made

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Burkburnett in the Early Days, When Oil was Accidentally Discovered

himself a power in oil. Sharp was a native of Tennessee. Before reaching twenty he had gone into the drilling of artesian wells. The step to oil was natural. Although he died at the age of forty-two, he had vividly impressed an uncanny oil vision upon the whole commonwealth. It was Cullinan and Sharp who, with the financial aid of John W. Gates, launched the Texas Company. At Corsicana, Cullinan and Sharp got the practical experience which was to help make Spindletop the gateway to Texas oil.

Corsicana was the prelude to Spindletop. The story of this spectacular event—and event it was in the story of American oil—is one of the most familiar traditions in our petroleum annals. Yet it has a picturesqueness of interest and an element of romance which constantly renew themselves. What the Klondike, Cripple Creek and Virginia City are to the narrative of mining, so is Spindletop to oil. Bret Harte might have found in it another Nevada.

PHOTO. BY HERRINGER
The Result of Heavy Rains at Smackover

There is a wide belief that Spindletop was brought in by Capt. A. F. Lucas with the famous gusher that bears his name. This is true, but it is not generally known that the first well drilled on the area was the work of Walter Sharp. In 1893, Sharp, who was then a drilling contractor, started a well near the base of Spindletop Mound. The failure of his principals to supply him with the necessary fuel, water and casing, combined with terrific wind and rain storms which prevailed, led to the abandonment of the project at 418 feet.

Oil Men's Maxims

PRIOR to this time a certain Pattilio Higgins, who lived at Beaumont, had been a crank on the oil possibilities of the region and organized companies for the exploitation of what later proved to be Spindletop field. He really found Spindletop. As so frequently happens in similar cases, others reaped the harvest. When the region was dripping with wealth, his principal asset was a lawsuit.

This reminds me of a perennial phase of the oil business, which is litigation. One of the constantly quoted maxims of the industry is, "You spud in"—that is, begin a well—"at the surface and sue at the oil sands." Another is, "A dry hole clears a title and a well complicates it." It means, in a word, that an oil strike often means the sudden discovery by a great many people that they have an interest in it. So it was with Higgins, who really was the original Spindletop man.

Salt Domes

THE Spindletop area had, of course, been known to oil men for years, through salt domes that figure in the formation of the Coastal fields. These salt domes indicate the possible presence of oil. They are very elusive and therefore very costly. To find the Martin Dome near St. Martinville, Louisiana, which is in the Coastal belt, 675 wildcat wells had to be drilled at a cost of $20,000,000. According to the percentage of commercially productive fields to salt dome areas, this would represent an expenditure of $60,000,000 to find one productive Coastal field.

Moreover, most of the Coastal oil is lacking in gasoline content. Its value is due to the low cold-test lubricants that are obtained by refining. It was the discovery of this particular kind of petroleum that gave the automobile-lubrication end of the business its first big impetus.

Among the many who had faith in the Spindletop region was Capt. A. F. Lucas. An Austrian by birth, he changed his name from Luchich when he became an American citizen in the '80's. Previous to his arrival in America he had graduated as engineer at the Polytechnic Institute at Gratz, and also served as midshipman in the Austrian Navy. His first employment in this country was as mining engineer in a salt mine in Louisiana. This led him to an investigation of the sulphur and oil possibilities of the Coastal plain, and in time he turned up at Spindletop, where the dome formation and the exudation of sulphureted hydrogen gas confirmed his belief that here was a region worth tapping.

Lucas leased a section of land in what later came to be the heart of Spindletop and began to work with a rotary drilling outfit. The use of the word "rotary" requires an explanation. Originally the American oil wells were drilled exclusively—and many still are—with what is known as standard cable tools. The hole was drilled by pounding down steadily. The rotary

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PHOTO. BY FROST STUDIO, PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS. CENTER PHOTO., COPYRIGHT BY THE FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM

Oil Tankers at Port Arthur, Texas. Above—Hauling Huge Boilers Along the Northwest Highway of Burkburnett

THE KEY TO THE CORNER

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

He Shook the Little Boy Coaxingly, But Golden-Haired Johnny Had Nothing to Say

BYE-BYE, Martha!" shouted Pete Pennefether down the hall as he forced his big shoulders into his overcoat. He pulled his soft hat down over his thick white hair and waited, with his hand on the knob, to be dismissed to his office. "Want anything, Martha?"

"Put on your rubbers. Home for lunch, Pete?"

"Try to. Bye-bye."

His voice had its accustomed hearty boom; but as he stopped on the apartment landing outside to light his morning ten-cent straight, some perplexity theretofore hidden came to the pink surface of his broad face and darkened for an instant the light in his clear brown eyes. His black brows came down in a frown as he glanced aside at the closed door; then he shrugged his shoulders, tried to whistle back a haunting melody he had heard with Mrs. Pennefether at a vaudeville show the night before, and strolled down the four flights to Ninety-second Street. He was a big easy-going fellow whose fifty-four years didn't bother him. Nothing did, much.

Mrs. Pennefether hung up the scoured frying pan and hurried lightly into the combination dining room and living room. She seized the breakfast dishes and hurried to pop them into the steaming soap water. She whisked off the tablecloth, folded it with hands and teeth and stowed it away in the smart sideboard of imitation American walnut. She flung the lace center piece over the table and set on it a brass dish of imitation fruits. She found the jardinière of imitation flowers where Pete had put it to be out of harm's way, in the lacquered wastebasket, and gave it its meet place in the sun. She did the dishes, closed the doors softly on the red-up bedrooms and looked challengingly around the ordered living room. Nothing in it tried to outface her; everything was put; it was a scrupulously correct domestic interior, American, middle class, circa 1923. She would have it just so. And yet, even with the cessation of her activity, the unreflective cheerfulness left her face. Her spirits stagnated; she was listless. She wanted nothing, not a thing; she was quite contented. Contentment fretted her. Contentment drives people to drink, to suicide, to pushing a poisoned pen, to extravagant excesses in the hope of recapturing desire. Mrs. Pennefether had not taken to drink, nor to hypochondriasis, nor to scandalmongering, nor to self-sacrifice, nor to doing good without a *quid pro quo*, but she had grown fretful.

There were books in the flat—five of them, and handsome ones, clipped by imitation bronze book ends on the console table under the bridge lamp—but her self-respect would not permit her to sit and read a book in the daytime. Pete had left the newspaper, but she had heard across the breakfast table what was in it. There was a phonograph—it made good music, although it had been chosen because it looked like a desk—and there was a desk that looked gratifyingly like a small piano; but phonograph playing in the daytime was associated in Mrs. Pennefether's mind with riotous living, and she would walk five miles rather than undergo the agony of composing a five-line letter.

She was forty-five years old and a strongly built and upstanding lady with bright gray eyes, graying hair and a decided manner. She had married Pete Pennefether when she was forty-three. She had been a childless widow for seventeen years and had fended very well for herself. The generalship, diplomacy and general *savoir-faire* with which she had run a small boarding house had won Pete's heart; he had been boarding with her. The marriage had been something more than a convenient arrangement, although she would never have children now. She and Pete were two sophisticated old-stagers who could give and take and keep their tempers. It was a successful marriage. They didn't live happily forever after—human happiness, by its nature, cannot be static—but they were sensibly better off than they had been. The thing that militated against Mrs. Pennefether's happiness now was that her marriage had been too successful; she had got just what she wanted. She had fought the world for seventeen years to maintain a place where she could have a bit of privacy and her own way for a space; and now she had the place secured to her with no need to fight for it, and she was hardly more than settled in it when it grew less desirable and was no longer the sum of all good. She loved her home and her husband, and she wasn't neurotic; she was human. So was Eve when she went to the devil to break the monotony of paradise; and Eve couldn't plead that she had run a small boarding house in a great city for seventeen years last preceding.

The buzzer sounded in the kitchen. Mrs. Pennefether went in and released the catch on the street door below, and then opened the door to the apartment to welcome whoever was coming up to visit her. The climbing visitor was making heavy going; sighs accompanied the slow footsteps that sounded in the stair well. At last a lady appeared on the stairs, bending over, looking up sideways. She was Mrs. Flasher, wife to Harry Flasher, the prominent builder of New York apartment houses. Mrs. Pennefether and Pete had encountered the Flashers while strolling of a Sunday afternoon on upper Broadway—Pete was a real-estate agent and broker and knew Flasher in a business way—and Mrs. Flasher had promised to call. Mrs. Pennefether had not expected a visit. The Flashers were wealthy, and Mrs. Pennefether believed implicitly that wealthy people were preoccupied with important matters. But here was Mrs. Flasher in the opulent flesh.

Mrs. Pennefether saw Mrs. Flasher to the new mohair armchair beside the bridge lamp and began to

"Aren't Rents Terrible? Seventy-five Dollars — for This Dump?"

ply her with questions. She asked Mrs. Flasher how she had been, and how Mr. Flasher was, and did she think that moths were especially fond of mohair. Mrs. Flasher was out of breath, and Mrs. Pennefether meant well by her. Mrs. Pennefether knew that she shouldn't prod Mrs. Flasher for answers, but she didn't know how else to do. For seventeen years she had welcomed callers with questions. Mrs. Flasher endured this polite catechism so long as she was sucking air; but she was a masterful woman, and she snatched the lead when her lungs ceased laboring. And she, too, meant kindly.

Mrs. Flasher's hair was red; not a vulgar and carroty red, but a hue warmer and prettier than chestnut, a hue not to be had for nothing. Her red hair was bobbed; not bobbed as a horse's tail is bobbed, at a curt stroke, but artfully bobbed, with rounded and melting edges, so that it seemed to have come that way by force of Nature. It did not dangle, obviously cut off before its time, from Mrs. Flasher's occiput. It had been given, in a word, the boyish bob. Her black eyebrows were high and long and incredibly narrow; her neck was shaved; the corners of her mouth were plucked clean; and she had an expertly counterfeited complexion. Mrs. Flasher was an honest woman and had no thought of deceiving. She wore her complexion as she wore her flesh-hued stockings—as a part of her get-up. Her stockings, too, counterfeited the bare flesh; but she would not have thanked anyone for believing that she had no stockings on at all.

"What have you got here, Mrs. Pennefether—six rooms?"

"It's a four, with two master bedrooms ——"

"Oh, I got ten. I couldn't get along with less than ten; but then I got an awful lot of furniture. But where does your maid sleep?"

"We haven't got a girl just now. You see ——"

"Oh, I got three maids—not counting Joseph, the chauffeur, that is. I couldn't get along with less than three maids; no, I couldn't. Where do you keep your car?"

"We haven't got a car. Pete says there's no sense in keeping a car when there are so many taxis."

"No car? Oh!" Mrs. Flasher looked down at the floor and murmured, "Well, yes, of course, that's true, in a way. Oh, yes!" She was determinedly affable. She, too, and in her own way, was an experienced conversationalist; but she needed opposition, a bone of contention; else there was nothing to talk about. "What rent do you pay here, Mrs. Pennefether?"

"Seventy-five dollars. Pete is in the business, you know."

"Aren't rents terrible? Seventy-five dollars—for this dump? You don't mind me calling it a dump, Mrs. Pennefether, do you, seeing that the house isn't yours? We live in one of Mr. Flasher's apartment houses on West End Avenue. Harry built it, you know—yes, we own it; we own the whole house; so we don't pay rent; but we let it furnished last winter for eight hundred a month when we went to Palm Beach. Were you ever down to Palm Beach, Mrs. Pennefether? Oh, you should go. . . . Isn't that a pretty ring you got on your finger? Could I see it? I've been admiring it, but I can't get a good look at it while you got it on. Thank you. You don't mind me looking at it, do you? No, of course not. The stone isn't as big as it looks, is it?—not up close. A carat and a quarter?"

"It's just one carat."

"Oh! Any flaws in it?"

"There's a flaw, but you can't see it. The jeweler told Pete no diamonds are perfect."

"Don't you believe it. Look at this one in my dinner ring. It's four carats, and it's absolutely perfect. Guaranteed! Mr. Flasher is very intimate with a big wholesale jeweler down on Maiden Lane, and he got the wholesale price. What do you think he paid for that stone—just that one stone?"

"Ten thousand dollars?" guessed Mrs. Pennefether, with vengeance in her heart.

"Well, no," said Mrs. Flasher, swallowing. "Not for this one. Only three thousand."

"Oh," said Mrs. Pennefether.

"You got a pretty rug," said Mrs. Flasher. "Is it a genuine Oriental? Oh, I got nothing but genuine Orientals, guaranteed. I simply couldn't stand a domestic; it would drive me crazy. Why don't you bring Mr. Pennefether over to our apartment some evening? How about next Friday night? Look in your date book and see what you got on."

"I'd love to," said Mrs. Pennefether untruthfully. She went into her bedroom and pretended to consult a date book. "Not next Friday," she called. "I'll give you a ring."

She Put a Legal Document Into His Hand. "There's the Contract," She Said

"Do that," said Mrs. Flasher, rising to go. "I'll guarantee you'll have a dandy time. The men can smoke in the smoking room and we'll just sit and talk in the sitting room. I want you to hear our new four-thousand mechanical grand—the price is really forty-eight hundred, you know; but Harry's great friends with a man in the wholesale." She had got again into her fur coat. "Feel it," she invited, holding out her plump arm. "Do you know real Eastern mink? That's it. There are eighty-five skins in it, and all specially picked out for us by an intimate friend of Harry's that's in the wholesale skins down on Twenty-eighth Street. Twenty-five hundred dollars! Do you know what this coat would cost anybody else—you, for instance?"

"Five thousand dollars, I guess."

"Six—for the least, and then it wouldn't be anything like the same coat. There's no door man downstairs, is there? No, of course not. Then I better call Joseph or I'll have to walk across the street. He stopped across the street because an ash man was emptying barrels when we came. I'll just give Joseph a call."

She went to the window, raised it and leaned out over Ninety-second Street. "Jo-seph!" An Elevated train on Columbus Avenue drowned her voice, but its sullen roar did not daunt her; competition was the breath of her nostrils. "Jo-se-eph! Jo-o-seph!

"Damn that Joseph," she said petulantly, closing down the window. "What? Yes, he heard me. I think he pretends not to. He ought to sit out in front, but he gets into the back of the car and falls asleep, and I can yell my head off. I can't imagine how some people train their chauffeurs, but Joseph is not used to high-class people. We pay him two hundred a month, and he eats as good as we do—the same food, Mrs. Pennefether, the same food—and that is enough without having to throw something down on him and wake him up out of the back of the car if I do not want to have to yell my head off. And no night work one night every week. Well, good morning, dear, and thank you for a lovely time. You got a lovely apartment; I was so anxious to see it."

"Come again soon, now that you know the way," said Mrs. Pennefether. "Good morning, and thank you for coming."

Mrs. Pennefether had been unhappy; now she was discontented, but her unhappiness was mitigated. She knew now what she wanted; she wanted more money—a lot more. She wanted to conquer the respect of Mrs. Flasher. Perhaps Mrs. Flasher's respect wasn't worth having, but she wanted it, and she had too much pride to belittle what she wanted until she could take it or leave it. It is likely that the pursuit of a worthier object, any one of many worthier objects, would have made her positively happy; but Mrs. Pennefether was a practical person, living objectively, waiting to be taught what she wanted, and as strange to herself as most people are to themselves.

"You seem to be worrying about something, Pete," she said that evening.

"Oh, nothing much," he said, shaking his newspaper. "I had a little deal on and it fell through."

"Tell me about it."

"It was a private house over on West End Avenue—Joe Rapp's house. It's been standing vacant, and Harry Flasher wanted to buy it, and Rapp asked me to act as his broker. You know, I don't ordinarily do brokerage down at Hopper's—my work is managing the apartment houses that Hopper has charge of—but Rapp asked me to act for him in this case and I said I would. I've known Joe Rapp for thirty years. Well, Rapp wanted thirty-five thousand dollars for his house, and it was cheap enough, and Harry Flasher was going to buy it; but he called me up this afternoon and told me it was all off and that he didn't want the house at any price. And that picked just four hundred and thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents out of our pocket, Martha. The office would have got the other half of the commission."

"What a shame! That's as much as you make in a whole month at the office. I think Mr. Flasher is a mean person. What did Mr. Rapp say?"

"He told me to rent the house and forget about it. It will rent easily enough at what he wants for it—three thousand a year. That's cheap rent. I think I showed you the house last Sunday, didn't I?—an eighteen-footer, four and basement, next to the southwest corner of Ninety-ninth Street."

"Did you?" murmured Mrs. Pennefether, and she went on darning socks while Pete lost himself in the sporting page.

"I get tired sitting around the house all day," she said after a silence.

"Uh-huh."

"There isn't enough to do to keep a body going, what with sending out the wash and having a woman in twice a week and eating out every so often. Mrs. Pilz, across the hall—that pretty little blond woman—is selling gloves down in Wanamacy's and making twenty-four a week. She gives

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SURVIVAL

By GRACE SARTWELL MASON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

THE widow of Caleb Thorn sat beside the window in the large airless chamber known as the spare room and looked down the valley at the road from town. It shocked her a little when she realized that the sight of all those vehicles on this road, usually so empty, gave her a thrill of excitement. She averted her eyes and looked down at the black cotton gloves which presently she would put on; but in a moment or two her gaze went back to the valley road, and again there came at her heart that queer knock of drama, the throb of anticipation that abashed her. She must remember that Caleb was dead, that those black dots on the road were folks coming to his funeral, that she was a widow.

Women passed in and out of the room, old friends whom she had had small opportunity to see during her married life, church acquaintances, wives of men Caleb had done business with. They shook her hand solemnly and praised Caleb.

"There ain't many upright men like him left nowadays."

"No," murmured Caleb Thorn's widow faintly.

"A real old-fashioned Christian."

"Yes."

"An elder of the church twenty years. What will they do without him?"

"I don't know."

"You must bear your affliction bravely, Mis' Thorn. All flesh is but grass. And he is gone to his reward. A righteous man. They will miss him on the town council. He was a director in the bank, too, wasn't he?"

She Cowered in Her Chair and Her Fingers Went to Her Lips. A Wave of Dreadful Weakness and Loneliness Swept Over Her

"I—I think so," said Emily Thorn, meek under the inquisition.

"Well, you will have great responsibilities, Mis' Thorn. I heard the will is to be read at the funeral."

But here Stephen Thorn came to his mother's rescue.

"I think she ought to rest a little while. She's had a hard week."

And the women slowly withdrew. The boy closed the door and Emily Thorn sank into the chair by the window.

"Old hens," he said dispassionately. "Darned few of them ever came up here to the Hollow to see you in all these years, but now when their curiosity is whetted ——"

"Stevie, don't! They—they've come to pay respect to your father's memory. He was one of the most prominent men hereabouts, and you know it, son."

"Um—maybe. But I wish they had come to see you oftener and not waited until you were a widow."

He went back to the other window and stood gazing down at the vehicles slowly plowing up the long lane from the main road below.

And sudden terror darted through his mother's heart. A widow! How could she manage the affairs of life without Caleb? Since her marriage to him at eighteen she had never managed anything. She did not even know whether he had died a merely prosperous man or a wealthy one. She had never known what went on in his business, any more than she had known what went on in his soul.

She put two trembling fingers to her lips, the one gesture left over from girlhood. She knew she was weak; Caleb had told her so more than once. In his more genial moments he had been in the habit of making a grim joke about the witlessness of women. And all her thoughts of herself had come to be humble, depreciatory thoughts. So that now a helpless fright overcame that sense of excitement and of anticipation which had troubled the secret places of her heart ever since she had known Caleb was going to die. She forced herself to think of Caleb's strength, his uprightness, his rare moments of benignity; and her small nose reddened, the tears gathered in her eyes.

Her son caught out of the corner of his eye the movement of her hand unfolding the clean handkerchief someone had put there, and he turned to look at her. He saw the tears beginning to gather under her lashes. His sensitive face lost the odd look of dreamy happiness which for an instant had lain upon it as he gazed at the notch in the hills where the road led out of the valley. He stood up abruptly and crossed the room to his mother.

He was eighteen, but having been somewhat sickly all his life, he was undersized; and as he walked a slight scraping sound whispered through the room, for one leg was shorter than the other and he dragged at the end of it a clubfoot whose heavy shoe scraped over the floor. His mother was scarcely aware of the sound, for she had heard it ever since he began to walk. Her upper consciousness, at least, had grown to accept the sound.

The boy sat down on the arm of her chair and put his hand on her shoulder. She glanced at the window embarrassedly, but the muslin curtain reassured her and she let her head relax against his arm. One of the most wonderful things about the new life that was beginning for her was the fact that now there was no one to frown when she and Stevie showed each other tenderness. They could love each other openly now.

"Don't you begin to cry, mother. Why, there's nothing to cry for. You know," he whispered, "we're all going to be happier now."

"Don't!" She was genuinely shocked at that excitement in her heart being put into words. "You mustn't talk that way, dear. Your father—was a good man, and—and he's gone."

The boy's dry smile made him look older.

"He was a good man all right, I guess. But that's no reason why we should be hypocrites and pretend we aren't going to be happier without him. Mother, haven't you felt—honest now—haven't you felt for three days as if you—you'd got out of prison?"

"Oh, Stevie!" she exclaimed faintly, but her hand tightened over his.

The boy looked over her head and out of the window. This house, which Caleb Thorn had built on a hillside because he liked solitude and to be up above other folks, commanded a view of a narrow valley in which there were few houses. The close hills about it were dark and ragged with the second growth of hemlock and pines that had taken the place of the virgin timber Caleb Thorn's mill had for twenty-five years been converting into lumber. On this afternoon of late autumn they were melancholy and dripping with the mist and fog that rose so frequently from the river, deep buried at the bottom of the valley.

Even on summer days they were unsmiling hills, for there were few of the maples and oaks that made pleasant the wider valleys to the east. But nevertheless, here Caleb Thorn had built his house.

The nearest town was five miles away, through a narrow notch in the hills. Caleb Thorn's three children had spent many hours of their lives staring at that break in the hills, and now his youngest son turned his gaze toward it with a swift brightening of his eyes.

"Do you realize," he said in an undertone, "that perhaps we can get out of Thorn's Hollow now? Perhaps we can travel. I'd like to go to Italy, to see the bookstall where Browning bought that old story he put in The Ring and the Book. Do you remember how you used to let me smuggle up two candles so I could read it? Do you remember those verses about Florence I wrote that got us all into trouble with father? Pretty bad, they were. But I believe that—if it isn't too late for me now ——"

"It ain't too late," she whispered back sharply. "You're so young, Stevie. You can be what you want to be now. Don't brood over what's past. Your father meant all right. He just didn't understand. Look at the way people are pouring up here to his funeral, all this long way ——"

The boy made a scornful sound.

"Most likely half of 'em are coming because they've heard about the will."

Her face became troubled again.

"I wish we didn't have to have the will read today. It don't seem fitting, somehow—a will read at a funeral."

"Why don't you tell Mr. Harvey not to read it until later then?"

She looked genuinely shocked.

"Oh, no! Your father wanted it so, and he knew best."

"Humph! He liked to run things—even his own funeral," the boy muttered under his breath.

It was a true if unfilial observation. All during the weeks of Caleb Thorn's last illness a long envelope had lain in the gloomy black-walnut secretary desk, sealed and methodically superscribed, "Directions for my funeral." From the moment of his death until his grave should be fittingly marked no detail had been left to chance or to the

judgment of his wife. The undertaker was named, the sum to be paid for a coffin indicated, the plate designed, the men who should sit up with the body chosen, the ceremonial of the funeral outlined, the preacher's fee set, his discourse limited to five minutes, and the pallbearers selected. Everything was to be done with the austere dignity, and also with the thrift, that had marked Caleb Thorn's life.

And now the mud-spattered vehicles were rattling in from miles around. Undoubtedly the fact that his will was to be read drew a good many who had long been curious as to just how prosperous a man Caleb Thorn had become. But many came who recognized the passing of a unique personality, a man of power, rigidly upright, mercilessly just, fearless and harsh. A man of an almost extinct type walking with a God Whom he had made in his own image a stern God with the right to pour every lesser life into His own mold; a man who believed in his own rightness to an extent that sometimes even his God must have envied.

The arriving conveyances all took their places in the space between the orchard and the barn, where Caleb had directed they should be left; the women came into the house through the seldom-used front door and the men remained outside, talking in undertones. The six pallbearers, uneasy in the black gloves the undertaker handed them, had been herded into the hall; and the women, sitting in solemn rows in the large parlor, could see them through the open door, downcast and self-conscious

When Mr. Harvey, the lawyer, arrived all heads moved, as if stirred by the wind of an intense interest. He drew the preacher off to the end of the hall, and many stared inquisitively at the manila envelope he carried in his hand as he stood whispering to the minister. In a moment or two the undertaker went up the stairs, and soon after the bereaved family moved down them slowly, like black shadows.

Caleb Thorn's widow leaned on the arm of her older son Wilbur. Under the lugubrious veil someone had draped from her bonnet her small face was almost invisible. The black veil gave her a sinister air which sat incongruously upon the meek droop of her shoulders. She was entirely feminine; many of the women sitting there watching her unwinkingly could remember what she was like when she had married Caleb Thorn. She had been very pretty, April-like, ten years younger than Caleb, fond of singing, with an exquisite sensitiveness to rhythm and beauty. She laughed easily; little things could make her happy. She had been a good daughter, and the night before her marriage she had asked God passionately to make her a good wife.

Twenty-eight years of hard work and devotion to Caleb's ideal of wifehood had eliminated the April touch. She had become a small, silent woman, colorless, flat breasted—a shadow of a woman, as if she had been ground to nothing between the two millstones of her husband and her children.

But, curiously enough, herself she had passed on to her children, and almost nothing of Caleb. Will Thorn at twenty-three had her eyes, and in them there was the same shadow of patient endurance. He had her voice, too, and her sensitiveness to rhythm. He had always wanted to be a musician, but his father had made him foreman in his sawmill. Judith Thorn had her father's straight carriage and his strong blue eyes, but the quality of her soul was her mother's. For two years she had been terribly and hopelessly in love with a young man whom her father had turned out of the house because he was said to read Ingersoll and Darwin. Young Stephen had his mother's smile and eyes, and sometimes in him there was a fleeting glimpse of that lost April touch.

In front of the two windows the great coffin—Caleb Thorn had been a tall, big-muscled man—stood on trestles. It was a dignified but not too expensive coffin, as Caleb had specified; and there were no flowers, because he had forbidden them. The great dull-black box beat down the room. Caleb Thorn's widow could not bring herself to look at it. She felt no overwhelming sorrow, only awe and incredulity; incredulity that Caleb had been taken instead of herself.

Drooping her head and clasping her black-gloved hands tightly, she said over and over, "He was a good man. He has gone to his rest." But the second part was hard to believe. To her he was still present; she felt a nervous dread of some inefficiency in the occasion that he would despise

And so she said the words over and over, as one tells beads on a rosary "He was a good man. He was "

But here, with a bead between her fingers, so to speak, she paused. Her eyes, downcast, had strayed sidewise. Down the line of chairs to her right her gaze wandered. It sought something she greatly loved—the hands of her younger son. Hands touched with undeveloped genius, they lay in his lap, like her own, nervously clasped. She felt a warmth of new hope and sweetness in her heart. Then her gaze slipped down to the floor, to the clumsy malformed foot, and a chill crept through her

Dragging her attention back, she heard a few words of the service; she forced her gaze as high as the line where the black box began above the trestles, and she began again to say her beads.

"He was a good man. He has gone to his rest ——"

Italy! Perhaps she and Stevie could go there to see pictures and the Mediterranean. Wilbur need not torture his ears any more with the shriek of the saws in the mill Judy could marry Bob Crandall, and perhaps there would be money enough to buy her a snug little farm. . . . How much money would there be? Surely enough, after all these years of thrift, to take them out of Thorn's Hollow, to give each of them a little taste of what they had so long hungered for!

She was aware of a sudden silence in the room. All heads had been lifted after the final prayer, the preacher's voice had ceased, and he was looking at Lawyer Harvey. The time had come for the reading of the will.

The widow of Caleb Thorn felt a hot flush flowing over her face. She was painfully aware of the staring faces at her left, the banks of faces pressing forward in the hall. She felt the emanation from them of their unabashed curiosity, and she shrank. But she repeated stubbornly, "He was a good man. He knew best ——"

Lawyer Harvey took his stand behind the coffin. He was a small, dried-up man, and the black box almost obliterated him. He looked unhappy and he was obliged to clear his throat many times as he explained that what he was about to do was at the command of Mr. Thorn. He could only obey the last request of his old friend and client. The will, he explained, had been drawn up by Mr. Thorn unaided, and he, himself—here he looked at the widow—could be held in no way responsible for its spirit.

Then drawing a long white envelope from the manila case, he broke the blob of red wax, and placing a pair of shaky spectacles upon his nose, far down, he began to read. The room was so quiet that there could be heard the faint drip-drip of the eaves as the fog developed into a drizzle.

"'I, Caleb Thorn, being of sound mind and in full possession of all my faculties'"—Lawyer Harvey read from a dry throat—"'do on this twentieth day of August ——'"

The widow of Caleb Thorn lifted her veil a little as if for air. The twentieth day of August—that was the day after he had been to see the doctor in the city. Then the doctor must have told him he hadn't long to live.

She felt a pang of pity. Caleb had kept this tragic information to himself and gone about his work as usual until the day, two months later, when he was stricken.

She brought her mind back to the words and figures the lawyer was reading. The first part of the will was a precise and careful enumeration of his possessions, properties, assets and moneys. Set forth clearly and tersely, as if Caleb himself were speaking to individuals whose intelligence was of a lower grade than his own, this part of the will was a masterly presentment of his estate. It was clear that in the last two active months of his life he had worked ceaselessly to put his affairs in the simplest order. "Foolproof" would have been his word.

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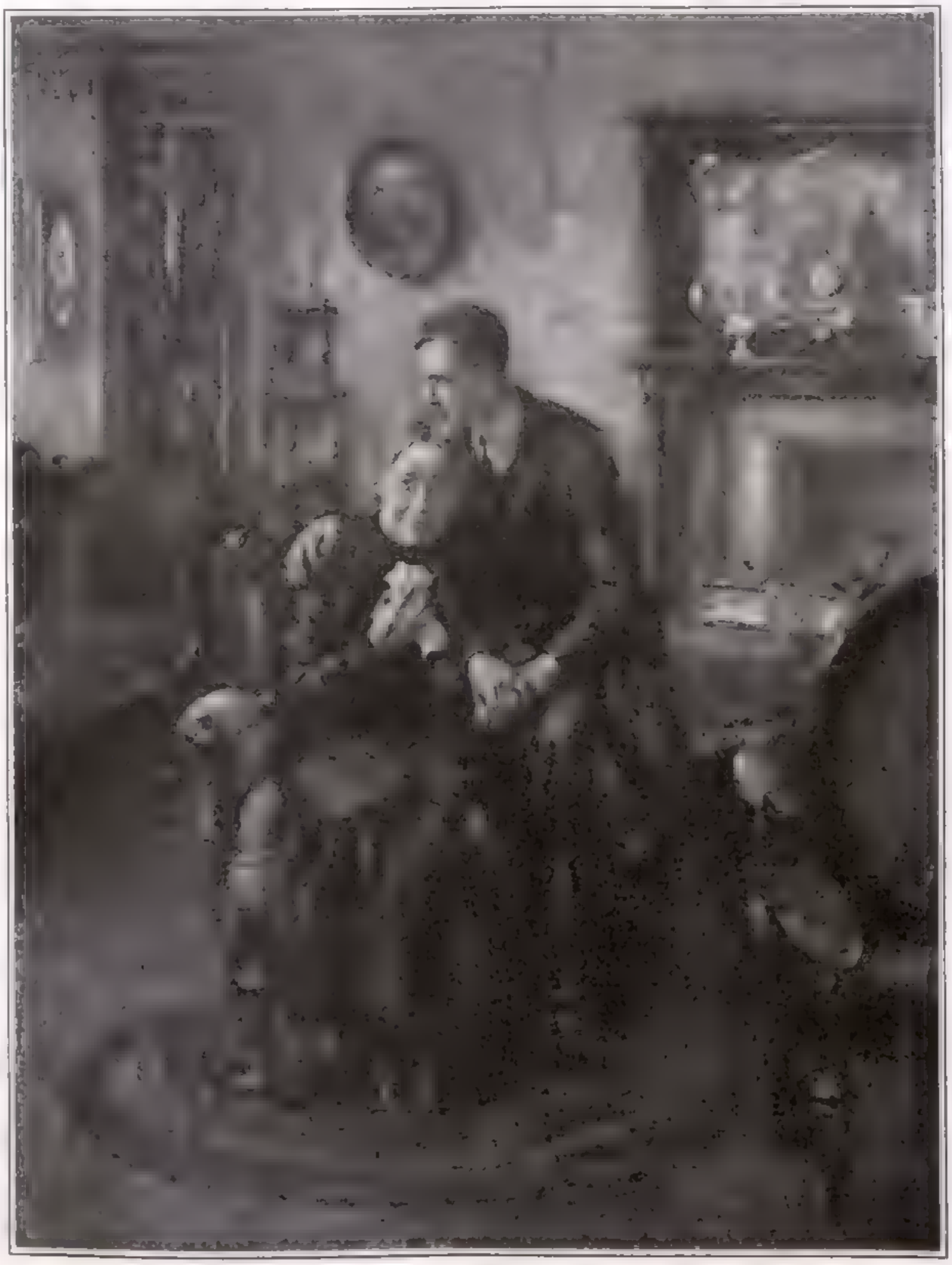

They Could Love Each Other Openly Now

THE DISENTANGLER

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"Mr. the Referee, Look! 'If a Ball in Play Budges, After the Player Has Seated His Stick on the Ground in Giving it a Vise, He Will be Decreed to Have Made it Budge, and the Punishment is One Blow!'"

THERE were only two of us in the club living room and the other man was a Frenchman. I could hardly blame him for it, of course, since both of us were in France. What I did blame him for, however, was his attitude toward the weather. Regularly, at three-minute intervals, he glanced at the streaming panes and whickered softly. Each quarter hour he rose, went to the window and cramped himself with laughter as he gazed out at the drenched landscape, and this annoyed me excessively.

It was two years since I had last swung a club. Even my niblick was cold and rusted in the bag. But my friends had finally persuaded me to join the Golf of Tache-sur-Grenouille. I had then traveled forty bumping kilometers from Paris for my first practice round, and when I arrived at the chalet of the Golf it was raining doggedly, in shaking blankets of water. The fairways were everglades, the greens looked like eel fisheries, and there was no train back to Paris until half past four.

My companion, with another great laugh, turned from the window.

"What a villain time!" he remarked cheerfully.

"But yes," I responded, in pure Yale French. "But yes. Truly, it falls of the water."

He moved toward me.

"I demand pardon, sir, but do you just come from making party of this club?"

"Yes," I said, "I do. Just at the hour. I'm a new member."

His smile was engaging.

"Then permit me to clear myself up. I am Mr. the Count of Vineuil, and of the committee on the ondecar."

At length it percolated.

"But yes! I am enchanted. And I am Mr. William Henry Smith, of the Great Western Fertilizer Company."

"Since Mr. Smiss is American," he remarked, "it would be superfluous to inquire if he is a good player."

"Well, at home," I said, "my ondecar was ten. But, Mr. the Count, it is since two years that I have not played; and also I have lately developed rheumatism; and furthermore I have just been obliged to adopt spectacles; and in addition I ——"

"Oh, là, là!" he said compassionately. "My profound regrets. But yet—ten? An excellent player!"

Now although it is always better to begin with a generous ondecar, it is seldom wise to bicker with the committee; so that for the moment I accepted his compliment and fed it back to him.

"And you, no doubt? Your own ondecar, for example?"

He pushed several cubic feet of air away from him.

"It is four. But you must not prejudice me. I ——"

"Four!" I exclaimed. "Ta-ta-ta! A veritable ace!"

He shook his head.

"No, no, no! I play the golf like this, like that. We other French, we are still young at these sports in plain air. Yet once ——" He sighed, and then laughed. "Well, it is finished; but once, I confess it, I have done a round of the golf so formidable that it finds itself in history. Hence my ondecar—all from that special round." He eyed me experimentally. "And if perhaps monsieur bores himself ——"

"I should be honored," I said with resignation, "to hear the narrative of Mr. the Count."

We found ourselves—said the count—on the terrace—myself and my friend the Duke of Blérancourt. I had just returned from six months alone in our Indo-China, on affairs. I was asking what had passed at the club. He frowned.

"Too much. For example, one has at last admitted Dumont."

"What!" I said, startled. "But no! It is impossible! Dumont has the entrance here? How the devil did that arrive?"

He shrugs his shoulders.

"One asks of himself. But it is so. He was candidate during six years. Then one day—pouf! And the fact is accomplished."

Now this Dumont was a type of an individual. He was a veritable disentangler. And how! A *richissime*, but always the braggart and the *bluffeur*. I did not know him in person; I have only his eye acquaintance, but that was plenty.

I say, "Well, how does he behave himself?"

"What would you expect? He makes the flirt at all the dames. He offers bets too high. He —— But speak of the wolf, and one sees his tail! There he comes!"

In truth, this very Dumont approaches himself, and without invitation he sits at our table. The duke introduces us. Dumont, as usual, is mounted on his grand horses, and he has not given himself the trouble to hear correctly either my name or my title. He calles me Mr. Vermeil—Mr. Silver-Gilt! I am very much piqued.

"Duke," he begins, with impudence, "I come from seeing in the dining room the most beautiful woman who still exists in France."

"*Flûte!*" says the duke wearily. "Just as you like."

"But yes," recites Dumont. "Ah, but she is exquisite!" Then he addresses me, all condescending. "Do not dispute me, Mr. Vermeil," he warns, in laughing.

"I declare that she is the queen of beauty."

Now, myself, I am piqued. Suddenly I put myself in anger. I lean myself on both the two elbows and say sweetly, "Sir, I regret that you are so badly informed. Indeed, I wonder if the really most beautiful woman in France would not be absolutely ignorant of you."

This Dumont always has his head near his hat. That is to say, he is very quarrelish.

"Sir," he returns, "I am not used to contradiction. I recount again a time that I ——"

"To a good listener salute!" I interrupt him. It means that if he had understood me well he had better watch out for himself.

"What?" he bristles. "You deny me—you? But among the blind, the people with one eye are the kings—no?"

The duke is urging me to be gay and disposed, but I avoid him. I am piqued.

"Oh, to the railroad station, you bundle!" I say, furious.

He bounds up.

"What? This to me? I will make you see thirty-six candles, imbecile!"

The duke has attached my arm, but I escape.

"Why, you package," I say, "I will pull your nose so far around you would sneeze in your ear!"

"*Zut, alors!*" he says, with foam. "I have dined enough on this! This means the prairie!" By which he would imply the duel.

My friend the duke is also upright.

"Hold, hold!" he protests. "To what effect so idiot a performance? The duel is unnecessary, and often comes to no decision. Name me as your referee, you two, and I will arrange everything. There shall be plenty of satisfaction, but no blood. I urge you to put the matter between my hands."

I regard this type Dumont.

"Mr. the Duke," I say, "I accept your suggestion."

Dumont has the wrinkled front.

"Oh, well, me also," he says at last.

The duke is pensive, but at the bottom of a minute he speaks.

"Gentlemen, I have trapped an idea. At the golf you have the same ondecar. You will therefore contest a tourney of eighteen holes. He who loses will confess that the dame mentioned by his opponent is the most beautiful and will pay twenty thousand francs damages. And he must also carry the sack of the lady of him who gains for one round of the golf, on a day selected by me, or forfeit another twenty thousand francs damages. There, gentlemen!"

Me, I exclaim, "Ravishing! To hurt this fat one with a rapier would be difficult; he is too upholstered. But to hurt him in his treasury—ah, that would be ten times double more tragic for him. And at the golf I could beat him into flat seams!" An expression from old times, when the winners of the battle, in chasing the enemy from the field, beat them with their sabers until they flattened the very seams of their clothing.

"*Parbleu!*" shouts Dumont. "But at the golf, after me, you can take away the ladder!" A locution of the circus; for the chief acrobat, he always comes down the last.

"The proof will be contested," reports the duke, "tomorrow morning at seven hours. Each principal will bring one supporter, and the affair will then be concluded in the strictest intimacy. At seven we shall be isolated."

This Dumont then disappears, and I go and search madame my wife.

"Well, little cabbage," I say, "I am going to rest here tonight, because tomorrow at a very good hour I have a rendezvous. I am desolated not to invite you to rest also, but I have an urgent need to be sole."

She is a very good wife. She knows I am serious. She returns to Paris, and I search my friend the Colonel Lemoine, to be my supporter.

The colonel, who was officer of *liaison* during the war, is very correct. He replies, "But this is not at all according to the code! To substitute for the weapons of a gentleman these instruments of golf? And to arrange it yourselves, instead of through your seconds? *Sangdieu!* I don't seize it!"

"Yet it is so arranged. Will you support me?"

"I suppose, yes," he answers gloomily. "It is not in the code to refuse, even if you were to battle yourself with shovels or kindling wood. But I notify you that from now on I shall insist on the proper formalities, as far as they can be applied to so fantastic a ceremony!"

"Good!" I acknowledge. And after a light dinner I compose myself by drinking two cups of linden tea and I then couch myself.

At seven in the morning we all meet together. For supporter, Dumont has brought one Maillet. All of us go out among the fresh morning.

"For you, old sausage," says the Colonel Lemoine, "I do this from friendship. But I think you have a spider on your ceiling." He means what in English you call bats in your steeple. "You should have picked him in the ribs with a sword."

"I shall pick him in his pocket," I say back, "and that will wound him much more permanently."

So we go out, and there, ready to assist at the combat, is a—a—how do you call the spectators at the golf? Ah, yes, the balcony! Well, there is a balcony of thirty people. From where had come the news? From Dumont? Hardly, for, with three exceptions, they are all my friends. And I had said nothing to anyone. What then? A mystery!

The Duke of Blérancourt comes near.

"It is curious," he says, "this balcony, yet not a misfortune. Witnesses are witnesses."

I comprehend. He himself had published the news to my other friends. He desires me to erase this Dumont so publicly that they will laugh him out of the club. But that was bright!

Well, it made a very encouraging noise, that balcony. It cried out, "*Hourra! Vivat encore!*" which was very pleasant. They swarm around me, urging me to excel. But however the same, I was thinking of all those francs, and that carrying of the sack, and rehearsing to myself that I cannot afford to lose. No! This Dumont is a pig, and presently I will spell it for him.

The balcony withdraws; the duke throws a coin at the air and it comes down to my advantage. It is for me to commence.

Sir, the first hole is established at one hundred fifty meters, with one only obstacle. So I take my grand iron; but by hazard I spoil the blow. *Pouah!* That ball flies into that one only boonkaire! The whole world groans—all but the three Dumontists, who jump about like silly sheeps—and I go apart and complain of myself. But the colonel is beside me.

"Courage, my brave!" And he adds the famous Berittish war shout: "Steady, the Buffs! And give them some hell!" For he had been *liaison* officer.

And Dumont, what does he do? Aha! His management is too quick; he draws his ball over to the left, in among the herbs, and the balcony—all but the three Dumontists—hugs itself and shakes hands in contentment.

They all follow me, running and happy, to the neighborhood of my ball. After some distinguished consideration I demand of my *cadet* my mashie, and I stroke her with that mashie—four times. I am on the *pelouse d'arrivée*—the lawn of arrival. But this Dumont, he now has the ball lying killed. Dead! But I demand the *poteur* and I pote. *Pan!* I am sunk in seven! Dumont, he also potes. *Vlan!*

"Partaken," says the duke, "in seven."

"What, then?" I ask of the Colonel Lemoine. "I thought that Dumont had gained it easily."

"No," he says, "Dumont required four *coups* in the thick grasses."

We proceeded. So did the balcony, and they pull the Dumontists' hats over their noses very gayly.

Well, I elevated that ball on the thimble and fixed it with all my eyes. I have for Dumont an infinite contempt, for any player who has needed seven blows for that first little hole is no good; so I knew I had him fried. Well, I balance my stick with plenty of form and I accomplish a very good sticking. Dumont also projects a good one, and my friends cry, "Boo! Evidently, how lucky!" I then recommend my brassie to myself. But curse! The ball, she goes only a little ahead and sits down in a very bad pose. But I take a firm handle on my jiggaire, and I jiggaire that ball right onto the lawn! A marvel! But this type Dumont, after one awful miss, blows his ball with God knows what stick, and succeeds also to the lawn.

Well, we order our *poteurs*, and we pote. At the beginning I pote. Then Dumont potes. Then I pote. Then Dumont potes. Then I pote. Then Dumont potes. Then we both pote together.

"Partaken," says the Duke of Blérancourt, "in seven. The match is still equality." And the balcony, keeping step in chanting "*Un, deux, trois, quatre! Un, deux, trois, quatre!*" pursues us to the third elevation of departure—*tertre du départ.*

In effect, that third hole prolongs itself by a forest. In the middle of the *parcours* a profound boonkaire is crossed, and you have put your foot in the plate, believe it, if you arrive there. And in approaching the hole there are still some more boonkaires, and a precipice at the left.

"Attention!" says my dear colonel. "The enemy will weaken. This is a long way from the code, but we will disperse him, nevertheless. Up, Guards, and at 'em, by Judas!" For he had been officer of *liaison*.

Come! I carve that ball clear out of the limits—out of the boundaries. I die. And the balcony makes a sound of funerals, the most doleful. And while still my friends are mourning at me, Dumont sticks his ball right through the middle of the golf, *crac!* like professionals.

From the elevation I play three. Superb! Then it is Dumont's turn, and he cuts the ball so that she enters the woods. Aha! I take my jiggaire again. But oh! I jiggaire myself down that sharp precipice. Unhappiness! But wait! Over in the forest I see the stick of this Dumont rise and descend—oh, often! Again, courage for me, and imitations of cats from that balcony. It was a very spiritual assistance.

When Dumont has emerged I say to the colonel, "Will you kindly ascertain from Maillet how many blows Dumont has now blown?"

So he goes formally and puts his question, and presently he has a communication for me: "Maillet states that Dumont has blew three, and is about to blow four."

I inspect him with wonder.

"But this Dumont should mix a little water in his wine! Three? Why, with my proper eyes I saw him make eight *coups* at least! Have the kindness to inquire again a time."

By and by the colonel returns.

"But this Maillet declares that Dumont was only killing a serpent. Over there in the thicket he saw one and executed it with his niblick. But of *coups* he admits only three."

I am upside down. Evidently this Dumont has lied like a tooth puller. But I swallow my chagrin and cling down that precipice. Well, I demand the mashie, and with grounded teeth I make that ball do a beautiful hairpin

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Pouah! That Ball Flies Into That One Only Boonkaire!

THE CRIMINAL CONFESSIONS OF A COLLECTOR

I CONSIDER myself a sort of Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities—or any others that come my way. Some people have described certain of my activities by a shorter and uglier term. But they are jealous. They envy me my house for my wife's benefit I hasten to add that I am using "my" in a figurative sense—and they envy me my courage to take what I want when I *see* it. Other people could have as nice a house as mine if they, like me, had never gone for a ride in the old flivver without a ripping bar, a saw, a hammer and a screw driver under the seat, for eight long years; and had never passed an abandoned house, from Long Island Sound to Dixville Notch, without investigating it to the attic

I have crawled and poked amid the rubbish and brambles in old cellar holes. I have followed old roads marked on the map where no traveled road now exists, and been rewarded by broken springs, bent wishbones, punctured tires—and a corner cupboard! I have acquired hand-wrought hardware from a farmer's pigpen—he had used the original front door of his ancient dwelling for one side of the pen—and once I drove twenty-one miles over the worst road in New England to get a latch I had heard of. I had to pay two dollars for it too. Somebody was living in the house.

A Graceful Doorway in White Marble

What started my wife and me on our career of historical preservation—or peculation, as you choose to put it—was the acquisition of a fine old farmhouse that we desired to restore and enlarge. We wanted to restore the existing house to its original state and to keep the enlargement in style. Now the original house had no door knobs a hundred years ago. It had beautiful—yes, they are; if you can't see it, don't read any more—hand-wrought iron latches, made by the kind of blacksmiths America boasted in those far-off days. But somebody around the Civil War period had taken them all off and installed china knobs, which probably made his wife very happy. It was about the same time that legend says he sawed the posts off the mahogany bed for cow stanchions. It might not have occurred to us that we could undo the damage to the doors if my wife hadn't poked around in the chicken coop and discovered one of these very latches tacked on the coop door. She came rushing to me, flushed with the pride of discovery.

"There must be lots of 'em all around, on other people's chicken coops and barns!" she cried.

Abandoned Houses

THE idea seemed excellent. We procured the necessary tools—and spare tires—and began forthwith a search which led us heaven knows how many hundreds of miles, taught us more about the geography of our state than we had ever known, and incidentally equipped our house with hardware, mantelpieces, panels, a fanlight, a veranda railing, a gable-end window frame, shovels, tongs, old glass bottles, a lot of furniture, and, as the auction bills say, other articles too numerous to mention. Some of the stuff we bought, some of it we took. But all of it was saved by us from destruction and preserved in a proper setting. And I'm perfectly willing to trot right up to Saint Peter, when our time comes, with a couple of my nicest latches in my hand and say "Here are our tickets." I expect a front seat.

The house from which one of my best mantels came was built in 1756. I discovered it by putting the car over what an old map declared was a road as far as the alleged road would hold up the wheels, and then walking a mile. The old fields of the farm were overgrown and the house was about ready to fall down. Since then it has fallen down. A herd of sheep, when I got there, was investigating the parlor. They didn't seem appreciative of the mantel, however, so I drove them out, removed it and lugged it back on my shoulders to the car, along with several strips of molding. If I hadn't removed it, it would now be a mass of rotting splinters, with a birch tree sprouting through them.

Another mantel we removed from a house which stood beside a road over which cars could—and semi-occasionally did—pass, because sometimes they got lost and took this way by mistake. It was one of at least a score of abandoned houses in a single hilly township, all of them falling into ruin. To find the owners of any of them was practically impossible; I made one attempt and discovered the only known heir to be in Seattle. But if you had found them, they wouldn't have sold you anything out of the houses—only the whole house and two hundred acres of rocky hillside. Invariably they would let the houses go to compost rather than sell any portion. But the particular mantel I speak of was quite too fine to go to compost. So my wife stood watch at the door, ready to warn of approaching danger, and I worked fast with bar and chisel. The mantel came home, forty miles, in three sections, covered with a carriage robe, and now excites the admiration of my guests. The house it came from was burned up last year. I had nothing to do with that.

One day we were driving along a back road on which we remembered an old house stood. When we came to the spot there was no house, only charred embers in the cellar hole. But the fire had been so recent that the grass and weeds had not yet overgrown the foundations, and we poked eagerly about. Richly were we rewarded. All the shutter hinges, hand-wrought and of a quaint design, had fallen outward as the shutters burned off, and lay just outside the foundation stones. We gathered up twenty-four pairs. In another month the grass would have hidden them; in another year they would have rusted back into earth. And they go well, too, with my shutter hold-backs from Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington.

I was in a trolley one day, on my way to call upon our congressman. As we neared the Capitol, I saw wreckers at work on one of those century-old brick houses at the lower end of the avenue, and sticking out of the bricks were some delightful old iron hold-backs for shutters. I made a dive for the door, ducked the restraining arm of the conductor and leaped to the asphalt.

"You want those old things?" the wrecking boss mused. "Funny. We carted off a lot of 'em in the rubbish yesterday. You can have all there are left. What are they worth to you? Fifteen cents apiece?"

"A quarter!" I gasped. "Come on!"

Suspicious Owners

PRESENTLY I departed with my precious hardware wrapped in a newspaper and the boss contemplating a five-dollar bill and the unaccountable but beneficent folly of mankind. I forgot all about going to see my congressman.

But wrecking bosses in a city and the kind of people who live on the kind of farms that are being abandoned so rapidly in New England react quite differently to the folly of such preservers as I. The boss doesn't care why you want a thing. It is a quite impersonal transaction, except as it brings him an unexpected penny. But if you try to buy something from an abandoned farmer or his still more abandoned wife, and it is something of no value to him, he invariably refuses to sell it. He must understand why you want it; it must appear to him a normally desirable object. Otherwise some vague suspicion, or some even vaguer but stubborn pride—I have never been quite able to determine which—causes him to return a sullen no to every offer.

Having learned this by bitter experience, I was on my guard when, in poking around outside of a very ancient house now used for the storage of hay, my foot hit something solid in the grass and burdocks, and a hasty investigation disclosed it to be a superb crane, undoubtedly thrown out from the huge kitchen fireplace of the house. The reason I was on my guard was because, directly across the road, a woman was watching me from the window of an inhabited house. I looked about me for some help and spied an old door, still usable, leaning against the wall. So I walked across and accosted the woman.

Yes, she owned the old house. Would she sell that door? Yes, she guessed so—wa'n't doin' nobody any good there. What did I want it for? A henhouse. Yes, it would do all right for a henhouse. I gave her seventy-five cents and went back to the door. Just as I got to the crane the door unaccountably slipped from my grasp. When I picked it up, as unaccountably the crane was caught in my fingers, but on the inside of the door. I didn't discover this fact till the door was stowed in the car. Shocking, isn't it? But if I had offered to buy that old piece of scrap iron I should have met with a dull stare of incomprehension and a blunt refusal. It would have remained in the grass,

A Simple and Charming Doorway of Georgian Design

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THE JUNK SNUPPER

"One day," says Archie Butt in his reminiscences of Theodore Roosevelt, "I was out walking with Mrs. Roosevelt and I asked her if sometime she would like to look over the old things I had picked up here and there. She is what she calls a great 'snupper' herself and says I must be one from what she hears of my house. 'Snupping,' as she defines it, is the art of finding quaint and valuable things in junk heaps, and the ability to get them cheap.

"The day we were out walking she said, with that inimitable little laugh of hers: 'Snuppers are born, not made. Now Ethel thinks she is a snupper, but she really isn't, and does not know the first principle of snupping. No amount of training would make the President a snupper. He would possibly pass over the most charming articles of china or bronze and end by buying a brass bedstead. Alice is better, but of all my children Kermit is the ideal snupper. He has the nose of the perfect-bred snupper.'"

The Sitting Room of the "Home, Sweet Home" Cottage, East Hampton, Long Island

ONLY a few years ago people who expressed an interest in old furniture, rugs, pewter or glassware were regarded as nuts. They are not so universally regarded today, but yet there are thousands of very practical and unemotional people who still view with patronizing amusement the activities of the collector and freely admit that they cannot understand this love of junk. Let us diagnose the case. When the junk hunter is actuated by a mere acquisitive obsession with no particular objective, he's a snupper; when stimulated by artistic, historic or sentimental discrimination, he's a collector.

Quite a difference!

It is patriotic sentiment that underlies the collecting of Americana at the National Museum in Washington, and in thousands of town halls, encouraged and aided by the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution and other similar societies.

Some years ago a friend of mine who is partial to old luster ware met a Southern lady who expressed surprise at his interest.

"Old luster ware," she said. "Why, you will find plenty of that stuff down South in the darkies' cabins."

True, when cut glass became fashionable, people gave their old luster ware to the servants; just as when brass beds came in they gave their fine old mahogany to the servants or stored it in the garret or out in the barn. In later years snuppers got this stuff out of the barns and into the junk shops, and now the collectors are sorting it and dating it and tabulating it all for its historic as well as its artistic value.

How Sportsmen Keep Books

"MY HUSBAND," said a lady recently, "tramps all over the country snupping for old bottles. I encourage it. It keeps him out of mischief and doesn't cost any more than playing golf, and after all, he has something to show for his money. But it's a funny sort of taste. I've seen him come back with a dirty old Franklin bottle or Captain Bragg bottle that he paid two dollars for, and he will cuddle it and fondle it and get as much joy out of it as a kid with a new toy. I remember once on an automobile trip that we had to stop for repairs in front of a dilapidated farmhouse. To kill time he went over to the barn, and seeing a pile of old bottles, an accumulation of years, he gave a small boy a quarter to help him dig through it; and he came back to the car tickled to death because he found one Plantation bottle, a Wild Cherry bottle and a Corn-for-the-World bottle. He got a bigger thrill out of that junk heap than anything else on the trip. But I often wonder what he is going to do with the stuff. What is going to become of it? What is it worth, after all? What will it bring when he is ready to sell?"

The probabilities are that the average man will lose money if he keeps a strictly business record of what his collection costs him. I know one enthusiast who will motor up through Maine at an expense of $100 for his trip and be delighted if after snupping around he finds a gate-leg table at $4, and he catalogues it as "Cost $4"; not $104. He says that he would have taken the motor trip anyhow. So you must not regard this subject from a strictly business standpoint. The sportsman gets his joy out of his catch or kill, not in the value of the thing but in the excitement of the chase, and there is rare sport and excitement in snupping.

"Here," says a friend of mine, his eyes popping with excitement, "is a Log Cabin bottle that cost me $12 four years ago. I thought I was paying an awful price for it. The same kind of bottle sold twice last year at auction in New York for $100. Here is a General Taylor bottle commemorating his part in the Mexican War, and it cost me 10 cents, but it sells in the shops for $10."

Fifteen years ago you could have bought any of these bottles representing the period prior to 1850, when machinery came in and bottles were ground out by the thousands, for 50 cents apiece. Today $50 is no unusual price. I myself picked up a pair of Stiegel bottles for 75 cents in Saybrook, Connecticut, and I saw the same kind the other day in a New York shop marked $75.

But somebody says: "What a queer sort of hobby—collecting old bottles."

Nothing queer about it. On the contrary, it's quite educational. The Log Cabin bottle is a bottle in the shape of a log cabin made in 1840 at the time of Harrison's campaign for the Presidency. It bore the name of a whisky maker, E. G. Booz, 120 Walnut Street, Philadelphia; and admirers of Harrison favored the sort of whisky in this particular receptacle. Instead of asking for a Haig & Haig, they asked for Booz.

Then at the time when the first railroad was built in Philadelphia, and thousands of people came in from the countryside to witness the inauguration of the new system, a whisky flask was got out stamped on one side with a picture of a cart filled with coal and drawn by a mule upon a railroad track.

Those who imbibed got their liquor in this kind of bottle, as a souvenir of the event: and it was an event, because by this railroad track one mule could draw a load of coal, whereas four mules were required to pull the same load over a country road.

This Mahogany Highboy, Made by William Savery, Philadelphia, Brought $4950 at Auction in New York, January, 1923

Americana

THEN again, in 1825, when Lafayette came over to this country and assisted at the opening of the Erie Canal, a bottle with the usual contents was bought as a memento of the occasion by visitors at the scene of the celebration. The bottle had a portrait of General Lafayette on one side and a portrait of De Witt Clinton, the governor of New York State, on the other side.

And so with a hundred other bottles; they were blown into molds, and portrayed by inscriptions or pictures some national character or episode in the development of the country. Some were purely patriotic or political, like the Washington bottle, the Taylor bottle and the Jackson bottle, but all of them represented the skill of the early craftsmen, for, paradoxical as it may seem, bottles prior to 1850 were blown by hand.

A few years ago people of means collected only bronzes or etchings. Then came a period when they were interested in Japanese prints and Chinese ceramics. Nobody collected old furniture. The beginning of this craze for Americana owed much of its stimulus to Sir Purdon Clarke, who came from the South Kensington Museum to the Metropolitan about 1905. Up to that time Di Cesnola was curator, and his taste ran to prehistoric pots and pans, Phœnician and Punic ceramics, architectural models, paintings and statuary. But Sir Purdon, coming to us as a stranger, perceived in our American museums that we had no examples of our own American arts, especially the arts we live with, our household arts. His opportunity for developing along this line came to him with the opening of the Hudson-Fulton celebration, when he organized as a museum feature a wonderful collection of early American house furnishings, and was amazed to discover the great wealth of material obtainable.

The section given over to this display has since been expanded till it includes not only furniture and pewter but a lot of these old bottles that I have been talking about, as well as hand-loom cottage textiles.

Naturally other museums have been influenced by the work of the Metropolitan, and all over the country now we find similar collections. Henry Ford has been interested in the subject and has restored a number of historic places with the original furnishings.

There are two auction houses in New York that specialize on collections, and it matters not whether

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THE RATIONAL HIND

XXVII

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

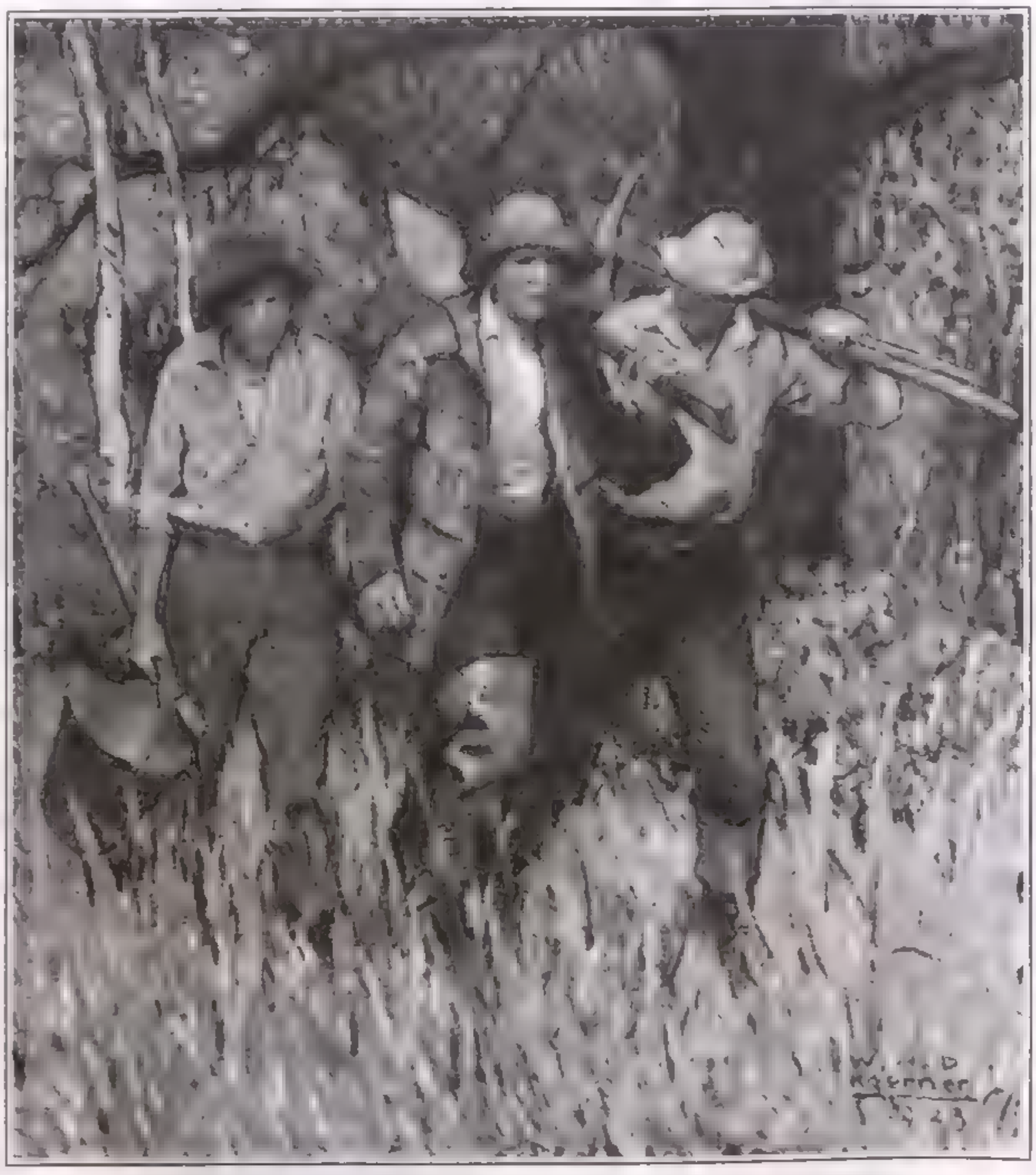
IF ONE has been for a year, or two, or three away from Fraternity and desires to put himself in touch with what has passed in the town during his absence, there is no readier means than to drop in at Will Bissell's store after supper and listen to the talk that goes forward there. At such an hour the men of the village and the nearer farms come to wait the arrival of the mail and to make small purchases of flour or sugar or coffee, or feed for pigs or fowl. At such times there is much slow talk: the events of the day past are written into the oral record; each new rumor is sifted and classified; old tales are revived and aired again. If one but sit there for a night or two he will find himself at the end of that time as familiar with the events of his absence as though he had never been away.

One evening in July, after a day of drizzling rain that had interrupted the hay crop, the usual group of men was assembled there—Jim Saladine from his farm along the ridge, and Chet McAusland on his way home from Ruffingham Meadows with a string of trout, and Will Bissell himself and half a dozen others. Doctor Crapo stopped for a moment as he passed the store, and Will Bissell asked him how Caleb Dillard was. The doctor said Caleb was not so well; and Will nodded.

"He hasn't looked a well man in two years," he remarked.

"He's pretty sick," the doctor agreed. He added a little wearily, "I'm kind of discouraged about Caleb."

Jim Saladine had heard, and when the doctor was gone he said to Will: "Caleb's failing. He's lived kind of hard. He hasn't worked so mighty hard, but it's been hard work for him. Caleb wasn't ever meant for farming."



One on Either Side of Him, They Nodded in Sober Agreement. "Yes, Sir," Jim Assented, "It Does Look Healthier Now"

"I always thought selling the Meadows broke him up," Will remarked. "He's talked to me about it. Sometimes he'll kind of get started on it. I guess he's brooded quite a lot, thinking maybe he could have saved them if he'd done different."

"He's been abed for two months," Jim commented.

The storekeeper nodded. "I went over to see him one day," he said. "Passing by and stopped in. He's lost a lot of flesh. His neck is all fallen in."

"Caleb didn't have much to lose," Jim remarked.

"He looks bad," Bissell agreed. "But he's looked bad for two years, far as that goes."

Chet McAusland had joined them. He said now: "I run into him one day, down in Marshall's Meadows when I was fishing the brook there. He was just setting under the gray birch by the backwater below the road, setting there and looking out across the Meadows. I stopped for a spell and talked to him. That was along last summer. He seemed a miserable kind of man."

"The Dillards always liked to hold on to their land," Saladine remarked. "I guess he felt bad, having the Meadows go."

Bissell shifted the talk.

"Motley ain't done as well with them meadows as I thought he would," he suggested.

"Lee's been sickly, too," Saladine reminded him. "The Meadows need a pile of work to put them in shape. Lee figured when he bought them he'd clear them up and cut out the young alders and the birches, and seed the whole place. But he's had all he could do to home. I guess he's sorry he bought them now."

"I guess Caleb's sorry he sold," Bissell countered.

"Lee'd sell them if he could," Saladine said. "He as much as told me so the other day. Here he can't even cut the hay on them this year, and it ain't worth while for anybody to buy it. I guess he'd be right glad to get rid of them. It's three years since he bought them, and all he's done so far has been to pay taxes on them. He ain't cut a spear of the hay."

A customer called Bissell away.

Chet said more cheerfully, "The Dillard place is looking up though. They've put that in pretty good shape, these last three years."

Saladine nodded. "Leon's done that. Oh, Caleb's worked all he could, but Leon and the boys have helped him a lot. Leon's a worker. He gets things done."

"He's an able man," Chet agreed. "He's made the Weir place about as good a farm as there is around here."

"He sold his apples for over eight hundred dollars last fall," Saladine confirmed. "And he's well fixed now. He sold his farm up north last year, you know."

"I heard tell of that," Chet assented. "But I didn't hear what he got."

"I guess he got all of five thousand. Maybe more. It was a good farm. I expect he's worth twenty thousand dollars right now." Bissell rejoined them; and Saladine repeated for his benefit, "I'm saying Leon's worth twenty thousand dollars, Will. Don't you figure he is?"

"He give eighteen hundred for the Mason place when he bought it for Sam," Will replied. "Eben Hobbs told me that much. Paid cash, too, Eben said. All he's got is free and clear."

"Sam's doing right well with it," Chet reminded them. "He's like Leon. He can make things work out for him."

"Jennie told my wife that Annie's baby was coming any day now," Will Bissell volunteered. "Sam's beginning to swell up already, like nobody ever had a baby before. He's a nice young fellow though."

Will Belter had joined them, had overheard. "They say Esther took on scandalous before him and Annie got married," he said. "She was always one that liked Sam, though, even when he first come down here. I guess he got around her."

They made no comment on this. Fraternity folk are careful what they say in Will Belter's hearing. But when Belter eventually moved away they took up the subject again. Saladine reminded them that Esther had never forgiven Leon for marrying Jennie Weir.

Bissell nodded. "They don't speak, even now," he reported. "Or at least, she don't. He was in the store here last week one day and she came in, and Leon kind of nodded to her. But Esther just acted like she hadn't seen him at all."

"Leon's running the Dillard farm though, along with his own," Chet told them. "Caleb being sick, and all. He did the farming; and he's done the haying as much as he could already. But he don't go near the house."

"Esther always was the stubborn one," Saladine commented. "She said she'd never speak to Leon if he married Jennie, and I reckon she'll stick to it."

"Jennie's been a good wife to Leon though," Bissell argued. "She's a good woman." He hesitated thoughtfully. "I was at the house the night their Ethan died. Just two-three months after they moved down here and into the Weir house. I was right sorry for Jennie that night; and I was scared too. She fought so. She had the little boy in her arms, holding him; and him choking all the time; and her eyes was blazing. Wouldn't let anybody else touch him at all."

The two others nodded; they had heard the tale before. But Bissell was absorbed in his own thoughts and pursued the topic. "I went over with some medicine that Andy'd brought from town," he explained. "Leon kind of wanted me to stay, I thought. The baby died about eleven o'clock that night, right in her arms."

"She's made for mothering," Saladine commented.

"I kind of thought she wouldn't be the same after," the storekeeper said. "But since the new baby came she's so tickled with him that she's more like herself."

"Named after Leon, ain't it?" Chet asked

"Yes, and looks the spit of him," Bissell agreed.

Other men had been coming and going. Gay Hunt drifted in and reported that Lee Motley was thinking of leaving town. They discussed this pro and con. Lee had been in ill health for three years; his affairs had suffered. Gay averred that Motley himself had spoken of his intention to depart. "He figured he'd go work in a mill," Gay explained.

Saladine doubted the story, since Hunt was known to be fanciful and given to exaggeration. "He might think of

it," he remarked. "But he won't do it till he has to; and he don't have to as long as he's got them meadows he bought from the Dillards. He can always sell them for something."

Saladine's opinion had weight, and most of the listeners were inclined to accept this view. The casual talk dwelt upon the Dillards for a while longer, then drifted to other topics. Just before Will turned down the lamps as a signal that it was time to close up the store, the telephone rang and he went into the rear office to answer it.

Returning he asked, "Anybody know where Doctor Crapo is?"

Someone thought he had gone along the ridge toward Union. Chet McAusland's farm lay that way; and Will said to him, "If you see anything of him, say Sam Dillard wants he should come right over, will you?"

Chet agreed. "Annie, is it?" he asked.

Will nodded. "They're expecting the baby before morning," he explained.

XXVIII

IN THE fall of the year when Leon and Jennie returned to her father's old farm to live, young Sam went to college, as had been planned for him. He was at home once during the fall, when his small brother died; again at Christmas time, and in the spring. During the following summer he labored mightily upon the farm before he went back to college again. But in the spring of the next year he came home unexpectedly and announced that he was done with college. "I'm going to be a farmer," he told Leon. "I might as well be getting at it."

Leon was grieved; but Jennie approved Sam's decision. "He can learn what farming he needs to know all the better for knowing he needs it," she argued. "Let him take a few hard knocks, and then he can find out the way to dodge them, and he'll remember it."

So Sam had his way, and came home and worked industriously; and it was a month later before they realized that not his desire to be a farmer but his longing for Annie Maclure had brought him home again.

They were married in midsummer, just after the haying was done. Esther had done her dutiful best to prevent this match. She could not bring herself to speak to Leon; but she wrote to him, urging upon him the necessity of interfering; and when this did not suffice she appealed to Dave Maclure and his wife with the argument that Annie was too young to be married. Caleb, living alone with her, had to bear the weight of her desperate resentment at the fact that the plans for the wedding went smoothly forward in spite of her. In the end she intercepted Sam himself as he passed along the road, and tried to change his mind; but Sam, to her astonishment and somewhat to her dismay, treated her lightly and jocosely, laughed in a gentle fashion at her insistence, and left her feeling baffled and helpless. She refused to attend the wedding; and her old feeling against Leon was somewhat revived by the event; but curiously enough she had no abiding anger at young Sam or at his bride.

Leon, who was proud of Sam and pleased with Annie for marrying him, bought back the Mason place from Eben Hobbs, and renovated the stout little house, which, though it had been empty for so long, still defied the weather, and gave it to Sam for a wedding present. The farm consisted of some seventy acres, lying in the angle of two roads, west of the Dillard place and north of the Weir farm. Eben had been forced to take it in satisfaction of his loans to Caleb and Esther, and he would have accepted a lower price than Leon gave him; but Leon calculated what it must have cost Eben in money and interest and taxes, and insisted on paying in full

"I'd rather not think of you as losing anything by the Dillards," he had explained.

So Sam and Annie moved into the small house and Sam made a beginning at the task of reducing the farm to an ordered productivity once more. Annie devoted herself to making a home for him; she was an industrious little thing, and competent. Sam had never any cause to complain of her; and when he knew they were to have a baby he was delighted beyond all measure with his bride. Through the winter his happiness at the prospect continued and increased; but in early summer of the year after their marriage he began to be more and more uneasy, and as Annie's time drew near he needed heartening. This night as he telephoned to and fro in an effort to locate Doctor Crapo he was terribly afraid and hid the fact from no one but Annie.

Annie had insisted upon staying in her own home to welcome the newcomer; so there tonight they all were gathered. When Doctor Crapo arrived he found them waiting for him. Sam and Leon were together in the kitchen; Jennie and Mrs. Maclure were with Annie, in the front bedroom. The little farmhouse was all on one floor. After a word with Leon and his son the doctor went in to see Annie; and a few minutes later he brought Mrs. Maclure out.

"I want you to take her home, Leon," he explained in good-natured tones. "She's just fretting herself around here, and bothering me. Now, Mrs. Maclure, you go home and go to bed and sleep, and you can come over and see your grandson along in the morning."

Annie's mother was desperately anxious to stay; only the doctor's authority could have banished her. Leon had a weeping woman on his hands all the way home; he returned relievedly, and found that Sam had gone in to speak to Annie. Leon took up his vigil in the kitchen, and by and by Doctor Crapo and Sam came out to sit with him for a while. It had begun to rain; the drops slashed against the windows in a gusty and hilarious fashion. The two older men sought to divert Sam, who sat morose and frowning with his hands clasped between his knees, and his ears attuned to every sound from the front room. Leon harked back to the night Sam was born.

"I can remember it plain enough," he averred. "Mary had the colic or something and cried all night long, me jumping her on my knee to keep her quiet. I didn't have time to worry much about Jennie. I remember Mrs. Weir had come up; and when she come out to the kitchen just about daylight with you wrapped in an old red blanket she had to wake me up. Mary'd gone to sleep, and so had I. We were both good and tired."

"The husbands always give me more bother than the wives," Doctor Crapo agreed. "I've had men faint on my hands. Will Bissell's a pretty hearty man, but I remember when his first baby was born he went outdoors and fainted under some lilac bushes and I had to give him the last drop of whisky I had to bring him to."

"I took the first one pretty hard, too," Leon assented "I expect most men do. It's a scary thing; but it comes out all right. Kind of wonderful, don't you think so, doctor?"

The physician smiled. "Yes, yes. It's the part of doctoring I always like the best. You see, you have something to show for your work when you're done."

He went away for a while, and Leon tried to lead Sam to talk; but Sam sat still and sweated nervously; and when he spoke his voice cracked, and when he laughed it was like a shriek.

Leon said at last, "Come now, come. Get hold of yourself, Sam. Annie'll be wanting to see you, first thing you know. You've got to have a grin ready for her. You're whiter than a miller's hat right now."

Sam looked at his father wistfully. "Am I? I feel like it. Do you think she'll be all right?"

"Well, they most always are," Leon assured him gravely.

It rained all night; but after a while a gray dawn broke through the rain. Fergus, Sam's brother, came furtively to the door to ask if there was any news and Leon bade him come in. Fergus hesitated

"I just got up," he explained. "The chores ain't done. I thought I'd come over and ask."

"I'm going to make some coffee," Leon told him. "You can wait for that, I expect." He directed Fergus, with a glance, to speak to his brother

The boy went over and struck Sam on the shoulder and cried: "Hello, old-timer! What're you so down in the mouth about, anyway?"

Sam retorted, "Oh, shut up, kid!"

And Fergus grinned at his father, who was busy at the cupboards.

Leon called to his son: "Hey, Sam, come and find some coffee for me. I don't know where Annie keeps it."

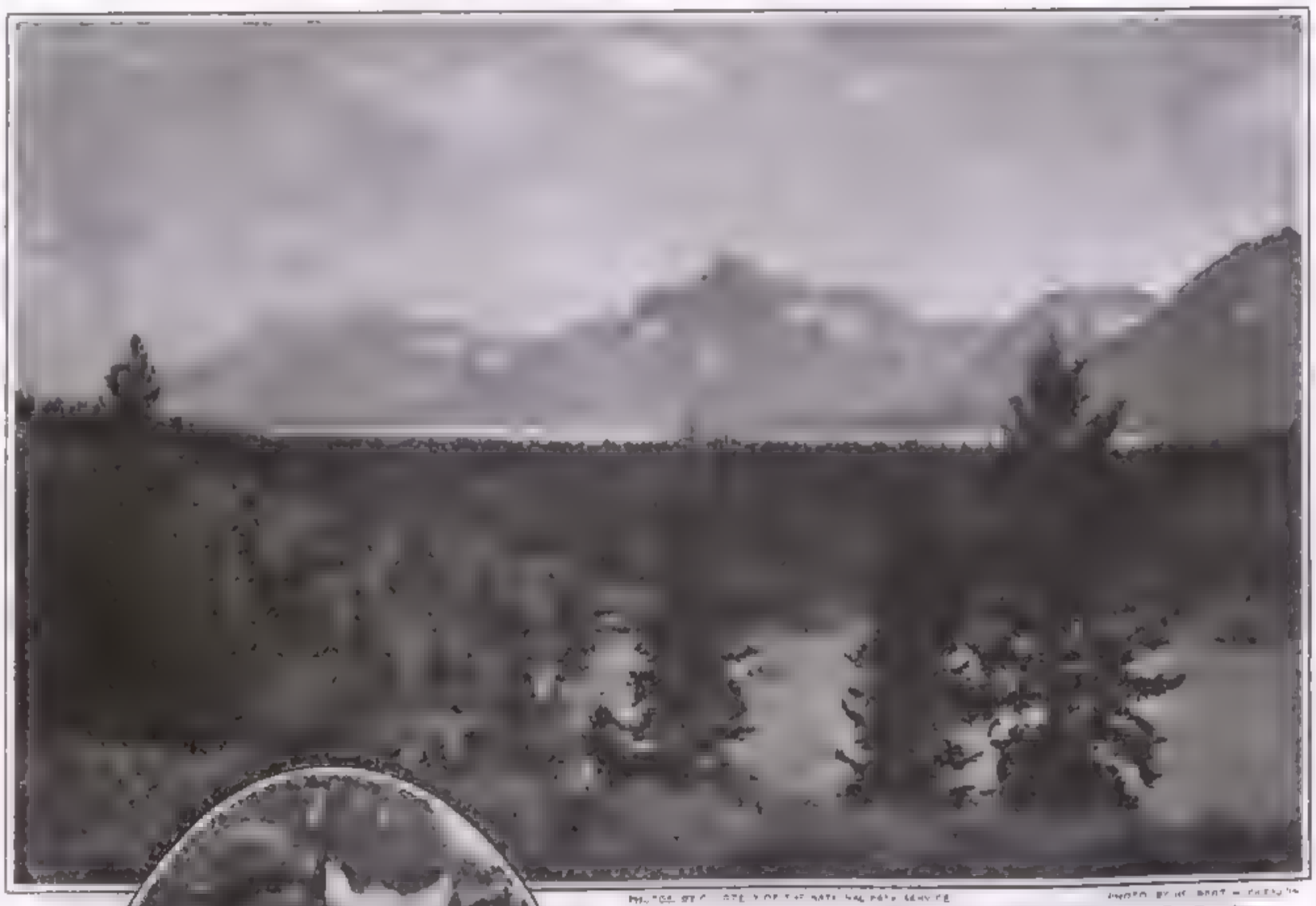
He kept Sam busy while he built up the fire and presently had eggs frying in butter, and toast in preparation atop the stove. Doctor Crapo came out and applauded these preparations, spoke in a low tone to Leon and returned to his patient. Leon made Sam and Fergus sit down and eat. The doctor sent Jennie out for a moment; she kissed Sam and drank a cup of coffee and disappeared again; and her son saw how white and drawn she was and was more afraid than he had been before.

(Continued on Page 125)

He Looked for the First Time Upon the Withered and Contorted Countenance of His Son.

The Diary of a Dude Wrangler

By STRUTHERS BURT



Teton Mountains, Near Yellowstone National Park. In Ovat Horseback Riding is One of the Chief Features of Ranch Life

A FRIEND of ours, a rancher from many miles away—three mountain ranges, two valleys and a desert—came to visit us unexpectedly and found us in the midst of a fancy-dress party. I was dressed in some sort of an absurd disguise, and the doctor, my partner, was dressed in something even more absurd. We give these parties every now and then, usually on the spur of the moment, and it is extraordinary what effective costumes can be made out of skins and Turkish towels and Indian relics and curtains. The near neighbors drop in and it is all very colorful and amusing—the big log cabin lit with candles, the fire smoldering in an open fireplace, the fiddlers over in one corner; and, unlike most fancy-dress parties, the cowboys real cowboys. But the visiting rancher, being a simple man of cattle, and arriving after dusk when the party was at its height, was taken aback and for a while imagined himself, I dare say, in a place where the inmates had overpowered their keepers, as in De Maupassant's story—or was it Edgar Allan Poe's?

He regarded the doctor and myself sympathetically. His voice was full of concern.

"So you have to give these things in order to keep the dudes amused, do you?" he asked.

"Not at all," retorted the doctor; "we and the dudes give them in order to keep the outfit amused."

And this statement has not always been, in the history of the ranch, an exaggeration. There have been summers—as the one in question—when we had to keep our eyes on a particularly difficult and restless group of young men and women who were working for us; a group infinitely harder to satisfy than double the same number of tourists. Nor can you lightheartedly dismiss your employes, once the busy season has started; not on a dude ranch. You are too far away from the nearest centers of population. By the time July has come all the available local youth, male or female—the country does not boast of any great number—are already spoken for.

A Popular Place to Work

THE dude wrangler, however, has no difficulty in obtaining all the hands he wants before the season begins. Indeed, that is perhaps the one problem that gives him no concern, to the great rage of the ordinary rancher, who finds himself unable to compete with the attractions of a dude ranch. Young people like to work on a dude ranch. They are interesting places, small towns set down in the wilderness—during the summer months much more of a town than any cow town is, for during the summer most of the active blood of a cow town is out on the range or on the ranches. Older people, if they are intelligent, like to work on a dude ranch too. They have an opportunity to meet visitors from all over the country, to talk to them. Besides, since there are always plenty of hands on a dude ranch, the work is never too heavy. Every spring we are literally deluged with petitions for work. Letters come to us from the East, from far-away Western states, from the Pacific Coast. Sometimes we run across charming and adventurous college girls, who take this means of seeing their country during their vacations.

But on the other hand, once a dude ranch is in full swing it is like a fairly complicated machine whose parts are hard to replace. If one of the cogs breaks you must work frantically to repair the break, and at the same time try to keep the machine running as if nothing had happened. Your passengers—the tourists—do not understand any failure in the system, and there is no reason why they should; they are paying you to see that there is no failure in the system. It is at times, however, difficult to remain calm when your machinery is creaking and groaning heavily.

There are days in the histories of all ranches when trouble seems to come to a head, and this is especially true on a dude ranch. I don't know why, but it is so. For weeks everything has been going smoothly, and then suddenly, out of a clear sky, disaster piles up like a thunderstorm. And on a dude ranch the owner feels very much like the captain of a ship who discovers fire in the hold of his vessel, but who, under no circumstances, must let anyone but his crew know about it.

Visualize the circumstances, and in order to help you visualize them I will hint to you what the system on a dude ranch is.

Here then is a supposedly self-contained place, usually miles from any source of supplies, upon which temporarily anywhere from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty people are living—in our case, an average of seventy-five; fifty dudes, twenty-five or so ranch hands.

During the busy season we employ two cooks, a dishwasher, two waitresses, two cabin girls, a housekeeper, two laundresses, a roustabout, a carpenter, a roustabout's helper, two horse wranglers—day and night, the latter in Western parlance called a nighthawk—a teamster, a foreman, two young dude wranglers—usually Eastern college men—a truck driver; and two guides, two camp horse wranglers and two camp cooks, the latter frequently increased by from one to three other camp outfits. If you add to these, three partners and the wives of two of these partners you will see that our visitors do not lack for attention. Twenty-nine people in all, or considerably more than one-half the total number of our tourists, this disproportion being partly due to the fact that some of our arrangements are necessarily primitive, so that personal service has to take the place of central heating, and so on, but mainly due to the diversified interests of a ranch, increased fourfold if the ranch happens to be a dude ranch.

Now we can turn to the dudes—fifty of them; and let us take this as an average assortment: Eight young men around university age, and six or seven young women somewhere between flapperdom and womanhood. These are easy to account for. They are constantly off on parties of their own and have the pleasant carelessness concerning details characteristic of the young. Five families, mother, father and their broods, ranging from elder sons and daughters to the youngest flowers of the flock; the older sons and daughters being lumped with the class first mentioned—the young men and women—and therefore little trouble, but the mothers and fathers and the youngest flowers of the flock demanding infinite thought.

The Three Classes of Faultfinder

ABOUT the youngest flowers of the flock one thing is especially to be remembered—they must have milk and plenty of it, and they must have green vegetables. About the fathers and mothers several things are to be remembered; bridge—and now, God save the mark, mah-jongg—instruction in horseback riding and a reconstruction of their point of view, so that instead of thinking they are there solely for their children's health and pleasure they will realize the benefits and pleasures they themselves are deriving. That takes care of about thirty-eight people, and the remainder of the fifty is made up of a dozen or so bachelors and unmarried women, who, if you give the former plenty of shooting and fishing and the latter plenty of riding and scenery, are as easy to account for as the younger men and women; indeed, possibly easier, for it is amongst such people that the dude wrangler frequently finds his most accustomed and sympathetic guests. They know what they are there for and they know how to look for it.

Naturally amongst all these fifty or so souls, some of them millionaires, some of them hard workers, some of them from New York, some of them from San Francisco, there are bound to be a few dyspeptics—however kindly intentioned—and formalists and perfectionists. The first understand no breakdown in the food supplies and no bad cooking, the second understand no delay of any kind—in meals, horses or people—and the third frequently understand nothing at all. These must be soothed and made to understand; but on the other hand, they must be given as little just cause for complaint as is humanly possible. But it isn't always humanly possible. One of the last—a perfectionist—once asked us why we didn't sweep the corrals out every day. We do clean them frequently, but it takes a scraper and two horses to do so; and even Hercules, with his experience of the Augean stables, couldn't sweep them.

Back of these fifty human souls—taking care of them, ministering to them—are the twenty-seven or so other

souls I have mentioned, incalculable as all human souls are, incalculable as are the tourist souls The problems and perplexities of a dude wrangler do not end with his tourists; they only begin there. When he has his tourists all nicely settled and contented he must see that his outfit is also nicely settled and contented; and his problems are increased because of the material out of which much of his outfit is made. Like the Persian poet, he is continually trying to mold things nearer to his heart's desire.

Some of our outfit—they call themselves roughnecks, in contradistinction to dudes—are professionals—the cooks, the waitresses, the housekeeper; and through the years we have built up a nucleus of trained assistants for such crucial positions as that of the roustabout and horse wrangler which comes back to us season after season. But the outside hands, on the whole—the other horse wranglers, and the teamsters, even the cabin girls and laundresses—are frequently local boys and girls and frequently raw and untrained; and with all their virtues, Far Westerners are a restless people with, in the beginning, not the slightest sense of personal service. You have to handle them differently from the average run of employes; you have to appeal to their common sense and decency and loyalty, and you ask them to do things politely.

Personally I think that is as it should be. I believe in a sense of personal service; that is, I believe in people giving to the utmost a *quid pro quo*, giving full value for the pay they receive; but on the other hand, I believe equally in dignity and independence on the part of the giver; and as much as possible, I like the people who work for me to be my friends. I like them to realize that everyone is engaged in a common enterprise, and I cannot conceive, when feasible, of an intelligent employer not adopting the profit-sharing plan. How can you expect intense ambition from anyone who is only receiving wages?

Mr. Albright and Bears Lunching in Yellowstone Park

Dancing as a Sedative

BUT many of your employes are young, and when they live at the place of employment, as is true with us, there is still another factor to be considered. Whether working for their living or not, the young justly demand amusement, and the man who tries to balk this natural desire is altogether a fool and something of a criminal. Yet there is not much formal amusement on a dude ranch after dark, the time the people working for you have at their disposal.

Dancing is a great sedative. If a Westerner is in a bad humor all you have to do as a general thing to get him out of it is to let him dance. The same is more or less true of the Easterner, although the dance has never been such an essential in civilization as it has been in frontier countries, where—until the radio and phonograph were invented—it was frequently the only form of amusement. The Mormon Church made it almost a part of their ritual, and the ancient Jews, being cattlemen and frontiersmen, glorified it. I have frequently known men to ride forty miles or so through the bitter cold of a winter's night merely for the purpose of shaking a foot.

In the old days when women were scarce, some of the men would tie handkerchiefs on their arms and take the places of the missing ladies. Bill Newbold told me that over in Wind River there was a time in his youth when there were only two ladies who attended dances, and they didn't like each other and had threatened to shoot at the least jostling. I imagine that this made for good dancing—their partners would be particularly careful. At all events the best way to keep a dude outfit happy is to give them plenty of dancing. But the reverse side of the Far Westerner's independence is not quite so commendable. He—or she—does not like or understand system; and having been born into a world where there is plenty of space, he—or she—sees no reason why an empty tin can, for instance, shouldn't be given to the elements. You open a tin can, you use its contents, and then you throw the can out of the window. What could be simpler? And if it happens to be a tobacco can, you throw it down wherever you happen to be

It has taken us years to impress upon our outfits the need for order and cleanliness; years to impress upon them that a rake and a broom are the greatest labor savers, if used in time, man has yet invented. If the average tourist went to the ordinary ranch he would have a better idea of what we have accomplished in this respect than he has now. Even out in the untouched forests you cannot always get away from the Westerner's recklessness with cans. The forest service and the national-park service have by years of vigilance and heavy punishments taught the great American public that fires in heavy timber are dangerous; their next job is to teach the same public by years of vigilance and heavy punishments that dirty camps are, if not so dangerous, at least equally to be avoided.

Sherlocking

WE HAVE one head guide who always carries a short-handled rake with him on pack trips, and if I was not already devoted to this man personally, I would be devoted to him for this custom of his. Last summer he and I spent one whole day raking up a camp on the shores of one of the loneliest lakes in the Rocky Mountains, thirty miles or so from the nearest habitation, but when we first got there the wilderness looked like a city dump. How can people be so filthy?

Incidentally, our disgust was tempered with interest and amusement, for while raking up this camp we discovered almost exactly the habits and places of residence and natures and even the appearances of the people who had camped there a year before, and who had left their traces behind them. The outfit came from across the mountains to the northeast, and the party they were guiding consisted of a man and his wife—a middle-aged New Yorker and a pretty wife; or, at least, one who thought she was pretty. She was also a selfish wife. The man was a banker, or in some financial business, and he was portly, of a bilious temperament, careless and obstinate. During his stay in this particular place, which must have lasted at least five days, he had had an attack of his favorite illness and there were indications that he had been so cross that his crossness had reacted unfavorably upon his men. Obviously the cook had made a half-hearted attempt to bury cans and rubbish in the beginning, but after a while had given up in disgust and had flung things in all directions. Here is how we discovered these things:

The party had left its bough beds just where they had first been placed, and under the bough beds were numerous telltale clews. The husband had used a square tent and his wife a tepee. She was too selfish, therefore, to share a tent with him; and furthermore, she had picked the best site and had given him an exceedingly poor one. But she was nervous and unused to the woods—probably afraid of bears—for the square tent was as near to the tepee as it could be without

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Horses Saddled Up and Waiting at the Hitching Rack at Bar B-C Ranch. In Oval—Part of a Dude Ranch-Outfit

Two Honest Men and a Thief

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

JAMES JOSEPH ASHBY, alias Joseph James Corbley, alias Corbley Ashby James, Jr., was not an ordinary thief. By that is meant the accepted yegg of movie and fiction. James Joseph therefore did not wear an Inverness and a white bulging shirt front when on yegging bent. Neither did he wear a cap, nor a closely shaved blue jowl, nor a suspicious projection in his right-hand coat pocket, nor even the familiar upturned coat collar of the criminal illustrators.

In point of fact, James Joseph, or Joseph James, or Corbley Ashby, depending on the time of year and section of the country, did not consider himself a yegg. The psychology of the thing was simple. If a man thought of himself as a yegg he acted like a yegg. On the other hand, if he considered himself a bit of a book salesman none too prosperous, he acted like a book salesman none too prosperous.

He possessed a pair of shy gray eyes and a slow smile that wrinkled about his eyes. Any policeman duty-bound could search him at any hour of the day or night without discovering an ugly blue-black automatic or a set of marvelous steel instruments sewed into the lining of his quiet blue serge vest. In his neat brief case, however, an accordion of covers of Anyman's Library could be found at any time; also plenty of subscription blanks. Given the opportunity, there issued from the pleasant lips fluent and persuasive sales patter. James Joseph saw a prospect, not a policeman. Once in Lynchburg, Virginia, he had sold a suspicious minion of the law a copy of the war in pictures. Twice circumstances had not been favorable due to unforeseen developments. The first, arising from a cleverly concealed burglar alarm, resulted in seventeen months of unpleasant confinement in Columbus, Ohio. The second period of rest, spent at Auburn, New York, came about through a fall from an icy fire escape just when a fall was most inconvenient. But then, according to James Joseph, every salesman has his ups and downs.

In other ways did James Joseph violate the *esprit de corps* of yeggdom. He did not frequent soft-drink parlors or dance with violently colored ladies to the cracked tinkle of a coin piano. He referred to no gentleman as a dick or a sneaker or a fatty. He spoke of no lady as a moll or a skirt or a rib. To crack a crib, as far as James Joseph was concerned, was a shabby trick to play on an infant.

People who frequent cafeterias where the meat orders average less than thirty-five cents have no cause to fear the stern though slightly reddened eye of the law. From long experience James Joseph knew he could select an egg-and-lettuce salad and smile at the lady cashier and eat in absolute peace.

The tin tray became as shiny a badge of innocence as a well-worn though neatly pressed serge suit. Both were as free from taint as a Sunday-school button.

Thus, James Joseph stepped into the dark narrow alley which ran between the old Concord Building and the rising granite of the Industrial Trust Company with the free, firm step of a young man righteously bound. It was only nine o'clock, but a misty drizzle had turned the narrow cañon into a shadowless hole. James Joseph stepped along with neither suspicious slowness nor nervous haste.

The Concord Building was an ancient monument to days long past. Its fire escape was a civic duty of later days. It creaked wide and low, like the hasty architectural postscript it was.

James Joseph walked briskly under its ghostly outline, leaped silently upward and clambered noiselessly to his feet. Here and there above him a lighted window brushed the weathered iron with palpitating silver. Out beyond the narrow cañon passing motors lit the wet asphalt like fire play on patent leather. James Joseph smiled into the darkness and moved lightly upward.

At the stretches of silver he paused, peered and moved swiftly forward. At the sixth story he stopped beside a window that looked into a darkened room. Within, a narrow shaft of gray light came in over the transom from the dimly lit well of the building. Through the glass came the

"I Am So Happy, Mr. Ashby. It Makes Me Believe in That Old Saying About the Darkest Moment Always Coming Just Before the Dawn"

cluck of an old-fashioned clock, roosting like some misshapen fowl within the gray radiance. James Joseph carefully unbuttoned his light overcoat and the blue serge coat beneath. From an upper vest pocket he removed a fountain pen, and unscrewing the pen point inserted a flat piece of steel in its place. With this he turned back to the window. A moment later he synchronized the creak of the rising window with the slight wail of the weathered iron.

The room was hot with the overabundance of radiation furnished in days of cheap coal. The rheumatic tick of the clock seemed to clang in the stillness. James Joseph surveyed the dim room with a slow smile. In the half light it looked like a stage setting for some ancient drama of business. The old roll-top desk against the side wall, the tall cabinet of dark wood beside the cracked marble washstand, the ancient safe in the far corner—all seemed to partake of the grim medieval aspect of a Brady photograph of the Civil War to the still-smiling Joseph. Here was respectability. Here was citizenship! Here were all the things that were honest and good and true!

James Joseph recalled the tenant as he had appeared that afternoon studying the accordion backs of Anyman's Library—a big pompous man. James Joseph had thought of a steel engraving of Daniel Webster in History in Pictures. A Daniel Webster in steel-rimmed spectacles and a rather soiled collar. A Daniel Webster in the old frock coat of the law, but slightly frayed and certainly a bit greasy about the cuffs. Twinkling little eyes full of cunning and a long, drooping, cruel mouth. James Joseph wondered, as he fingered his fountain pen, why all lawyers coughed so much and why they rolled out the simplest sentences. The lawyer in Columbus had been that way. But his grammatical gargling had not saved the day. Mr. Abner H. Hunter had turned down Anyman's Library in exactly the same way that afternoon. Lightly, James Joseph wondered if they were all that way.

In fiction, the intruder moved quickly and furtively about his nefarious business. James Joseph stood in the middle of the dim room and whistled softly under his breath—whistled Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie, with variations. The room did not look like ready money, but Abner H. Hunter was supposed to be a rich man. James Joseph knew that rather vaguely—mortgages and things. James Joseph scratched the point of his smooth-shaven but not blue chin and idly wondered why dullness and respectability always seemed to go hand in hand, like the boy and the girl on the life-insurance calendar. Here was respectability, dull, stolid—and a bit greasy; an open grave, but honest.

James Joseph moved across the room, quietly but not furtively. The old-fashioned safe was his objective, but not his immediate destination. In fiction, soup or marvelously sensitized fingers offered the open sesame in safes. The first James Joseph knew nothing about. The second method, fiction aside, was terribly slow and often unsuccessful.

The fountain pen opened the old roll-top desk at once; more efficiently than the old-fashioned key, probably. James Joseph switched to another tune, Just Break the News to Mother.

Within, the two upper pigeonholes were locked. With only a slight grind, the fountain pen opened the first one to the right. Still whistling softly, James Joseph carried the contents of the box to the shaft of light provided by the transom and sorted the collection of papers with nimble fingers. With a slight cluck of disappointment, he returned and opened the second compartment. In the bottom of the drawer, under a batch of papers bound with rubber bands, lay a small white card. James Joseph held it closer to the light. Three figures appeared on the rather dirty surface, in purple ink—7-2-26.

Success upon him, James Joseph expressed his pleasure in a change of tune. With Massa's in the Cold, Cold Groun' well a-going, he moved to the old-fashioned safe, merged in the heavy shadows of the corner of the room. The heavy door opened noiselessly. James Joseph turned the steel fountain pen around and cast a slender sliver of light into the interior. The metal cap that covered the bulb he placed in a lower vest pocket. A metal dispatch box yielded twenty-seven dollars in cash, a dozen two-cent stamps and a second mortgage for twenty-one hundred dollars. James Joseph removed the cash and thrust the box back into the safe. A dozen old account books, thumbed and covered with the same strong purple ink, yielded nothing of interest. Two files of old correspondence. A quart bottle of whisky, three-quarters empty. James Joseph pushed it back with a grin. That explained the little glass wedged in among the files. James Joseph chuckled. The greasy old gentleman was a criminal, too—as one yegg to another now.

But nothing else. James Joseph pushed the old account books back into their places with the vigor of disgust. The last movement dislodged a dusty newspaper that covered the bottom of the safe and revealed a long manila envelope. Even as he slit the end of the heavy paper James Joseph knew that he had pay dirt here.

Under the light from the transom the contents of the envelope were revealed—three letters. To one were attached, with a steel clip, two hundred-dollar bills. James Joseph looked at the date of the letter. Mailed too late to reach its destination in time to bank. Another of the letters was written in longhand, and as James Joseph stared at it a strangely pleasant perfume reached his nostrils—an odor that reminded him of green fields after a spring rain. Wholesome. He began to read:

MILAN, O., January 28, 1924.

MR. ABNER HUNTER, Concord Building, Cleveland, O.

Dear Mr. Hunter: You probably don't remember me, as I was quite a little girl when you lived in Milan; but I am Roger Hawke's daughter. As you know, father has been an invalid for the past seven years and I have been teaching school here.

I am writing you because you used to know father and live in Cleveland—and because you are a lawyer. Father felt that you would take more of a personal interest in our trouble than a stranger.

It is just like a play or something. We have a mortgage on the old house here, put on to see father through. It was for sixteen hundred dollars and I have been putting my salary by to meet it in March, when it comes due. About a month ago a man came to the house and saw father. In his condition, father loves to have somebody to talk with. This man was selling stock in a watch company. He told father he could double his money in thirty days, as there was what he called a pool or something in it. There is no use going into the details, but it ended up by us taking fifteen hundred dollars' worth of the stock, which the man was sure would be doubled for us long before we needed the money. He said the stock would be listed on an exchange and we could sell it readily.

After a month I wrote to the company, Simon & Co., and asked them to sell my stock—I inclosed it—and remit to me. They wrote back and told me there was no market for the stock at the present time and maybe wouldn't be for some time. I wrote back and explained what the salesman had said, but I have heard nothing in reply. As we will soon need the money very badly, I wonder if you will see if there is anything that can be done.

Very truly yours,

ALICE HAWKE.

P. S. Mr. Querle, who holds the mortgage, has been very nice and will extend the time; but he will not take the stock for his mortgage, because, he says, the company—the watch company—is no good and that Simon & Co. are not very highly considered in Cleveland.

A. H.

James Joseph turned to the second letter with the crisp hundred-dollar bills attached. It bore the glittering letterhead of Simon & Co. He read it slowly:

Dear Mr. Hunter: We are in receipt of your letter of the other day. Of course there is no legal liability attached to us in this matter. If our salesman said the things mentioned he did so without our consent or authority.

However, we agree with you that we do not wish any unpleasant notoriety and are therefore adopting the suggestion made in your letter and are inclosing a retainer fee of two hundred dollars to have you act for us in this matter.

Thanking you for your interest in this matter,

We remain,

Sincerely yours,

SIMON & CO.

P. S. For obvious reasons we are forwarding the retainer in cash instead of by check.

James Joseph turned to the third letter—a thin sheet of yellow paper, evidently a carbon copy. It also was dated February sixth:

Dear Miss Hawke: I am in receipt of your letter. I have not answered it sooner because I felt you would prefer to have me make a thorough investigation first.

I am very sorry to say that nothing can be done in this matter. You had best forget all about it and try to get the mortgage renewed and begin again. Perhaps sometime the stock of the company may become very valuable, but as Simon & Co. told you, no market exists for the stock at the present time.

With best regards to your father, in memory of my old days in Milan, I am

Very truly yours,

ABNER H. HUNTER.

P. S. As a friend I would advise you to let the matter drop and say nothing to anyone. I know how small towns are.

A. H. H.

"The dirty old lizard!" James Joseph spat in the direction of the sagging swivel chair. "The dignified old thief!"

Romantic by nature, Mr. Ashby drew a pathetic mental picture of the school-teacher and her father. A pair of simple yokels. It was like the letter said. A play. He remembered a moving picture of a girl slaving for her invalid father. That girl was a wonder, however; a regular blossom. There were girls like that in the movies. In real life, however, the poor old girl was probably thin and wan, with a thin figure and thin hair; like her name, maybe.

James Joseph closed the safe and carefully locked it, the letters and currency still in his free hand. He pulled down the top of the desk and moved quietly to the window. Without deciding why, he placed the money in his vest pocket and stuffed the letters into the inside pocket of his topcoat. Carefully he raised the window. It was raining lightly and the haze of a winter rain was much in evidence. Below, only one patch of light danced on the fire-escape iron. He began to descend.

At the entrance to the alley he hesitated. To the north the blazing windows of a department store illuminated the approaching form of a policeman. To the south the darkened face of the Concord Building cloaked the sidewalk in silver gloom.

James Joseph Ashby, alias Joseph James Corbley, alias Corbley Ashby James, Jr., was not an ordinary thief. He turned and spat into the darkened alley and then moved briskly into the brilliant path of the approaching guardian of the law. He whistled cheerily a tune of his youth—The Letter Edged in Black!

■

"WHEN Thomas F. Jones, of Albany, New York, was plugging away at a routine office job he had one thought—'How can I use my spare time to get me into something that will pay me real money, hold out to me a larger, better and more expansive future?'

"He found the answer to that question as thousands and thousands of other men have found it in home study under the Plotkin Problem Plan.

"While other men about him in the big general offices were wasting their evenings, so far as business advancement was concerned, Jones was working out problem after problem that he knew he must face in the bigger and better positions. He was studying the principles that govern the solution of such problems under the Plotkin method. He was learning how successful business institutions work.

"While Jones was preparing, the way seemed dark, beset with obstacles. It took will power to keep to the task. When one of the boys at the office suggested an evening of pool, Jones clenched his jaw and thought of the bright path ahead—a path blazed by Plotkin Problem Plans.

"Today Jones is getting his six thousand a year, and next year looks like ten thousand sure ——"

James Joseph Ashby tipped the magazine backward into an empty cereal dish and yawned.

"They ought to run a credit line on that kind of stuff," he complained to his egg cup—"With apologies to P. T. Barnum."

A waitress mopping the white enamel table on the other side of the aisle nodded pleasantly. A violent whiff of carnation accompanied the nod. It reminded James Joseph of the night before. He looked at the waitress again. She was young, and her white apron, shining with starch, served as an admirable background for black hair and black eyes. Being a bit of a philosopher, James Joseph watched the girl over his coffee cup. An awful whiff, but a pleasant eyeful. Life was funny that way. The other—the letter—was like a violin solo the way it got to you; and yet in person the illusion would melt into a thin, bony reality. Over the last triangle of toast James Joseph decided that an old-maid school-teacher was enough of a tragedy without a letter such as reposed in the inside pocket of his well-worn serge.

Out in the street, James Joseph tucked the neatly folded black leather portfolio containing Anyman's Library under his arm and moved briskly westward. At the square, with its grim bronze men of the Civil War, he thought of Mr. Abner H. Hunter opening his safe and then opening his mouth in the name of law and order. He thought of the smug gentlemen sitting around the pleasant offices of Simon & Co. All honest men! James Joseph spat in the gutter, and a grim face, running with the blue-green sweat of bronze, nodded down in approval.

Or so it seemed to James Joseph.

A gaudy bus swept along. A red-and-green affair with a huge white sign which read, Elyria, Sandusky, Milan. James Joseph stepped off the curb and held up his hand. Twenty minutes later he was being whisked through suburbs which still dripped from the rain of the night before. The thing was still dim within him.

A fat man with a large sample bag got on at a stop before a pair of bleak red buildings. He flowed into the rest of the seat occupied by James Joseph. Still puzzling over his idiotic decision, James Joseph pushed himself silently into the far corner. What would he do when he got there? Why had he started in the first place? Why ——

"This is a hell of a winter."

The fat man accompanied the observation by running a flaccid hand under the damp brim of his derby.

James Joseph admitted it absently.

"Things are certainly changing. Why, only the other day I was reading that they were having flowers up in Canada. Can you beat that? A place where the snow usually spoils the labor-day parades." The voice rumbled on.

James Joseph presently agreed. The weather was not nearly so foolish as a certain book agent. It probably had sound reasons for raining in midwinter, whereas ——

"It raises hell with business. Unsettles people. Can't make up their minds on anything. Just as if people didn't eat fancy can

(Continued on Page 48)

The Blood Surged to His Face, and When It Ebbed—After an Electric Moment—He Nodded. "So," He Said

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 19, 1924

Simple Taxes

SEVERAL million men and women are now convalescing, albeit slowly, from a severe and acute case of taxitis. It is true that the actual crisis was passed on March fifteenth, and the patient did not die. But troublesome and persistent symptoms remain, refusing to respond to that greatest of all therapies, time. There yet linger, to name only a few, irritation, actual inflammation of the temper, and continued exhaustion.

It is going a little far perhaps to say, as did a representative in Congress during the course of the recent debate on the revenue bill, that the income-tax law has created more fear "than any other law that was ever put on the statute books." But there will be no disagreement with his further statement that the complex, technical and incomprehensible nature of the returns has actually intimidated millions of persons.

Whatever form of revenue legislation finally emerges from the deliberation of the First Session of the Sixty-Eighth Congress, and becomes law through the signature of the President, it seems most improbable that any simplification will make itself manifest. In fact there is a likelihood that the income-tax law will become more complicated than ever.

There is no more common remark in business circles than that men object not so much to the amount of taxes as to their complexity, and above all, the uncertainty as to what must be paid. This applies even more to corporations than to individuals. Accountants say that what the individual taxpayer dislikes is being held to strict accuracy. A nation trained in individualism, we have kept our personal accounts quite largely on the backs of old envelopes, the margins of newspapers, and on, or in, other equally unbusinesslike places.

The taxpayer, it is said, is most inaccurate, not willfully or necessarily in his own favor, but chronically inaccurate from long ingrained habit. We have not been obliged in the past to keep books, and it comes very hard to do so. Having once acquired a system, having once become a nation of individual bookkeepers, the terrors of the income tax will gradually diminish, say the accountants.

Granting the obvious truth in this point of view, it must none the less be stated with all firmness that the trouble or troubles lie deeper. To begin with, there is an unfortunate but very widespread conviction that if only Congress or the Treasury Department would bestir itself the tax might readily be made simpler. Government has enough sins to answer for without laying this one at its door.

What most people not directly connected with tax legislation overlook is that taxes can be made either reasonably equitable or reasonably simple, but not both at the same time, or at least not both without extremely painstaking effort. The complexities of the income-tax law are due to its exemptions, allowances, deductions, the provisions for depreciation, depletion, obsolescence, and for capital gains and losses. But the very purpose of these provisions is to prevent inequality and injustice, to provide a refuge from flagrant hardship, even though it be in a stray case.

Irresponsible stump speakers and editorial writers may orate on the duty of the Government to frame a simple tax law, but in the long run equity will beat out simplicity. Chairman Green, of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, has frequently called attention to the original income tax of 1862. This law occupied three pages, as compared with the one hundred and twenty pages which the original bill introduced into the House in the present session required. It was simply a tax on gross income, with practically no deductions, and with five per cent the highest rate. As Mr. Green has said:

"All through the [present] bill you will find a system of allowances, deductions for depletions and for losses that are now being permitted to be carried over even into the third year, in order to equalize conditions with reference to the taxpayer and prevent the law from bearing too hard upon him in any particular year. All these provisions are just, and perhaps all of them are necessary, but every one tends to complicate the law. The complications that we have in the present law result from these numerous allowances and deductions, which are made all through the bill for equalization purposes, which are difficult to write and often very difficult to apply, but which on the whole tend to mitigate the condition of the taxpayer and to prevent the tax from imposing undue hardship upon him."

Yet we find that every time the revenue measure is amended by Congress efforts are made to increase vastly its complexity by adding new deductions or exemptions and requiring still further details from the taxpayer, even to the extent of demanding that he relate the amount of his contributions to political parties. It may appeal to our sympathies to allow extra exemptions for doctors' bills, nurses' fees and remote circles of doddering relations, but the Bureau of Internal Revenue is quite sufficiently burdened without being obliged to investigate the personal affairs of ten million families.

It is obviously impossible to equalize conditions absolutely, to put all individuals or corporations on the same basis. It would mean a law unworkable and utterly impossible of administration. As Mr. Garner, ranking Democratic member of the Ways and Means Committee, has said, "It is not within the brain of man to draw any kind of measure, which will get two or three billion dollars, that will be exact and just in every particular."

Or as Chairman Green says, "If we attempted to put every taxpayer on the same footing the bill would reach around the world. Every time a gentleman finds some place where a tax does not work out with absolute equality he wants to present an amendment to the bill, which would produce in the long run more inequalities."

It is clear enough that simplicity will increase as rates are decreased. The need for allowances and deductions of every description arises almost solely from the sharply progressive rates. The highest rate in the law of 1862 was five per cent, so that it made little difference whether deductions were allowed or not. The nation wants a simple income tax, but it cannot have simplicity and forty or fifty per cent surtax rates any more than it can have heavy expenses and low taxes. The two things are utterly opposed. Anyone can write a simple income-tax law with maximum rates of five per cent, but not with maximum rates which reach half of a man's income.

It is said that England collects high rates of income tax. The statement is true; but the English law is far from simple, and there are many serious evasions. Then, too, the English have had an income-tax law for something like three-quarters of a century, and naturally its administration is far more perfect. In Great Britain tax work for government is recognized as an important profession, as a real career.

It is unnecessary, of course, that every citizen should understand in full the technical details of taxation. A score of men drive automobiles, to one who thoroughly understands the mechanism. But there is real danger that the Federal income tax in this country may actually break under the terrible burden which is being imposed upon it. As a pure piece of machinery it has been driven too hard and is beginning to show wear and tear. As one of the greatest friends the tax has ever had says, it may be too big and intricate, especially as a business tax, to be handled by any Administration.

The American people believe in the ability-to-pay basis of taxation, and in a reasonable application of the progressive principle. But no political party has any warrant or commission from the country to exaggerate and distort these sound principles to a point where the machinery threatens to break down. Under war conditions it was possible to raise large sums by extreme measures—even by practical confiscation. But the needs of the Government no longer demand confiscation, and there is no mandate from the people which requires the breakdown of the income tax merely to try out a visionary and dubious theory of redistributing wealth.

Nothing is more needed in the near future than an expert, scientific inquiry into the whole question of Federal taxation. The nonpartisan and monumental work of the monetary commission which led up to or at least suggested the Federal Reserve banking system should be and can be duplicated in the near future in the field of taxation. The results might prove just as beneficial to the country.

A complete study, with the resulting popular education, of the tax systems of the world might work up to fundamental, organic changes of permanent value in the income-tax law. It might be found that some form of progressive consumption tax would prove a valuable complement to a reasonable progressive income tax, and perhaps even more in accordance with ability to pay. The science of taxation is conclusive on the point that no single tax is perfect. The general property tax was overdone; the income tax is being dangerously overworked. The time may be near when other forms of revenue raising must be devised, unless the sum total of taxes can be reduced.

There is no simple cure. An exhaustive, painstaking inquiry will help. Recognition of the fact that no tax can be overworked or abused will help. If Congress and the public will make the business of collecting taxes for the Government a real career much will be accomplished. But heat and partisanship and panaceas will only drag us still deeper into the mire of confusion, complexity, evasion and inequity toward which we seem to be tending.

Castles in the Air

A GROWING tendency has been shown lately to utilize the space on top of all high buildings for dwelling houses. Skyscrapers boast one or more bungalows, some of them quite large and elaborate. Office buildings and apartment houses harbor roof dwellers. These castles in the air are now regarded as very desirable and there is strong competition for them.

After all, a high-altitude house has a great many advantages. The modern elevator makes it quite easy of access, and once you step out on the roof you have many things that the dweller close to mother earth cannot attain—complete isolation, uninterrupted view, and the benefit of breezes from every point of the compass. You are free from observation, there is no possibility of burglary, and if you are particularly fortunate you may actually have a garden of your own forty-five seconds from Broadway. Having a home above a skyscraper is much the same as building your house on the crest of a mountain.

Though the number of people who can thus perch up among the clouds will never be large, it is an interesting development and, necessarily, as distinctly American as the skyscraper itself.

COMPOSITE FRANCE

By Lothrop Stoddard

FRANCE is in many ways a land of paradox. Viewed from afar or seen by the passing traveler, she presents a surface appearance that is deceptive. Things are frequently not what they seem and outward semblance does not correspond to inner reality. More perhaps than in any other European country, one must get below the surface to understand the true trend of affairs.

The first impression which France gives the stranger is that of intense unity. A compact country, with a centralized government, an old civilization and a special culture, both land and people have a marked French stamp which is unmistakable wherever you cross the French frontier.

And when you come to meet Frenchmen this impression of unity is deepened. In their manners, habits and ordinary conversation Frenchmen seem alike. Above all, they are strongly nationalistic. Almost without exception, Frenchmen profess an ardent national patriotism. They are forever talking and writing about it. "La France" and "la Patrie"—the Fatherland—are words continually on French lips. Furthermore, Frenchmen emphasize the unity of their country. "France, one and indivisible," is a stock phrase. Lastly, this unitary doctrine is reflected in the centralization that characterizes every phase of French national life. Government, finance, education, art and literature—all are centered in Paris, the mighty capital. Seeing these things, what wonder if most foreign observers come to think of the French as a homogeneous people, essentially of one stock?

That, at least, is the prevailing idea concerning France and the French. And yet it is very far from being the case. The truth of the matter is that the French are a nation but not a race. France is in fact a good example of national, as distinguished from racial, unity. This does not mean that the French nation is likely to break up. But it does mean that French unity lacks the racial element. And this lack the French instinctively feel to be a weakness and a possible source of danger to their national life. That is just the reason why they are always stressing their unity and why they favor extreme centralization. When people keep emphasizing something as supremely desirable it is a pretty good sign that they are not quite sure of it. We do not congratulate ourselves on the air we breathe; we just breathe it and take it for granted.

Compare France with its neighbor, England. Both are strongly marked nations. The chief difference is that England has racial unity while France has not. Englishmen are overwhelmingly of one stock—the Nordic race. The population of France, on the other hand, is highly composite; it is made up of all three of the European races in about the following proportions—30 per cent Nordics, 55 per cent Alpines, 15 per cent Mediterraneans. This difference in the racial make-up of France and England explains in great part why the two peoples are so different in past history and present outlook. England's development has been at once more stable and more consistent; English party quarrels have been less bitter, while there has never been a violent breach with the past like that of the French Revolution. Also, English nationality has been mainly a spontaneous growth, a natural evolution; whereas French nationality has been largely due to external causes like foreign invasion, combined with conscious efforts of the French ruling classes to weld the country into a strong political unity. England was a nation long before France, yet the process was so normal and imperceptible that Englishmen have never thought or talked much about it. In France, however, national unity was attained only after great difficulties, so that in France nationality became a conscious principle, inspiring passionate zeal of an almost religious character. It was revolutionary France that proclaimed the doctrine of nationality, which asserts that national feeling is more powerful even than blood in binding men together.

This doctrine has profoundly affected the thought not merely of France but of the whole world, and is still widely believed. However, the discoveries of modern science are

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AMERICAN WORKERS HOMEWARD BOUND WITH WEALTH EARNED IN ITALY -
FOR RENT
JAZZ BAND
COLOSSEUM GARAGE
FOREIGN QUARTER — ROME -
THESE ALIENS REFUSE TO BECOME LATINIZED
SAPRISTI!
PROBLEM OF THE FOREIGN LANGUAGE PRESS
AMERICAN SWEATSHOP IN NAPLES -
FAMILY WRAPPING CHEWING GUM -
EVEN THE CHILDREN BECOME ADDICTS -
AMERICAN COOKS DEMORALIZE MACARONI INDUSTRY -

If the Immigration Question Were Reversed

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Easter

EASTER LADY, so demure,
Whither—thus arrayed?"
"Up Fifth Avenue, kind sir,
To join the glad parade."

"Easter Lady, kneeling low,
For whom dost thou pray?"
"Those poor souls behind me, sir,
Who envy me today."

"Easter Lady, stainless one,
Why those tears—repenting?"
"Yonder cat has on a hat
Just like the one I'm renting!"
—Isabel Woodman Waitt.

Society

I AM not afraid of devil, beast or man,
Of aught that roams the earth or swims the air;
I have faced without a quiver
Everything in Nature's plan,
From a flooding, frenzied river
To a rampant grizzly bear.
I have roamed the seven seas
With consummate calm and ease;
I have met with equal sang-froid hurricane and summer breeze.
I have braved the smiling tiger
And the weeping crocodile
In the jungles of the Niger
And the mud flats of the Nile.
I could ask no greater pleasure than a hazardous position
In a quest for pirate treasure or an Arctic expedition.
I should find life bleak and sterile were it lacking thrills and peril;
I love the risks that pave the roving road;
But with all due propriety,
In solemn truth and piety,
I must confess society
Has got me buffaloed!

I'm a fussed and frightened sinner
When you plant me at a dinner
In a place that overflows with swank and style.
I am haunted every minute
Lest I put my worst foot in it;
I dare not speak; I dare not even smile.
Should I chance to make an error in the proper fork or knife
I would walk in shame and terror the remainder of my life.
I am tongue-tied with confusion, all my wits one vast contusion;
I am dumb before the simplest sort of question or allusion.
I can only simmer—suffer—
Like a pudding in a pot,
Till they murmur: "What a duffer!
Is he imbecile—or what?"
And the hot blood upward rushes
To imbrue my ears in blushes,
And I never know a moment of contentment or of peace
Until I totter forth at last to solitude—release!

Oh, send me to the mouth of hell—
'Twill cause me no anxiety.
But prithee, if you wish me well,
Exempt me from society!
—Ted Olson.

"Well, My Dear, Did You Enjoy the Easter Sermon?" "My Goodness! Was There a Sermon?"

Peggy of the Cabaret

NOW what do you think of this step, Babe? It's my own original origination, and make believe Mr. Burnstone won't fall for it like a ton of coal when this rehearsal starts in a couple a minutes.

Just look at this, Babe, just follow it close, it's very intricate.

Yump-tee iddle iddle, *lump*-tee oh! *bump*-tee oh! *gazump*-tee oh! Then you do a couple a handsprings nonchalant-like, Babe, and next pull off a Russian clog and then wind up with the same step like in the beginning. How's that, kid, how's that? Pretty kippy—what? . . . I'll say!

Then I've got another cute little number, Babe, that'll knock 'em for a row of tombstones. Naw, that step's no good, Babe, that's no good! You wouldn't even get to first base on that! But here's a number that'll give Mr. Burnstone one grand surprise package, Babe; just watch this. I call it the Turkish Towel dance—yeh, the Turkish Towel. Spiffy title, what? First you what's that? Now cut out all the dirty digs, Babe, and just follow me: even an old canary like you ain't too late to learn!

Now this Turkish Towel dance is a sort of burleycue on the classical dancers, Babe, you know—the kind like Floradora Duncan does in her ascetic dances? Well, in this dance each girl grabs a hold of a towel and starts chasin' one another on the stage, playin' ring around the Rosenbaum or somethin' like that.

And after that—well, anyway, I forgot to tell you, Babe, that each and every girl's got a name, like one of 'em is named Cleanliness and the next one Goodliness—because Cleanliness is next to Goodliness, you know—and then there's another called Purity, Maturity, et so forth, et so forth.

Well, while the gurls are scamperin' hither and thither like an actor duckin' a process server, a guy dressed up like a laundry driver in a bed sheet steams in and hoofs around the bunch and collects all the towels one by one from each girl and then the whole crew of 'em floats out with laundry bills in their hands! How's that, Babe? . . . I'll say!

I got a lot of other swell ideas I'm goin' to suggest to Mr. Burnstone, Babe. Let's step around backstage and watch the first part of the rehearsal; I want to grab a hold of him. Then I've got an Apatchey dance that's a darb with the Bowery roughneck and his roughneckess—you know, a sort of a roughnecking party! And then I've got still another about how grandma danced in Queen Victoria's day with a hoop skirt and a parasol and how she dances today in a low-cut flapper's gown smokin' a cigarette or mixin' a cocktail. Solly Davis can write some special music to it and call it the Jazzing Grandma Blues.

You see that bird over there with the high hat and the low-comedy face talkin' to Desirée Murphy? Well, that's Johnny Houlahan, our star comedian. I'd like to bet a plate of noodle soup that Desirée is askin' him about that car he promised to get her for her birthday. Swell chance she's got! Johnny's tighter than a twelve and a half size collar on a fifteen neck! He's got all the automobile

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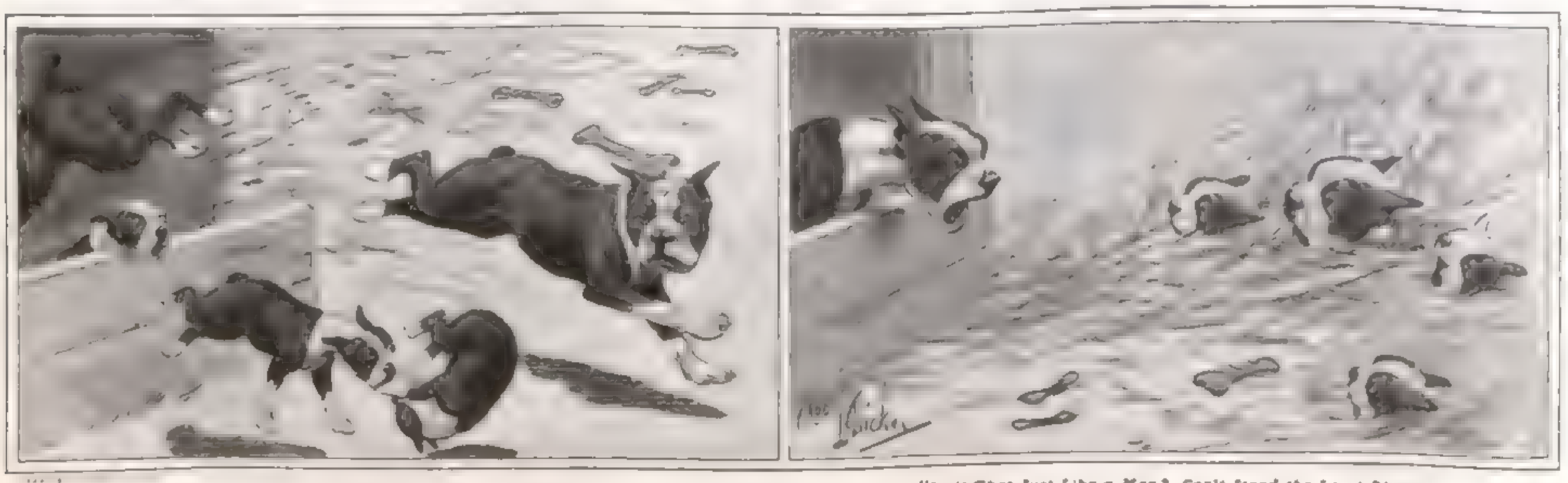
Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"Caesar's Ghost, Violet! What's the Big Idea?"

"Isn't That Just Like a Man? Can't Stand the Least Discomfort, While a Woman Works Her Head Off Cleaning House"

A hot plate of hearty soup!

often it is the only food that tempts your appetite

How do these two famous soups differ? Do you know?

In both are blended the finest vegetables that grow, the broth of choice beef, cereals that yield strength and nourishment.

But here's the difference!

Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup contains nutritious pieces of beef and most of the vegetables are blended in a smooth, delicious puree.

In Campbell's Vegetable Soup the vegetables are diced, chopped or whole—for those who delight especially in vegetable foods.

No wonder so many people say nothing tempts their appetite like a plate of Campbell's Vegetable Soup!

No wonder so many people often make a meal on Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

And when the can is opened
Your appetite just sings;
For Campbell's is a hearty meal
So full of tempting things!

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

A SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

XXXIII

THERE was a knock at Averil's door. "Yes, who's there?" she said

Vernon's voice replied, "Something's happened. Dress as quickly as you can and come on deck."

"Right! Three minutes."

But she took less.

Vernon was waiting at the top of the companion-way. She was astonished to see how excited he looked.

"Well, what's up?"

"Come over here where we shan't be overheard. First I must put you on your guard. Edward Sullivan's on board."

"Edward - but he —— "

"Yes, stowed himself away under a boat tarpaulin at Sandakan. No one knows he's here except myself." And in a few hasty words he described Sullivan's dramatic appearance of overnight.

"But what's he want?"

"To join in this treasure hunt, of course."

"He believes in it?"

"Yes, I told him that night in Colombo that I believed in it."

Averil wrinkled her forehead

"But this is awful," she said. "No one would consent ——"

"Of course they wouldn't; but he says he'd be content with half my share."

"The beast!" said Averil. "Hasn't he done enough?"

"Apparently not. Now the question is this: Am I to accept that arrangement or refuse?"

"If you refuse he'd ——"

"Naturally, he intends to explode the whole business."

"And he could?"

"He could try. Now what shall I do? Accept him or fight him?"

Averil's features were working angrily and her hands were clenched. Her reply was in the form of a question, seemingly irrelevant.

"Where's that girl that he "

"Jettisoned," said Vernon. "Packed off to the hills so that he could escape."

"The beast!" said Averil again. Then, "Poor little devil." Suddenly she turned to Vernon with flaming cheeks. "Fight him!" she said. "We can't let a beast like that get away with it every time. Fight him! D'you think I could bear for you to accept terms from such a beast?"

"Oh, you wonder, you darling!" cried Vernon. "I was praying all night you'd say that. There's a risk but with you backing me I believe I can pull it through."

"Does that help," she said, "me backing you?"

There was a glorious light in her eyes, a light of battle, love—whatever he cared to read.

"Help?" Impulsively he seized her hands and covered them with kisses. Then, "There! I'm a rotter—anything you like to call me. Why, I can't even keep my word to you! But I couldn't help it, Averil."

And she answered, "Have I seemed to want you to?"

A minute later Vernon stopped at the door of Sullivan's cabin to whisper, "Don't show up until I come and fetch you. It'll be best to spring you on the company when everyone's present."

"Right-o, old top! You're running this show."

"Yes," said Vernon, "I am."

Vernon and Averil Picked Their Way Along the Half Circle of the Coral Reefs to Watch the Mascot Steam Out of the Mouth of the Lagoon

He was very silent throughout breakfast, and at its conclusion he asked everyone to remain seated as he had something important to say.

"But nothing important ever happens at sea especially after breakfast," said Henry Julius

There was a little laugh at the sally. Vernon turned to the steward.

"Go to the cabin next to mine and ask the gentleman who is there if he will kindly come here please."

"What?"

"Gentleman'"

"Good Lord, who ——"

"I'll explain in a minute," said Vernon.

All eyes were riveted on the doorway through which the steward had passed. Then Edward Sullivan appeared, trim, shaved and smiling.

"Allow me," said Vernon, "to introduce an acquaintance of mine, Mr. Edward Sullivan."

There were one or two rather halting greetings and a really hearty "Hello, everybody!" from Sullivan himself.

Mr. Isinglass had put on his pince-nez and was looking at Vernon with a puzzled expression. There was something about him he did not understand. "I expect," said Vernon, "you will be wondering how this gentleman came on board. The answer is simple enough—he stowed himself away in the port-side longboat and made his first appearance at one A. M. last night "

"Great joke, wasn't it?" laughed Sullivan, who had an unpleasant feeling that Vernon was making a mess of the introduction and that he could have handled it more capably himself

"H'm!" said Joshua Morgan. "Captain, were you aware of his presence when we left port?"

"Not an idea," was the airy rejoinder. "It was a complete surprise to me."

"I say I say" from Edward Sullivan "don't forget the bet, old boy—the bet I'd get aboard without being spotted."

"There was no bet."

Things were becoming interesting. Edward Sullivan had begun to frown.

"Then what's the jolly fellar want?" asked Tommy.

"That's easily told. He wants to join us on this cruise and have a share of any treasure we may find."

The silence which followed was painful. It was broken by Henry Julius

"That's all very fine and large, but isn't the gentleman aware the syndicate is already formed?"

"Oh, yes, he knows that "

"Then I for one say what the devil —— "

"Here, here!" from Joshua Morgan. "I don't know as I sets much store in treasure findin', but us have put up capital and this here company isn't going to issue fresh stock if I have aught to say."

Then Edward Sullivan: "I hadn't dreamed of such a thing. A little private arrangement with Winslowe himself, perhaps, but that would cut into no one else's interest "

"Yes," said William Carpenter, speaking for the first time, "but is Winslowe agreeable to that?"

"Of course he is."

"On the contrary," said Vernon slowly. "I haven't the slightest intention of making any such arrangement."

It was a declaration of war.

"Have you not?" said Edward Sullivan. "Have you not, old friend? Isn't it rather a mistake to be so emphatic?"

"I don't think so," came the answer, and every word seemed to weigh a ton.

Joshua Morgan leaned back in his chair and banged a fist down on the table.

"Seems to me there's a mystery here as wants clearing up. We haven't come thirteen thousand miles to be made fools of."

"There's no mystery," said Vernon. "The whole affair is as clear as daylight. If you will give me your attention for a few minutes I hope to prove that to you."

It was perfectly clear to Edward Sullivan that the game was up so far as a profitable share in it was concerned For some motive he could not begin to understand, this fool Winslowe preferred exposure to accepting his terms.

Continued on Page 38

Swift's Premium Ham

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

THE economy of buying a whole Premium Ham is attractive in itself. But there are other advantages in the purchase—you get *all* of those juicy center slices to broil or fry; the butt end to bake for company dinner, too; and the shank end that makes of simple boiled dinners something irresistible. Your dealer will gladly cut these pieces for you. And you can be sure it is Premium Ham; it will be wrapped and marked as shown above.

Swift & Company

Premium Hams and Bacon

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Very good! If it was to be war he, Sullivan, would fire the first round.

"Before he speaks," he said, "let me tell you this man is a common swindler—and you are the simpletons he's duped. The whole of this treasure business is a ramp devised by a man who was nearly broke, to line his pockets at your expense."

The battle had begun now with a vengeance. Averil, her hands clenched beneath the table, shot a glance round the circle of faces to mark the effect of the words.

Mr. Isinglass was polishing the lens of his pince-nez, while little stabs of light seemed to be shooting from his half-lowered eyes. Olive Banbury, who had been sitting next to Vernon, rose from her chair and passed quickly to the side of Tommy Gates. Her cheeks were crimson. The Morgans were staring at each other, speechless; while Henry Julius was switching quick glances from Sullivan to Vernon and back again, trying, as it were, to see which of the two men might be trusted. Half audibly, William Carpenter was repeating over and over again, "I don't believe it—don't believe it." Only Mary Ottery was calm, changeless, sitting with hands folded in her lap like the member of a congregation in a church.

Mr. Isinglass was the first to speak. He spoke in his normal birdlike tones, just as though nothing unusual were taking place.

"Dear me, we are having some surprises this morning—quite a change. A common swindler, eh? And what has our friend Winslowe to offer by way of denial?"

Vernon had made no attempt to interrupt Sullivan's denunciation. Throughout that ordeal and the moments that followed he had been leaning back in his chair, staring at the cabin skylight and stroking his chin with a solitary finger. He appeared oddly detached and unconcerned by the whole business. Even to the question Mr. Isinglass had put he showed no disposition to reply.

Then in his best Bradford manner Joshua boomed, "We're waiting for that denial, Captain Winslowe."

Vernon stirred himself, and coming to attention said crisply, "I have no denials to offer."

There was a horrified gasp at the words, governed by Henry Julius.

"No denials?"

"Certainly not."

"Then may I ask ——"

But Vernon cut him short with a gesture.

"This matter is far too important to turn on either accusations or denials. The question as to whether I'm a swindler or he is a liar does not materially affect the case. What we have to decide is whether the business in hand is genuine or a fraud."

"Then," said Sullivan, cutting in, "it's a fraud."

"You stick to that?"

"Emphatically!"

"Very well," said Vernon. "Then I've only one question to ask. If you believe the business to be a fraud—if you believe there is no hidden treasure on the island—what persuaded you, directly you were aware of the object of our cruise, what persuaded you to take the mail from Colombo to Singapore, another steamer from Singapore to Sandakan, and finally stow yourself away aboard this yacht?"

The question was so utterly unexpected that Sullivan stumbled uselessly for an answer.

"Good shot!" exclaimed Henry Julius, and there was a chorus of excited "Ah's" from the others.

"Just let me add one or two details about this man," said Vernon, hastening to consolidate the ground he had won. "He lives by his wits at the expense of other people. To my cost, I knew him in England—he got out of the country with five thousand of mine. As chance would have it, we ran into each other at Colombo and I knocked him down. You may say that that is enough to explain his appearance here—a desire to get his own back."

Sullivan tried to interrupt.

"Carpenter," said Vernon, "stand beside that man and if he attempts to speak shove a gag in his mouth and hold it there. Thank you," as William stepped forward menacingly.

"To return to my point. If his only object had been to expose me as a fraud, why didn't he do it at Colombo and save himself the expense of a long sea voyage and the danger of getting aboard as a stowaway? The reason is that he got some information about this cruise and believed that in it was a chance of making a fortune. He gambled on the likelihood that there was something shady in my life that I'd pay a long price to conceal—even to splitting my share of the treasure, assuming we find one. Well, in that pious hope he's backed a loser. I don't know what he has against me; but if anyone's curious to know, let 'em ask; I shan't stop 'em. It's been a nasty business, but like other nasty businesses it's not without a bright side. Whatever else may be said against Edward Sullivan, no one who's met him has ever denied that he has a sure sense of personal gain. That being so, his presence here, instead of proving the affair to be a fraud, seems to me the best argument in favor of our future success. That's all I have to say, and if Sullivan cares to reply to it he can."

But whatever Sullivan's wishes may have been, he was not given the chance to express them. Vernon Winslowe had won the day gloriously and his adherents, who were banging the table and exalting him, loudly declared that the matter admitted of no further argument whatever. Henry Julius went so far as to say if ever a man deserved keelhauling, that man was Edward Sullivan. It would not have taken a great deal of encouragement to persuade them to pitch the intruder overboard.

Vernon rang the bell. To the steward who answered it he said, "My compliments to Mr. Rogers and ask him to come below."

Young Mr. Rogers, first officer of the steam yacht Mascot, gasped when he saw Edward Sullivan.

"Mr. Rogers," said Vernon, "this man came aboard as a stowaway. Hand him over to Mr. Macdonald for work in the engine room."

"All pretty good," said Sullivan as he was led out. Then, with veins which suddenly looped into purple knots on his forehead: "Pretty damned good, old friend."

"If he shows the slightest insubordination put him in irons until he's cooled down."

"Very good, sir," said Rogers.

As Vernon turned to go on deck Averil's hand brushed against his.

"I'm so proud of you," said her eyes, and in the babel of tongues he was able to whisper, "I did it without a lie, Averil."

And she nodded at him.

"What a triumph for Winslowe!" exclaimed Henry Julius ecstatically. "By James, Mr. Isinglass, but he rolled that fellow up in the proper style!"

"Ye-es," responded the old man slowly. "I think we may congratulate ourselves on our leader. A brave and able fellow." Then quite suddenly he began to tremble and clenched his hands. "That Sullivan! How dare a man stand in the path of happiness?"

"You're right. If I'd been in command I'd have tarred and feathered the swine."

Mr. Isinglass composed himself.

"I'm not as a rule given to violence," he said; "but so would I, Julius—so would I."

XXXIV

"NEEDLE ROCK meridian. Point of shadow 15 paces due north, 3 west and under."

Everyone knew those words by heart, and it would have been easy to prove whether or no the treasure actually lay

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"Lydia," He Said—"Lydia, Are You Mad? What Were You Thinking of to Do That?"

V-63

"Contentment"—Absolute contentment in her motor car choice is reserved for the woman who owns a New V-63 Cadillac.

No feeling of dissatisfaction mars her motoring pleasure; no desire besets her for any car other than the one she possesses.

Its rich, distinctive beauty, dominant in any company, is a never failing source of delight to her.

The comfort of its deep, soft cushions, its ease and evenness of travel, and its wonderful facility of operation and control, all contribute to her joy of ownership.

She takes special satisfaction in the safety afforded by Cadillac Four-Wheel Brakes, and in the performance of the new harmonized and balanced V-Type eight cylinder engine—as smooth and quiet as it is powerful and dependable.

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It is the car she desires, and the car she possesses, and therein lies the secret of her enviable motoring contentment.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
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CADILLAC

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

CADILLAC V-63 ROADSTER

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buried in this spot, had they been able to find a rock in any way resembling a needle. It was here the trouble began and ended as it began—in a complete impasse. Rocks there were in plenty, but none of the formation they sought.

There was a rock that was like a negro's head, another with the outline of a maned lion, a third which at a distance suggested one of the old monoliths at Stonehenge; but the rest were just rocks, rugged and formless, which by no stretch of imagination looked like a needle, and yet in spite of this initial reverse no one betrayed the smallest anxiety or perturbation.

The island itself was so essentially lovely, with its bowing palms mirrored in the water of a sleeping lagoon, with its coral reefs, golden sands and rivulets that clucked and chattered through wooded glades, that there was no room in their hearts for any feeling other than of gladness. From the smoke of tall chimneys, the press of petty affairs, the pinched horizon of hospital ward, of counter, of suburban villas and city flats, they had been released into a paradise; and like children free of school, they stretched their limbs and cried aloud their new joy to the skies.

Vernon had insisted, once they had landed on the island, that they should rely on no other service than their own.

"We'll have no idlers," he said. "It's not my idea to let this affair degenerate into a country-house shooting party, with flunkies to dish out the grub. There'll be work for everyone."

Supplies were landed from the yacht—groceries, a camp outfit and a number of little tents—but the highly qualified chef and the stewards were left on board.

Mr. Isinglass heartily supported Vernon's decision, but to the surprise of everyone he announced his intention of remaining on the yacht and taking no part in the activities ashore.

"This being in the nature of a Swiss Family Robinson business, shaken up with a dash of Robert Louis Stevenson, the presence of a nonworker is to be discouraged. I shall stop on board and read the ship's library and lead an utterly useless life. From time to time, if permitted, I shall invite myself ashore for a day or two."

The real reason of his refusal to join the company was an ambition to study at intervals how everybody was getting on. Daily contact is a sure deadener of the senses. Changes for better or worse are more clearly revealed by a series of glimpses than by prolonged observation.

It is sad to relate that Joshua Morgan showed a regrettable tendency to follow the old man's example and bear him company on the Mascot, but Kate would have none of this.

"Us two," she said, "is supposed to be on our honeymoon, and if you fancy I'm goin' honeymooning without a man, you've made a mistake."

Joshua protested feebly.

"Aye, but my idea of a honeymoon doesn't tally with the program awaitin' us. My idea is a slap-up hotel with a terrace and comfortable chairs to sit on after a bit o' good food."

"It's a pity you didn't think o' that before," replied Kate.

Joshua agreed that it was a pity, for the gentle, calming influences of the South Sea were upon him and he had no fancy for being one of a gang. His objections, however, were overruled and he was carried off, albeit reluctantly, to do a job of work with the rest.

The day they landed Edward Sullivan asked for and was granted an interview. From the morning of his dramatic appearance he had become, from the passengers' point of view, as nonexistent as any other stoker aboard a ship. Very occasionally he was glimpsed hanging up a shirt to dry, or leaning for a brief space against the bulwarks; but he made no attempt to address anyone, and no one addressed him. From having provided an acute sensation, he had become absorbed as part of the machinery. The engineer reported favorably upon him, stating that he performed his duties well and had given no trouble. Indeed, he appeared to have accepted misfortune in excellent good part and had even contrived to earn some small popularity with members of the crew.

Having regard to all this, Vernon did not refuse his request for an interview, and Edward Sullivan, sweaty and grimed with coal dust, was shown into the cabin. Being in the presence of his captain, he touched his forelock in the approved style and waited until he should be spoken to.

"Yes, what is it you want?"

"Primarily I want to go ashore. I have taken my gruel without grousing and I put it to you as a sportsman that a touch of the old free pardon would be an act of grace."

"Why do you want to go ashore?"

"Because, without offense, I've had enough of this ship—and the company I've been thrown into—to last me a lifetime."

Vernon thought for a moment.

"I shall not put you ashore," he said, "for two reasons: First, that no one would welcome your presence on the island."

"As to that, I'm perfectly prepared to fend for myself."

"And the second is that steamers only call here at rare intervals, and it might mean your staying for months or even longer."

"I'd take a chance on that."

"I'm sorry," said Vernon.

"But damn it, man, do you intend to keep me a prisoner on the yacht?"

"You will remember you came on the yacht of your own accord. Added to that, Mr. Rogers will shortly be taking her to Honolulu for coal and supplies. I shall give him orders to leave you there."

"Oh, you will, will you?" Then, with an angry flare, "And what the devil am I going to do at Honolulu?"

"You can do what you like," came the answer.

"And that's your last word?"

"It is."

"You'll come the top dog a bit too much one of these days."

There was a light in Sullivan's eyes that was not quite normal—a crooked light revealing for a second, through the mask of amiability that he wore, the secret of his crooked nature. It flashed out and was gone, but while it lasted Vernon could plainly read the depth of this man's enmity. And it was no ordinary enmity, but rather a rabid, homicidal thing, made more dangerous by the leashes of apparent good nature that restrained it.

"Look here, Sullivan," he said warningly, "take my advice and don't go looking for trouble. You've played a hand and lost, and I tell you fairly, if you try any funny games you're in for it."

"Yes," said Sullivan slowly, "I've lost; but perhaps the game isn't quite played out yet, old friend." He moved toward the door and turned. "By the way, how's the love affair going on?"

Without waiting for an answer he darted across the deck and clattered down the foc'sle companionway.

Edward Sullivan was leaning over the bulwarks when the landing party went ashore. He even waved a hand to wish them godspeed.

"Ee!" sighed Kate Morgan. "I can't help feeling thankful we've left that chap behind.

"You've seen the last of him," said Vernon. "When the Mascot goes to Honolulu they'll drop him there."

"And a good riddance, too," said Henry Julius. Then, "Isn't that beautiful?"

The loveliness of the island had smitten him like a blow.

A duty roster was drawn up, framed and hung to a tree in the camp, and the passengers of the Mascot busied themselves with preparations and arrangements. The only work that was not compulsory was treasure seeking. This being the object of the enterprise, it was absurd to make a duty of it.

For the first three weeks after their arrival, in twos and threes, they searched every square foot of the island for the rock; but no success rewarded their labors. The island itself was small—a typical South Sea atoll—and it seemed improbable that any portion of it could have been overlooked. Yet day followed day and no rock in the form of a needle was located. Many were the theories put forward to account for this mysterious fact—prominent among them the suggestion that it might have been toppled over in an earthquake, to which that part of the world is no stranger.

Vernon's activities were tireless. Never for an instant would he reveal the disappointment he felt, but rather he worked the harder because of it. Long after the others had knocked off work for the day he would be combing the woods and the rising ground and the seashore until forced to return for lack of light. Then with the dawn he would be up and about before the rest had stirred, reappearing at early breakfast with plans and dispositions for the day.

At first everyone—even Kate Morgan, with whom walking was never a strong point—eagerly joined in the search; but after about three weeks, one by one, they began to fall away and turn their attentions to other matters less strenuous, but more profitable.

Sometimes strange and often familiar were the reasons which drew them from their primary object. William Carpenter, for example, had developed an unquenchable ambition to build things. His ideas in this direction were catholic. He did not in the least mind what he built, so long as he was allowed to build something. As a builder he was a great success. He built field ovens, a fence, a trough for washing clothes, and, as a supreme triumph of his architectural genius, a recreation room. In the construction of this latter, which was composed of an upright framework of bamboos plaited with palm fronds and daubed with clay, he was driven to refer to Vernon's superior mechanical knowledge. The walls he could manage, but the roof defeated him. His first attempt was discouraging, having collapsed and enveloped those who recreated themselves beneath. So Vernon made sketches of a king-post truss, the simplicity and efficiency of which excited William's unbounded admiration. Thereafter king-post trusses featured in everything he made. The roof of the cookhouse was sustained in this way, as also the shelter he made beneath which they took their meals when the sun was at its height.

Naturally, such important operations could not be carried out single-handed, and Lydia found herself pressed into service as a mate. William proved a hard taskmaster, unsparing of criticism if she failed to work to his satisfaction. He had achieved a moral victory over Lydia and he did not intend to relinquish the spoils. The victory had taken place a few days after their arrival. Viewed in retrospect, it was a simple affair. He had shown her some small courtesy in a matter of no importance—it was one of those nervous, anxious courtesies which invariably provoked all that was worst in her.

"I can't stick you"—she had said—"can't stick your nervous, namby ways. I don't believe there's anything you're not f-f-frightened of!"

The stammer was in imitation of his natural hesitancy. It cut his anger to the quick and fired the reply, "Say that again—just once again!"

She did, this time with the loud pedal down.

There were sharks in the lagoon—two of them—not fifty yards away. Like small black sails their fins cut the smooth surface of the water as they ranged for food. William went into the lagoon headfirst and swam toward them—between them—around them. Lydia, white and silent, stood stock-still—frozen; then she screamed piercingly, terribly—a succession of screams. Presently William was standing before her again, the water pouring from his clothes.

"Say it again!" he demanded. "Will you say that again?"

But she would not. Perhaps she had screamed her voice away. There may have been excuse for what followed. It is difficult to judge. William Carpenter had sustained many injuries from the hands of Lydia La Rue; he chose this moment to repay them with interest. He was wearing sand shoes—plimsolls with whippy soles. One of these he removed and with it he whacked Lydia—not in temper, but systematically—thoroughly and ceremonially. When he had finished he did not read her a lecture; he did not say he was sorry; he did not say anything. He just put on his shoe and walked away—and Lydia walked after him.

The matter was never referred to again—except tacitly in every subsequent word Lydia ever spoke to him. So she was quite satisfied to be his mate and to hold a board which was being sawed, or fill her mouth with tacks, or do anything else he told her to do. And strange though it may sound, in this new submission she discovered happiness. Obviously, then, it was waste of time to go hunting all over the place for a treasure that might never be found.

Tommy Gates was the real enthusiast as a treasure seeker. He was almost as indefatigable as Vernon. He would have been quite as indefatigable had Olive Banbury let him.

"Oh, yes, the place suits you all right and you're better than you've been for years. I know all about that," she said: "but you'll please to remember you've got a heart."

"I don't forget it," he replied, and threw a compliment at her, which she condemned in words but secretly rejoiced over.

"You've got to take care of yourself."

"As long as you're about I can't see the need. That's a graceless way of putting it, but you know what I mean. Never was a fellar who owed so much to a woman as I do. You gave up everything to make me fit again. Can't think why."

"Habit," said Olive.

"Then thank God for habits," said he.

It was just after dawn and the orange rim of the horizon was changing to pearl and turquoise.

"You are a brick to get up bright and early and bear me company."

"I'm as keen to find the treasure as you are. No one else seems to bother."

"I know, and somehow one hates jogging 'em. Why, even Henry Julius has given up work in favor of a water-color box. He wants to rechristen this island the Haystack, because it's so jolly hard to find the needle."

"And look at Mary!"

It was generally agreed that Mary had not been at all companionable of late. As Mr. Isinglass observed, reflexes were at work. She seemed to prefer wandering off on her own, picking flowers, picking up shells, and sometimes talking to the natives of the island, who had a few words of English which they could produce upon occasion. There was one old fellow in particular with whom she spent a lot of time—not on account of his gifts as a talker, but because in earlier manhood he had frequently nourished himself upon human flesh. Kaifulu was the old fellow's name, and his disposition, possibly from dietetic causes, was benign. He took an immediate fancy to Mary and recounted to her orgies of a fearful kind in language so simple as to deprive them of their horror.

Oddly enough, Mary did not mind Kaifulu having been a cannibal; if anything, she rejoiced in the knowledge, not because she esteemed the practice of cannibalism as a worthy one, but for the delicious thrill it gave her to converse with such a man. In the past her conversations had mainly been with persons whose chief article of nutriment

(Continued on Page 142)

The Brougham
$1795 f. o. b. Detroit, tax extra

Only the Chrysler Six Produces Such Results As These

It was inevitable that the Chrysler Six should attract a degree of scientific and professional interest accorded no other car in the past fifteen years.

Engineers were naturally the first to appreciate that the Chrysler, while adhering strictly to soundest principles of design, is a distinct departure from previous motor car practice and performance.

They instantly recognized in the Chrysler Six an advance in automobile engineering as revolutionary as the development of the X-ray in medicine.

Professional acclaim has already given the Chrysler Six the name, "the engineers' car."

For the Chrysler heralds an engineering evolution as radical as the change from the old time balloon to the efficiency of the great new navy dirigible, Shenandoah.

It is literally the crystallization of all past experience in the design and manufacture of motor cars.

As a result, the Chrysler Six becomes in very fact a new measure of motor car efficiency—in engineering, in workmanship, in performance, in balance of proportion.

Engineering experts find conclusive proof of these facts in a three-inch motor so efficient in its power development that it gives a high-gear speed range of 2 to over 70 miles per hour, combined with gasoline economy safely over 20 miles per gallon.

That this amazing power is delivered without vibration (and there is literally no "period" in the entire power range of the Chrysler), demonstrates a smoothness of operation unknown in earlier motor car production.

In riding comfort, solidity and roadability, the Chrysler Six is as great a forward step over previous design as is the modern steel Pullman coach over the first flimsy, wooden "rattlers."

The Chrysler Six Touring Car weighs 2705 pounds, ready for the road.

Yet it rides as solidly as a two-ton car, and can be driven in comfort at 60 miles an hour and upward on a cobbled street or rutted road.

This is due to scientifically distributed weight and a center of gravity lower than ever before; to perfect spring balance and to a new type of spring mounting. Chrysler springs are close to the hubs and parallel to the wheels. Sidesway and road weaving are eliminated.

Never has there been a car so easy to handle as the Chrysler Six. Pivotal steering, with ball thrust bearings on the king pins, and the perfect hydraulic equalization of Chrysler-Lockheed four-wheel brakes, make Chrysler control sure and simple under all conditions.

The compactness of the Chrysler (160 inches overall length) makes it extraordinarily convenient to manipulate into the ordinary city parking space. Yet so scientifically are its proportions utilized that it is liberally roomy for five large adults.

In a score of details—from the oil filter which gives the motor clean, pure lubrication every 25 miles of driving, and the air cleaner of the carburetor, to the absolute completeness of equipment—the Chrysler Six is exceptional.

Any Chrysler dealer will gladly give you full proof of its advanced design, the perfection of its workmanship, the fineness of its materials, and its revolutionary performance ability.

The Touring Car, $1335; The Phaeton, $1395; The Roadster, $1525; The Sedan, $1625; The Brougham, $1795; The Imperial, $1895. All prices f. o. b. Detroit; tax extra.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The Chrysler Six

Pronounced as though spelled Cris'ler

BAD-BOY STUFF—By Forrest Crissey

IF ANY man in America is competent to give a practical and helpful answer to the question, "Why is the bad boy?" that man would seem to be Victor P. Arnold, judge of the Juvenile Court of Cook County, Illinois, who hears the cases, in the course of a year, of thousands of boys who are in trouble to an extent which brings them in contact with the law. To these boys he becomes almost literally the hand of destiny.

The manner in which Judge Arnold's judicial responsibilities have been discharged has given his court a world fame and has moved various Old World governments to send representatives to America to make searching studies of its operation. The Japanese Government, for example, sent a group of men from its own courts to make a study of the Juvenile Court which handles the problem of Chicago's bad boys and girls. On their return to Japan a court virtually identical with Judge Arnold's was established. Again, a certain American diplomat assigned to a Central European capital reported that the American institution which enjoyed the greatest reputation in that country was the Juvenile Court of Cook County.

Judge Arnold Holding Court

So much on the score of the competency of the witness to testify with authority concerning the bad-boy problem and what may be done, in a practical way, to reduce its burden of tragedy.

A Chicago business executive was drawn for jury service, and having convictions that no good citizen should shirk that task he did not attempt to get off. In the course of his service as a juror he was brought into intimate contact with the workings of the Juvenile Court. He was so impressed that he wrote me a letter in which he said.

This has been the most interesting and illuminating experience of my life, so far as its civic side is concerned. Until then my attitude was the common one, I think, of general indifference to this matter of bad-boy stuff. Of course, I was sorry that there were so many bad boys; but I held the impression that about all that could be done with them was to put them where they couldn't contaminate our own good boys, and that, as a rule, the bad boy who runs up against the law starts with a capital and surplus of inherent depravity and is a net loss at the outset. Well, my smug notion got a jolt in Judge Arnold's court which will last me a lifetime. Better look into it. Sit in that court for a day or two and you'll get an earful—and a heartful too! It's a remarkable institution.

I followed this friend's prescription and found his prophecy more than verified. But I approached this experience with the conviction that I was dealing with a subject about which persons of kindly instincts are inclined to become sentimental and mushy and lose their perspective. And I confess that I held the suspicion that perhaps Judge Arnold might qualify in this class—to a moderate extent, at least. Well, I discovered that I didn't know Judge Arnold. One glance at his shrewd, keen face told me that anyone who attempted to put anything over on him was counting without his host, and that his court was a poor place in which to buy judicial sympathy with the counterfeit currency of spurious sob stuff.

Getting the Boy's Viewpoint

AFTER listening to several cases I asked, "How do you do it? How do you prevent yourself from being fooled, on the one hand, by clever stories and artful dramatics; and on the other hand, how do you prevent yourself from being carried by your instincts of caution too far to the other side?"

"I've been doing this work for about eight years," he replied, "and experience has taught me a lot. Perhaps it has developed an instinct in me for detecting whether a boy is telling me the truth, and particularly whether he is holding out on me and not giving me the whole story. As I see it, it would be unendurable for any judge to sit day after day and year after year in this court and go through these hearings in merely a perfunctory or routine way. Cases of this kind cannot be heard and adequate justice administered by any judge whose attitude is that which he would naturally maintain in hearing an ordinary civil suit, for example. He cannot deal with these cases adequately from purely a detached and judicial viewpoint. I found that out early in my experience.

"In each case that comes before me now my object is to get a complete view of all the circumstances as the boy himself sees them. In this way only can I arrive at the motives which moved the boy—a knowledge which is absolutely necessary in order to determine whether it is necessary to send the boy to a state institution of correction or to make the attempt to salvage him to society by less radical and repellent means.

"I'm frank to say that I'll take a chance every time in an effort to keep a boy out of such an institution. There are two reasons for this attitude: First, my lack of faith in the average reformative performance of such institutions; second, the wish to avoid giving the boy the brand of a record. Then, too, I am convinced from experience that it is generally far easier to straighten a boy out and give him a right start outside an institution of correction, and before he has been branded by a commitment, than after he has been committed.

"My apparent pessimism with respect to the success of state institutions intended for the reform of bad boys is not to be taken as a reflection upon the management of those institutions. Under the best possible management, they have inherent limitations which are apparently impossible to overcome. If there was ever a more capable and resourceful head of an institution for the salvaging of bad boys than the late Col. C. B. Adams, for many years in charge of the St. Charles School for Boys, I would be at a loss to name him. But Colonel Adams himself once told me that if he salvaged 40 per cent of the boys committed to his care he considered that he was doing well.

"Now as to the matter of giving a boy a record. The average decent and law-abiding citizen has not the remotest conception of the importance of this matter. Only those in large cities who live close to the seamy side of life can appreciate what this means. In the speech of the city streets, a court record means a criminal record and nothing else. This court adjusts 75 per cent of the boy cases coming before it without formal court action. The boys are under the direct supervision of the court from the time they are brought in. Our aim is to avoid, wherever possible, formal court action, which means making the matter of the boy's appearance the subject of record.

"Before questioning the boy in open court, and perhaps also privately in my chamber, a very searching investigation is made of his home surroundings and influences and of his conduct in and out of school. This is done by probation officers, of which we have a large corps.

"Boys are brought into this court on complaints which are usually made by someone who claims to have suffered a grievance at the hands of the boys involved. When these complaints are sufficiently serious, and when it seems impossible, in the interest of the boy, to avoid making his trouble a matter of formal court record, then the complaint crystallizes into a petition. A petition means that the boy's name goes down in the records of the court.

"I want to bear down hard on this point of handling the boy's case without making it a matter of formal court entry and record. This I regard as the outstanding feature of the work of this court—its most distinctive and useful feature.

"Our job here is that of trying to salvage the boys of this great community who seem to be headed for the human scrap heap. In every step of this effort we are not only dealing with human nature as is but with sensitive and undeveloped human nature as we find it in boys. With all their bluffing and bravado, they are acutely sensitive; and the main part of my job, in every individual case, is to get the personal viewpoint of the particular boy before me. This not only takes time and resourcefulness but it makes heavy draft upon the sympathies and the vitality of any judge who undertakes to do his work of this nature in a constructive instead of a perfunctory way."

Not long ago Judge Arnold was called upon to make a talk on this subject before an audience presumed to be particularly interested in the matter of bad-boy reformation. His effort was mainly in the line of getting this viewpoint across to his audience. After he had finished speaking, a man still young, but approaching middle age and of uncommonly good appearance, came forward and said to the speaker:

The Case of the Stolen Sausages

"JUDGE, I doubt if you will ever talk to anyone better qualified than I am to appreciate the importance of keeping the name of any boy who has been brought before you out of the formal court records wherever it can possibly be avoided. When I was a boy we lived in a fairly good neighborhood in a certain section of this city. I was just an average, decent, mischievous American boy, full of pep and ready for anything that looked like fun and adventure.

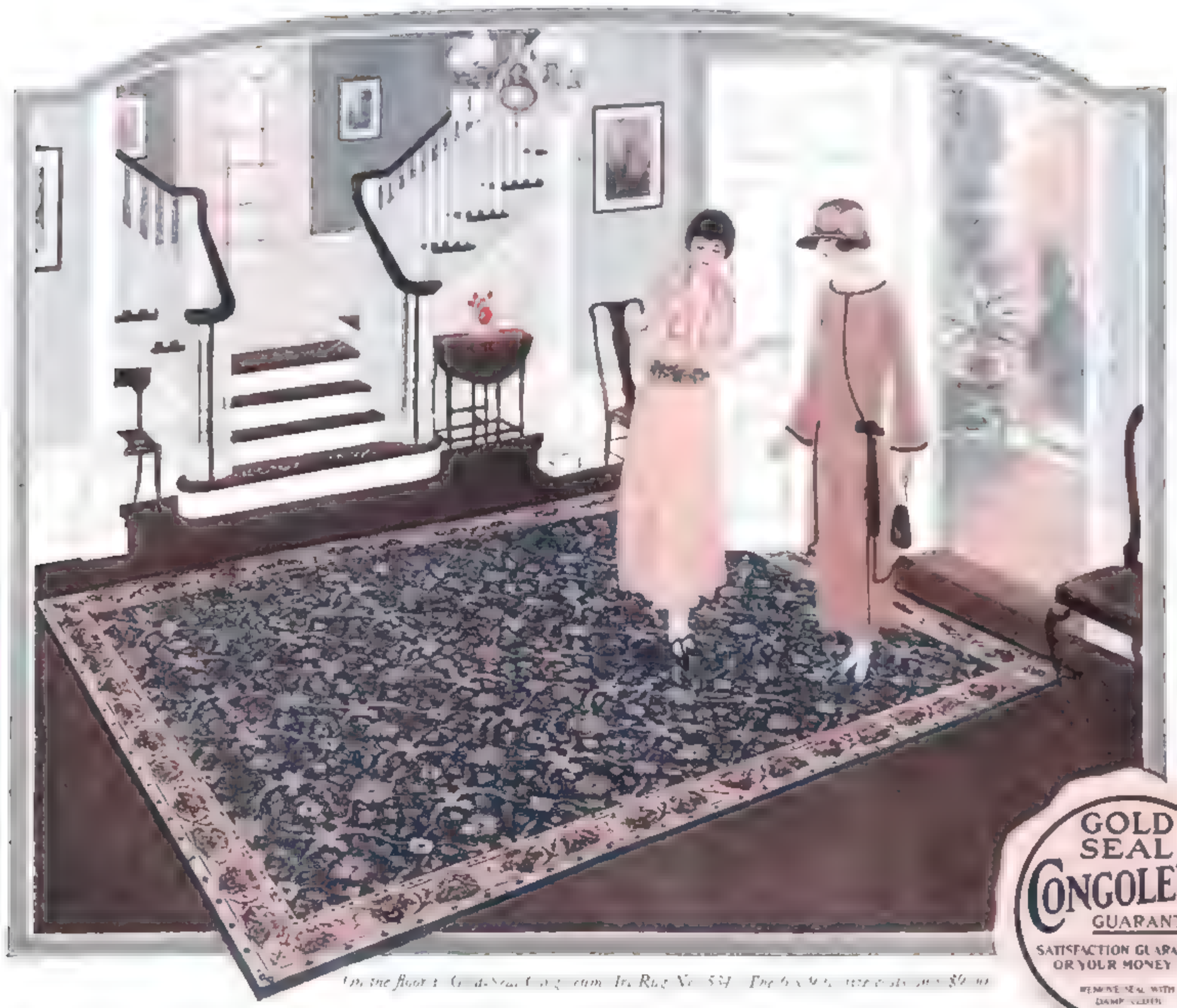
"I suppose that the little group of boys that I ran with would be called a gang by the technical welfare workers; but we didn't call it that. Some of these boys did not have home surroundings as good as mine, perhaps; but they were by no means deserving of the name of toughs.

"Anyhow, we saw some links of Bologna sausage hanging outside the local butcher shop and it occurred to one of us that it would be a great lark to swipe these sausages, take them to a vacant lot and have a feed. We looked upon the prank as the average country boy looks upon stealing apples from a convenient and tempting orchard. We grabbed the sausages and were caught in the act by the canny butcher. He took our misdemeanor very seriously; in fact he was outraged and showed a spirit of bitter vindictiveness.

"His first act was to have us placed under arrest. Fortunately, the court over which you now preside had just been established—for that was back in 1899.

"We were a sorry bunch as we appeared in that court attended by our tearful parents. But we felt a little better when, after questioning us in a very kindly way, the judge turned to the butcher and urged him to be reasonable and accept the full cash restitution which the parents offered. This he stubbornly refused, insisting that we should be punished by the law. Then the judge told him that, so far as the court was concerned, he would be

(Continued on Page 62)



On the floor: Gold-Seal Congoleum Art Rug No. 534. Size 6 x 9 feet. Price $9.00

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Artistic, Easily Cleaned Rugs for Every Room—

More time for callers, for reading, and for the dozens of other interesting things women enjoy—this is one of the blessings *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs bring to the busy housewife.

No Sweeping or Beating

The smooth surface of Congoleum requires just a few strokes of a damp mop to make it spotless and bright as new. How different from the endless sweeping and beating that old-fashioned rugs demand; and how much more sanitary!

With their soft warm colors, *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs make every room in the house inviting and homelike. For the entrance hall, living room or dining room, there are rich elaborate designs; for the bedroom, dainty floral effects; and for the kitchen and bathroom, trim blue-and-white and brown-and-white conventional patterns.

These rugs are entirely seamless and never turn up at the edges or corners but cling tight to the floor without fastening of any kind.

In addition to all these desirable features—durability, artistic patterns, ease of cleaning—*Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are surprisingly low in price.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6 feet x 9 feet	$ 9.00	9 feet x 9 feet	$13.50
7½ feet x 9 feet	11.25	9 feet x 10½ feet	15.75
		9 feet x 12 feet	$18.00

The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.

1½ feet x 3 feet	$ .60	3 feet x 4½ feet	$1.95
3 feet x 3 feet	1.40	3 feet x 6 feet	2.80

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

There is only one genuine Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. Don't fail to look for it when you buy!

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh
New Orleans Montreal London Paris Rio de Janeiro

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

Pattern No. 518 *Pattern No. 396* *Pattern No. 535*

How Soundly Do You Sleep?

By Raymond Leslie Goldman

AS DIOGENES, armed with a lantern, sought vainly for an honest man, I, armed with this question, have been trying to find a man or a woman who admits to being a sound sleeper. The result of my persistent questioning would lead one to believe that the art of undisturbed and satisfying slumber is moribund; that everyone spends eighteen hours of each twenty-four in wakeful activities, two hours in deliberate rumination upon these activities, one hour in a valiant though vain attempt to forget them, and three hours in a light, restless, unrefreshing doze; and from this bourn these weary travelers return with pitiful stories of their insomnious experiences.

A druggist with an extensive patronage informed me that during the past few years the sale of bromidic concoctions, potions of various sorts supposed to induce sleep, has steadily grown. A prominent physician told me that an increasing number of patients request prescriptions for medicines which will combat their sleeplessness. All this testimony indicates that we are literally a wide-awake nation; that the great national spirit of unrest which one hears so much about is evidently not content with union hours, but must heartlessly toss the nation during its hours abed.

The midnight draft is now more frequently mentioned than midnight oil. The number of fanciful sheep leaping imaginary fences which are counted each fortnight by sleepless suppliants to Morpheus would be sufficient to supply the wool market of the world for a decade. But even this latter aid—counting sheep—is seemingly quite worthless. One lady indignantly declared that she computed the fuzzy creatures for two agonizing hours and then drowned the whole flock in a dose of veronal.

All such artificial practices obviously should not be requisite to slumber, for sleep is a natural accomplishment of man. Everyone should be able to fall asleep within fifteen minutes after retiring and to sleep deeply and dreamlessly for from six to eight hours. Are you able to do that? If you are this article is not for you; but I am inclined to believe that enough readers remain to justify my continuing

Sound slumber is admittedly necessary to good health, and, conversely, a sound body is a recognized factor in producing normal slumber. The habit of daily exercise is undoubtedly a great aid to nightly slumber; but the prevailing insomnia is not so much due to physical neglect as it is to a lack of mental regulation. In this case the absence of physical culture must relinquish its place as the root of all evil to the presence of mental torture; and even though the attainment of good health will chase the bicarbonate of soda from the family medicine chest, the bromides must still retain their place as a national institution.

A Questionnaire for Insomniacs

THE particular demons which convene at the bedsides just after the lights have been extinguished and delight in keeping people awake are petty worries and inconsequent reflections. Americans are too busy during the day to do much reflecting, so they perform that sacrificial rite at night. Everything that they have done in the past, all that they must do in the future, is stored up in their minds during the day; and at night, during the hours intended for sleep, they are unpacked, one by one, and carefully examined with wide-awake eyes, like the winter clothing at the end of summer and the summer clothing at the end of winter. No, my simile is somewhat feeble; I should liken these petty reflections to guinea pigs in their hutches; for if a dozen of them are mentally confined, a gross of them are discovered when they are again looked after.

The main trouble with that old method of counting sheep to coax slumber is that there are as many things to think about as there are sheep, and each one of the conjured-up animals metamorphoses into a sleep-routing remembrance.

Cases of insomnia fall into two distinct classifications—those whose nerves are at high tension owing to a weakened physical condition, and those who merely imagine that they are insomniacs.

The latter constitute the majority, though it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a man who would declare that his sleeplessness is not caused by some constitutional malady beyond his control

I once told a group of friends who had been vying with one another all evening in the relation of their personal insomnious experiences, that the only reason none of them could sleep was that they had firmly convinced themselves that they could not, and immediately mob spirit prevailed, lynch law came to the fore, and an informal vote resulted in the verdict of hanging, with myself in the principal rôle In accordance with the recognized custom of granting a last request to a condemned man, they consented to answer frankly several questions I put to them:

Are you kept awake by any physical suffering?

Do you make any particular effort to sleep? Describe fully your method.

What do you think about during the period of wakefulness?

The answers to these questions shattered a number of illusions, and resulted in a begrudging reprieve for me. I can best reveal their composite replies by using a fictitious Mr. and Mrs. Jones as illustrative cases.

According to the voluntary testimony of the Joneses, each has slept only sixty-eight hours in the past five years; but we must allow for the fact that the victims of sleeplessness exaggerate conscientiously but enormously. This is because sleep cannot be remembered, while one wakeful night hour is equivalent to six months; which is not to be wondered at when you consider the number of frightful things that happen during that hour.

Mr. Jones has rushed through a heartbreaking business day, beginning at 9:30, when he entered his office, and ending at 5:30, when he left it. After dinner he and his wife called on the Smiths and spent the evening playing mah-jongg. Incidentally, Mrs. Jones won seventy cents and Mr. Jones lost one dollar and thirty cents, the net Jones loss being sixty cents. Since Jones earns something over seven thousand a year, this loss is nothing to think about, is it? Well, let's see.

Mr. Jones on the Night Shift

THE Joneses return home at about 11:30 and retire to their respective beds. He extinguishes his light with some qualms. He didn't sleep well last night, or the night before, or the night before that in fact, he can't remember when he was able to fall asleep without a preparatory period of torture—and he is pretty thoroughly convinced that this night will be no exception to the rule. Indeed, he prepares himself for the expected worst by placing within easy reach on his night table the powders prescribed for him by Doctor Kidd. The real effect of these powders, by the way, is psychological; for Doctor Kidd knows his business and has earned an inalienable right to his surname.

Mr. Jones now composes himself to sleep. He assumes an uncomfortable position on his left side with the pillow bunched knottily under his neck, though he knows that he sleeps best when lying on his right side and with the pillow nicely smoothed out. Bear in mind, though, that subconsciously he is not actually prepared to sleep. He just knows that he cannot.

He gives the covers several vindictive kicks and closes his eyes. His mental cosmos is immediately peopled with a galaxy of mah-jongg tiles. The terrible dragons which trouble the dreams of imaginative children are to Jones the Red, Green and White of the mah-jongg set. At first the tiles are a whirling constellation vaguely floating through space; but they soon form themselves into the uniform and damnedly distinct row of the thirteen which constituted his rack during that particular game when he lost to Mrs. Smith two hundred and fourteen points, doubled once for East Wind, at one-twentieth of a cent per point.

He now studies this mentally reconstructed rack of tiles and gloomily reflects that if he had punged that seven bamboo discarded by Mr. Smith on the ninth play instead of saving his two sevens for two chows which he never was able to complete, and if he had held on to that North Wind instead of giving Mrs. Smith the opportunity to pung it, then it is highly probable that ——

And so on for an eternity. A demoralizing, exhausting, nerve-shattering eternity. He realizes suddenly that this will never do. The uniform ranks of tiles disintegrate into the erstwhile whirling mass, and he slaughters the image decisively by sitting up in bed and opening his eyes, which have as yet known no sleep. For a moment he considers his plight despairingly, and tragically rumples his thin hair, an act which helps to give him that all-in appearance when he rises in the morning. Also, it is probable that these nightly massages have kept his thin hair from becoming thinner. There would be fewer bald men if the daily habit of massaging the scalp with the finger tips—— But that is irrelevant to the article.

Mr. Jones now assumes a new position, lying flat on his face, his breathing apparatus just short of smothered in the pillow. Realizing the sheer ridiculousness of a grown man worrying and fretting himself over a mere play game, he visualizes calamities of greater, of real importance. He recalls that he has an insurance premium coming due on the thirtieth of the following month. Now this is a favorite worry of Mr. Jones. It is an old stand-by that never fails him; for he holds several separate policies and one premium or another is always coming due sooner or later. These policies will not be paid up for about ten years, and when they are he will probably take out new ones; so it can be readily seen that his supply of worry ammunition along these lines is in no danger of becoming exhausted. In ten years as an insured man he has never failed to meet the premium demands without any considerable inconvenience; but that fact means nothing to Mr. Jones when he is trying to sleep. As the weary minutes tick away into the night he cannot for the life of him see where he is going to get the money to pay that impending premium. If only the premium had to be paid it wouldn't be so bad; but how about the installment on their house? And the club dues? And their continual mah-jongg losses?

He is now in the Gethsemane of nocturnal finance. He mentally wears out four adding machines, each guaranteed to last a lifetime, and fills with frenzied additions, subtractions and multiplications enough ledgers to hold the accounts of all the Standard Oil companies since their organization. He is beset by a sea of figures, and instead of intrenching himself in forgetfulness he boldly opposes them; but by opposing he does not end them. There are no limitations to figures. The German mark proves it.

Mr. Jones saves himself from figurative drowning by opening his eyes and sitting up. This time, what he has been thinking about is so real, so highly significant that he cups his chin in his palm and keeps on thinking about it until his exposed back becomes chilled. He sneezes once, which recalls him from future financial worries to one of the moment. He is not yet asleep! This is terrible. It must be near daylight, and he hasn't had a wink of sleep!

As a matter of fact it is only 1:30, two hours since he retired; but he really should have been sound asleep at a quarter to twelve, so he has just cause for complaint. He decides that he had better take a powder; then determines to try once more without it. "You get into the habit of taking those things," he reflects shudderingly, "and you just can't stop."

Old Doc Kidd to the Rescue

MR. JONES now slithers back under the covers—completely under, head and all. One would believe that thoughts cannot get in underneath a blanket. They can, though. Jones discovers a host of them. The vanguard of the new troop is the heartbreaking consideration of his insomnious affliction. He considers this from every angle, remaining awake to do it. He concludes morbidly that it is the worst affliction man is heir to. It is the king-pin of afflictions, and he has it! For a long time he worries about this with an abandon that is positively luxurious. He tosses in his bed; he rolls; he flings his arms about; he turns his pillow. He would tell you that he is thus trying to go to sleep.

At length he can bear it no longer. Again he sits up, the personification of utter despair, lights his bed lamp, and prepares to absorb the hearty slumber which he knows is inclosed in any one of the folded bits of tissue paper supplied by Doctor Kidd.

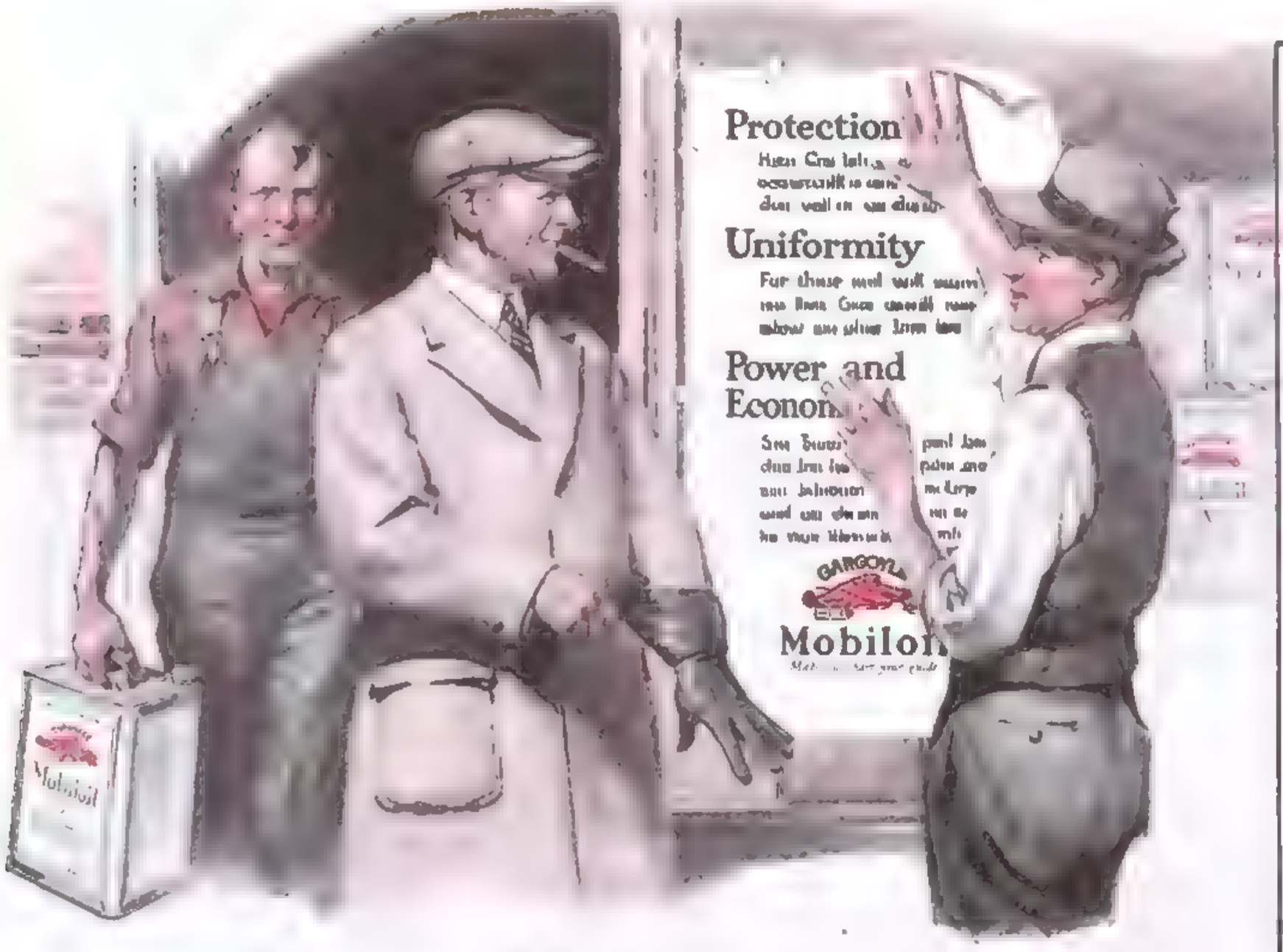
Having quaffed this potion he gives vent to a great sigh of relief; at last he will be able to sleep! Carefully he smooths out his pillow, rearranges the covers, puts out the light and contentedly assumes the comfortable position on his right side. He closes his eyes and hopefully waits for the blessed oblivion to steal over him. The only thing he thinks about is that he is at last falling asleep; and sure enough, within five minutes he is lost in profound slumber which will gently cradle him until the morning sun is well over the eastern horizon.

Now, with the recognized privilege of author and reader which allows us to retrace the footsteps of time and be in two places at once, let us peek into Mrs. Jones' bedroom at a quarter to twelve o'clock, fifteen minutes after she has retired for the night. We must peek quietly, for she is already falling asleep. One may infer from this statement that she is an exhibit irrelevant to our present discussion, but that is not so. She suffers from a variety of the same malady; and though she falls asleep readily she awakens at about 4:30 or five o'clock in the morning and manages to get in from two to three hours of agony before breakfast. But let us spare a few moments to attend the vivisection class.

The subject of the analysis would explain her case somewhat as follows:

"I don't have much trouble getting to sleep, but I always wake up in the middle of the night. And then I can't get back to sleep again. I always wake up after an hour or two; and then I'm through for the night!"

(Continued on Page 47)



Three Major Savings

which you accomplish when you put Gargoyle Mobiloil in your home garage

We have advised Mobiloil dealers all over the country to prepare to supply car owners with the larger cans and drums suitable for home garage use. Your local dealer will likely offer to supply your needs. It is to your best interest to keep a supply of the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil on hand. It assures

[1] PROTECTION. By providing the correct grade of Mobiloil as specified on the Chart of Recommendations, you will substantially reduce wear of engine parts and secure — *Lower fuel consumption, better compression, greater power, more freedom from carbon, fewer repairs, longer life.*

[2] UNIFORMITY. By having a supply of the correct oil you will avoid many of the troubles and repairs due to poor lubrication. You will obtain maximum satisfaction from the operation of your car and save making frequent stops along the road.

[3] POWER AND ECONOMY. Maximum power and better engine performance will be secured by maintaining the oil in good condition. Drain and refill every 1000 miles in summer and every 500 miles in winter. Do not flush with kerosene, as a portion of it remains in the splash troughs or recesses and reduces the lubricating value of the new oil.

Replenish the oil supply, as necessary, to keep the reservoir between half full and "full". Do not overfill, as in many cars it will raise the oil level sufficiently to flood the engine, causing smoke and carbon.

Your dealer is ready to supply you with the grade of Mobiloil you should be using—and in any size container from the 5-gallon can to the 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drum, with leak-proof faucet. If he has not already spoken to you about it — see him today and secure your season's supply of Mobiloil.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the Chart your guide

For Your Touring Needs

Gargoyle Mobiloil in the new convenient one-quart can, at 35c. each or 3 for $1.00, is now on sale in the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, and the Middle Western States. As fast as production will permit, this package will be placed on sale elsewhere.

Put two or three one-quart cans under the seat. You'll be glad when your oil gets low along the road. Be Prepared!

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

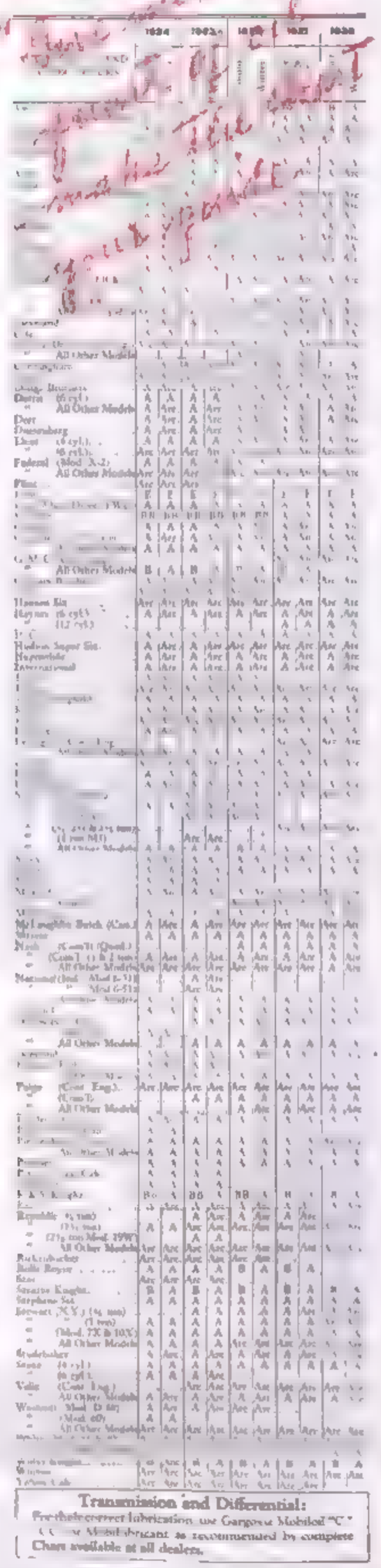
THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the colder period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers and represents their professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.



Transmission and Differential:
For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" or other Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

Domestic Branches:

New York *(Main Office)*	Boston	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Buffalo	
Rochester	Dallas	Chicago	St. Louis	Detroit	Indianapolis
Milwaukee	Minneapolis	Des Moines	Kansas City, Mo.	Oklahoma City	Peoria
Springfield, Mass.	Albany	Portland, Me.	New Haven		

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

So much depends on the lighting
WHAT is more comfortable than good light—and what other comfort is so cheap in cost?
A 75-watt Edison MAZDA* Lamp gives two and a half times as much light as a 40-watt Edison MAZDA Lamp, yet the difference in current cost averages only a third of a cent an hour!
Use light freely—and use it right. Go to the Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent in your neighborhood. Get the lamps of the right types and the right sizes ("wattages") for your particular lighting fixtures. They will increase your comfort immensely, but your current bill scarcely at all.
*MAZDA—the mark of a research service
Edison MAZDA Lamp Agents will be recognized by their display of the Edison Gift in their windows or stores.
EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 44)

As a matter of fact she sleeps about five hours before waking; but her hours of sleep are as short to her as Mr. Jones' hours of wakefulness are long to him; and if you were to believe what both of them have to say about it in the morning—every morning, day in and day out, for years—you would marvel that any mortals could live on with so little sleep. That is, you would marvel at it if you yourself were not one of the sleepless hordes; if you were, you would consider it quite possible, and say so right out and offer yourself as evidence to prove it. But Mrs. Jones is waiting to be psychologically dissected.

Mrs. Jones soon falls asleep. She is in a hurry to do it because every minute counts and she knows that she will be wide awake long before daylight presents its rosy face at the windows. She is. At about five o'clock she opens her eyes with a start; and with the instant realization that she is awake, and that it must be about half past one, comes a sense of despondency which paves the way for many of the morbid cogitations that take possession of her mind during the next two hours. She dreads what she must go through, so she tries her best to go back to sleep. This is how she does it:

She reflects that if she doesn't get more sleep she will be completely exhausted the next day—and tomorrow is to be a busy day. This leads her to speculate upon why tomorrow will be a busy day; and all of a sudden she is in the clutches of the Nemesis of sleepless women—nocturnal memoranda.

Everything she intends doing tomorrow—which is actually twice as much as she or anyone else could do in a single day—is written down on a sheet of paper and propped against the pincushion on her bureau, ready to remind her the first thing in the morning of that day's planned activities. But at five in the morning Mrs. Jones forgets about this list or merely ignores its existence, and spends a long time mentally forming another list. She goes further than the following day, however, and thinks up things she must attend to next week, or next month, or even on some vague dates in the years to come. There are thousands of speculative bypaths leading from this main thought; and if you could photograph this mental branching the result would look like a diagram of the combined nervous and circulatory systems of man, such as you see hanging on the wall of the doctor's office when you go to get your sleeping powders.

Mrs. Jones Should Worry

There are no limits to where Mrs. Jones' mind may travel, once it is started along the memoranda road. And no matter which way it turns, she finds a host of little worry demons plucking tuberoses by the roadside. She plans tomorrow evening's dinner—and then ponders the wisdom of changing butchers; for Schmitt's has been sending very poor cuts of meat lately. That's the way it is with butchers. In order to get good meats you have to be constantly changing to new ones. When you first patronize a shop they send you the choicest cuts so that they can make sure of your custom; but after a while they become blasé and send you what new customers have left over. She worries about what she is going to do when there are no more new butcher shops to try. There are nine hundred and sixty-two butcher shops listed in the classified telephone directory and she has so far dealt with only seven of them, but, literally, Mrs. Jones should worry.

Having at length wandered out of this charming lane she finds herself on a highway that is a prime favorite with the sleepless. She recalls various conversations which she held with friends, semienemies and acquaintances during the past six months, and now realizes for the first time what she should have said, but didn't say, and shouldn't have said, but did say. These conversational omissions and inclusions trouble her exceedingly. One would imagine that the recipient of the faux pas—who probably did not notice it—spent his whole time condemning her for it.

She summons herself back to the main road of memoranda and is soon in the throes of indecision about the hat she bought several days ago. Mr. Jones admitted that it was becoming to her, and everyone who saw her wear it corroborated his opinion; but she isn't at all sure; that is, not at 5:30 in the morning. She devotes her time to worrying about this and other apparel, and about the odds and ends of existence, until a little after six, when dawn is just beginning to hang its gray draperies across the windows. And thus the light of day drifts into Mrs. Jones' bedroom. She rises, weary, bemoaning her lack of sleep. At the breakfast table she and her husband look into each other's haggard eyes.

"I had a terrible night last night," says Mr. Jones dismally. "I didn't get to sleep until daylight."

"I hardly slept a wink," replies Mrs. Jones. "I simply don't know what to do."

But half an hour later, when the day has really begun for them, they forget all about their malady—until bedtime that night.

There may be some of you who will protest that in the foregoing accounts I have grossly exaggerated the insignificance of the nocturnal cogitations that keep people awake. But, after all, the primary cause of sleeplessness is not what is thought about, but the act of thinking, itself. And from the frank admissions of many victims of insomnia I am led to believe that just such inconsequential reflections as I have described are most in vogue.

In any case there is obviously one Golden Rule to be observed by the sleepless who desire to sleep: When you compose yourself to rest do not think about anything!

The Basis of Sound Sleep

Now I expect no rousing cheers to greet the foregoing paragraph. You must think I am like the tight-rope walker who told an old lady that his feat was the easiest thing in the world to perform.

"All you have to do," he explained, "is to keep your balance."

I must admit that the trick of sleeping is almost as difficult to accomplish—in the beginning—as tight-rope walking. In fact you must teach your mind to walk the tight rope and all you have to do to achieve this is to keep your mental balance.

Your mind is a credulous thing; it will believe anything your will tells it. And it is as ready to believe one thing as another, for it has no sense of values. That is why good habits are as easy to form as bad ones—indeed, why bad habits are formed at all. When it seems a bit stubborn in accepting a change, the real fault lies in the weakness of the will power that is directing it. That will power does not relentlessly demand "Do this, for it is right!" but it declares half-heartedly, "I suppose you'd better do this, for it is probably right." And the mind will not readily obey a weak master.

When you compose yourself to rest do not think about anything!

"But," protests Mr. Jones, "I can't help thinking! My mind is active and clicks on and on despite me."

The problem reminds me of the lady who had recently acquired an automobile and, after studying her book of instructions, decided to invite some friends of hers to share the pleasures of her first ride. She proved herself an able chauffeur by starting the automobile with ease, and soon they were spinning along the open road at a speed-limit pace. After an hour or so one of her friends suggested that they turn back, as it was becoming late.

The lady was instantly embarrassed. "I—I'm afraid we can't go back," she confessed. "For the past half hour I've been trying vainly to remember Rule Four."

"Rule Four!" the guest exclaimed. "Which one is that?"

"It is the one," said the lady, "that tells you how to stop!"

The manufacturer of automobiles thoughtfully equips his cars with gears and brakes which enable the driver to make the car run or stop according to his desire. With a little effort the mind may be similarly equipped by the individual; and if the proper controls are supplied, there remains only to learn and remember the little trick of manipulating them.

To apply the brakes, however, is not enough; the brakes themselves must be in good working order if their application is to be effective. So the first thing to do in mastering the art of sleeping is to see that your physical machinery is in good condition, and the second thing to do is to keep it that way.

In a recent article I outlined the pugilist's methods of physical training, and offered suggestions for the application of their principles to the conditioning of every Tom, Dick and Mary Ellen who obviously cannot devote their entire time and energies to the attainment of physical perfection. I mentioned that the pugilist in training sleeps about nine hours nightly and in addition takes a brief nap in the afternoon.

If you were to lead an existence as ideally biologic as that of a pugilist in training, I am sure that not even Lloyd's would insure you against sleep at night. The fighter's trainer realizes the importance of sound energy-restoring slumber in the achievement of supreme physical condition, and he zealously guards the fighter's mind against petty annoyances and small or insignificant worries that might click on in thought during those hours allotted to sleep.

Unlike the pugilist, you cannot afford to hire others to run your affairs for you, to outline and regulate every minute of your day, to transact all your business and shoulder all the burdens and responsibilities. But you can do the best you can for yourself. You can form the blessed habits of daily systematic exercise, of drinking no less than eight glassfuls of pure water daily, of a sensible healthful diet; all of which are the habits of physical regulation. As for mental regulation, you can, by exercise of will power, learn the Rule Four that our lady chauffeur forgot, and apply the brakes that will bring your mental machinery to a peaceful cessation whenever you please.

Exercise is a frequently misconstrued word. Do not imagine that any exertion of the muscles is exercise. The man who moves pianos all day may be as keenly in need of exercise as the man who sits all day at a desk, for certain sets of his muscles are overworked and others are not worked at all. Certain parts of his body draw upon the blood supply more than other parts, so that in some parts there is congestion and in others anæmia. He is out of balance.

Systematic exercise means, rather, to work all the muscles equally; and the well-known setting-up exercises are nearest the ideal for the purpose. Indulge yourself in such exercises every morning upon rising and every night before retiring, add several miles of walking daily, breathing deeply of the fresh air, and you have taken the first step toward acquiring the art of sound sleeping.

What we are trying to do is to rid ourselves of what Herbert Spencer has termed physical sins. If you commit moral sins a troubled conscience will probably keep you awake; and if you commit physical sins a troubled body will perform the same punitive office. Perhaps the greatest physical sin of all is committed while eating. The phrase "a sensible, healthful diet" means not only what you eat but also the manner in which it is eaten.

Every Man His Own Dietist

After the publication of my recent article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to which I referred above, a number of readers wrote to me to ask me just what I meant by "a sensible, healthful diet"; and some requested that I conspire with the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST with a view of publishing a food list.

I am of the opinion that the publication of such a list would be as futile as manufacturing collars all of one size. Theoretically, some foods are of greater value than others. Dietists and certain open-front restaurants will sing to you of the glory of the calorie. They will tell you, and truthfully, that there is as much nourishment in one pound of almonds as in twenty pounds of cabbage. I would not presume to shear the calorie of its glory; but I am acquainted with a man who can eat a generous plateful of corn beef's inseparable companion and thereafter be conscious of nourishment and well-being, whereas an almond or two will drive him to bicarbonate of soda and veronal. Besides that, almonds give him the hives.

There are, or should be, as many food lists as there are people. One man's food list may be another man's taboo list. Study yourself and that willful temperamental creature known as your digestion, and then tabulate your own list. You know yourself better than the dietist who has never seen you. He may conscientiously believe that almonds or other foods are good for you but you have an infallible method of finding out whether they are or not. Eat them once and study the result. If they are not, you will not have to conduct any extensive research to determine the pertinent fact!

But if there are no general rules for what may be eaten, there are rules that govern the eating of it that apply to everyone. You know what they are, of course; but I shall remind you of them in the hope that you will no longer ignore them.

Watch This Column

Under-estimating American Intelligence

SCENE FROM "THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME."

The remarkable success of ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** in every community where it has been shown, has proved a revelation to those critics who said that such a literary classic would not take with the audiences of today. "How many people have ever read Victor Hugo?" one of them wrote. "Although this is a mighty spectacle, none but those of literary minds can appreciate it." It only goes to prove that it is unwise to under-estimate the intelligence of the American people. The play has been seen by all classes and they have all enthused over its magnificence, the all-star cast and the countless thrilling scenes. What did *you* think of it? Will you write and tell me?

Meantime, UNIVERSAL has been eminently satisfied with the success of other plays, particularly with ***"Merry Go Round,"*** that wonderful love-story of the Austrian court—with REGINALD DENNY in ***"Sporting Youth"*** with charming MARY PHILBIN in ***"Fools' Highway"***—with ***"The Acquittal"***—with ***"The Law Forbids"***—with BILLY SULLIVAN as ***"The Information Kid"*** in the new ***"Fast Steppers"*** series with LAURA LA PLANTE, our new and winsome star, in her first feature, ***"Excitement"***—with VIRGINIA VALLI in ***"A Lady of Quality."***

I don't care to take any chances with the temper and taste of the American people—I can't prejudge their preferences—I can't rely on the advance opinions of critics. So, I ask you all again, to write to me—to tell me what UNIVERSAL pictures you have liked—which ones you have not liked—***what kind of pictures you prefer.***

The response to my request for title suggestions on the three pictures which we are now making called ***"Inheritors," "Love Insurance,"*** and ***"Courtin' Calamity"*** has been so enthusiastic that it will take me longer than I expected to determine which titles, out of so many splendid suggestions, are really the best for our purpose. However, I will let you know the winners as soon as possible.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

—because, according to a decree of the Council of Nice, Easter falls on the first Sunday after the first full moon that occurs on or after the spring equinox (March 21). The first thought of thousands, after a wound, sprain or bruise, is

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Like all other Puretest preparations, Puretest Iodine is made as part of a true health service—fit for the most exacting needs of the medical profession.

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Wherever there's a cut or scratch, just paint it with Puretest Iodine.

One of 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and conscience can produce.

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There is one in your town.

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Eat about one-half as much at a meal as you are accustomed to eat; and later, when you have begun exercising and so require more food, increase your rations slowly and sensibly, just as you wisely increase the strenuousness of your exercise. If you leave the table feeling that you have not eaten enough, you have had plenty; if you leave it knowing that you have had enough, you have eaten too much. And you will pay for it later when you try to apply the brakes to your mind and go to sleep.

Then, eating half as much as you do now, take twice as long to eat it. I am not much of a mathematician, but I believe that is equivalent to eating four times as slowly as is your custom. Eat slowly, masticate your food thoroughly; and if you are in a hurry, eat only as much as you have time to eat properly.

Improperly eaten food is of no value to you anyway and it is one of the most bitter enemies Morpheus ever had.

If you are excited, angry or very tired, do not eat until you have cooled off or calmed down or rested up, as the case may be. Your digestion, besides being willful and temperamental, is also jealous, and it does not want you to think about anything else when you are catering to it.

When you have acquired the habit of eating the proper foods in the proper manner, you will have taken the second step toward mastering the art of sound sleeping; for with that habit and the habit of daily exercise you will have mastered the art of acquiring a sound body; and that is traveling more than half the journey toward the kingdom of natural slumber.

You can advance no nearer your goal, however, until you have learned how to manipulate those mental controls which bring to a halt the grinding wheels of thought. You cannot free yourself from a distressing bondage to insomnia as long as you perform mental gymnastics at night. So, of course, you must stop thinking after you have retired; and you may go about it in this manner:

First, convince yourself of this truth—that you can fall asleep readily and that you can sleep all night without waking. Our Mr. Jones lost half his battle long before he fought it because he fallaciously believed that he was an insomniac. And Mrs. Jones awoke before daylight merely because she had previously set her mind to awaken at that hour. This latter feat is one that nearly all of us can perform voluntarily, even as she did it involuntarily. Many people thus awaken themselves at approximately the hour they have chosen before falling asleep.

Assume your most comfortable sleeping position as soon as you get into bed. A position on the right side is scientifically favored, for with that posture you do not oppress the heart with the weight of your body as you do when lying on the left side. However, if you can fall asleep more readily when lying on the left side, by all means choose that position, for your ultimate goal is slumber.

Having assumed your most comfortable position, remain in that position, even though you may at first feel the erstwhile inclination to change it every few minutes. If you cannot fall asleep while performing mental gymnastics you surely cannot do so while performing physical calisthenics. Take your setting-up exercises before you retire, not after you are in bed.

Think of nothing, if you can possibly achieve such mental blankness; but if you must think, then reflect continuously and monotonously that you are falling asleep. Not only reflect it but believe it; and within fifteen minutes you will be wrapped in slumber that is almost infantile in its profoundness.

That is all there is to the trick of falling asleep. Not so many years ago I thought I was a hapless victim of insomnia. I would mentally write my stories paragraph by paragraph after I was in bed and supposed to fall asleep; and these tales I never remembered later. I, too, was unable to apply the brakes to the wheels of thought, and they spun on into the night hours while I unwillingly surveyed the universe and my relation to it; and somehow, whenever one surveys the universe and his relation to it, during the night hours, the universe seems to be a veritable globe of gloom, and his relation to it seems to be through an unfortunate marriage. Thoughts in the night take on the somber hue of the surroundings; and soon I found myself not merely thinking but worrying; and at that time I believed that I had just cause to worry.

I imagined that these seeming burdens were the direct cause of my sleeplessness; and since they were burdens that could never be unshouldered, I saw no hope of ever enjoying a night of sound undisturbed slumber. Then, of a sudden, came the realization that nothing was keeping me awake but myself; so I made myself cut it out in a hurry!

At the present time I seem to be one of the few sound sleepers extant. I speedily lapse into an unconscious state and remain in it for eight or nine uninterrupted hours, and I do believe I could as easily make ten hours if I set my mind to it. I sleep equally well in my bed or in a Pullman or in a ship's upper bunk; and the attainment of this gratifying accomplishment is just as simple and easy as I have explained.

All that you need to do, if you would laugh at the time when you thought you were a hopeless insomniac, is to take yourself in hand and make yourself stop keeping you awake at night. Throw away your sleeping powders. If they are actually potent you will gradually come to depend upon them wholly for artificial slumber; if they are merely psychological, then you are kidding yourself. Take pity upon the poor innocent sheep which you nightly force to leap the fence. As long as you count them they can't sleep—and neither can you. The only aids you require are the determination to attain good physical condition and the will power to make your mind obey you.

King Morpheus is the best friend a man ever had. Let's all go to see him tonight!

TWO HONEST MEN AND A THIEF

(Continued from Page 31)

goods whether it rained or not." Darned foolish, but there it was.

Here was something well said.

"People are certainly fools," James Joseph agreed

"Goin' far?"

"M-Milan."

"Both of us. What's the line? I'm groceries. Never ran into you before."

James Joseph smiled. He forgot Milan. He forgot foolish people and foolish impulses.

He edged the leather folder into his lap, handy to his free hand.

"Never been up this way before," he admitted. "But you said something just a few minutes ago about things changing. Do you know that this country last year consumed over eighteen million more cans of corn than it did in 1922? Or that sudden changes in weather are caused by the relation of certain planets to—"

The bus slithered down a long hill and across a narrow bridge. It stopped to allow a truck farmer to alight. It sped along a ridge when presently left the road and faded to the south. The long hand of the clock on the dashboard of the bus made practically a complete circuit. It began to drizzle again. Houses began to run together. A decrepit interurban station. Several four-story buildings of yellow brick. The bus stopped.

James Joseph returned his fountain pencil—not his fountain pen—to his vest pocket and accepted three worn dollar bills with a pleasant smile.

"You'll find them a regular education," he promised. "And the beauty of it is you won't miss the three a month. Much obliged."

III

THE house stood near the end of a side street. A narrow street of black mud rendered seemingly impossible to vehicular travel by the steady drizzle. The house was frame and painted a cold slate gray. The narrow porch and window sills were painted white. James Joseph almost halted at the gate. A pucker affair. It was Saturday. Chances were she was peering out from behind the stiff white curtains now. James Joseph saw her narrow face start and vanish from the upper window sash. He moved up the bricked walk with laggard steps. He would get out the Anyman's Library and trust to luck to pass out the real dope about the righteous Abner.

He shifted the portfolio to an accessible position and rang the bell. His right hand was ready to his hat. The words trembled pleasantly on his lips, "Madam, I am calling on you in the interests of a better informed America, which ——"

The door opened. James Joseph raised his hat mechanically. He inhaled with closed lips. The letter and the original; but an original such as James Joseph Ashby had never before seen—even in the seven-reelers. He coughed. Her eyes were large and wonderfully blue.

"Miss Hawke?"

"Yes." A pleasant voice. Soft.

"My name is Ashby. I am Mr. Hunter's assistant. We find a mistake has been made in the matter you laid before Mr. Hunter. There is a chance the money may be collected for you." The sudden light that danced in the blue eyes spurred James Joseph to greater inspiration. Have we said he was no ordinary thief? "To be frank," he concluded earnestly, "if you can come to town on Monday I will meet you and take you to Hunter our office, and we will get the money, surely."

IV

JAMES JOSEPH met her at the bus station. They walked past the square, and the grim bronze figure with the downthrust bayonet and the sweating streaks of blue-green seemed to wish them well. The girl was dressed in something dark—just that dark and pleasant.

"I am so happy, Mr. Ashby. It makes me believe in that old saying about the darkest moment always coming just before the dawn." James Joseph nodded. "And Mr Hunter. Isn't it wonderful of him to take an this interest in our little affairs? He must be a wonderful man."

"'Wonderful' isn't the word," James Joseph assured her. "Mr. Hunter is in a class by himself—from what I have seen of him."

"You have been with Mr. Hunter for a long time?"

"Not very long."

"But long enough to appreciate him. Is that it?"

She smiled. James Joseph returned the smile slowly. It wrinkled slowly up about his eyes like an ebbing tide.

"That's just it."

The girl nodded.

"Small towns are funny, aren't they? Many people, when Mr. Hunter lived in Milan, used to say that he loved a dollar better than anything in the world."

"'Funny' is right."

"Father and I are never going to forget—either of you."

James Joseph blushed.

"I know it may seem like routine business to you and Mr. Hunter, because you are so used to helping people; but ——"

"Please don't," he implored her.

But the girl would and did. There were two wonderful men in the world—Mr. Abner H. Hunter and his assistant. James Joseph clutched his ever-present portfolio of covers and nodded nervously.

They moved up lower Euclid Avenue and crossed East Sixth Street.

"And—and you are sure I—we will get our money back?"

"Quite sure," James Joseph assured her grimly.

"And—and—today?"

"Today"—still grimly.

"Has Mr. Hunter talked to you about the case lately?"

"Not lately," James Joseph assured her truthfully; "not since I saw you last."

They turned into the blackened arch of the Concord Building in silence. The girl was humming softly. James Joseph thought of a cuddled kitten.

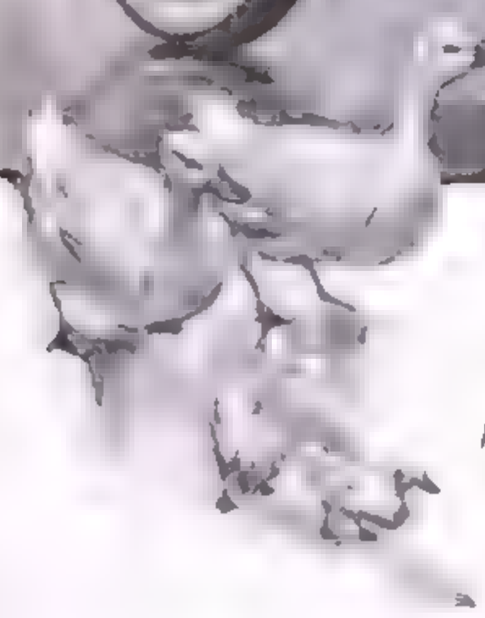
The ancient elevator carried them upward amid a symphony of creaking cables. They alighted and moved southward around the well. The girl looked down and shuddered. James Joseph had other things to think about. They came to a door bearing the inscription on the glazed glass panel:

ABNER H. HUNTER
ATTORNEY AT LAW
NOTARY

James Joseph opened the door, bowed and stood aside. The girl passed in.

With the exception of the bleary daylight, the room was exactly as James Joseph had left it a few evenings before.

(Continued on Page 80)



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THERE is genuine satisfaction in owning an Oakland Six Sedan. It actually incorporates more advanced construction and worth-while features than you will find in any other Sedan selling at a similar price. Here are just a few of the facts you can verify for yourself.

Oakland's new six-cylinder engine is compact and powerful. Its small bore and long stroke, high compression, automatic spark control and all-round advanced design give it the smoothness and flexibility so desirable in a closed car.

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These then are the facts, and the Sedan price is only $1445 at the factory. To insure complete satisfaction you cannot afford to pay less, nor do you need to pay more. Consider the Oakland Sedan, see it, ride in it, drive it—and then decide for yourself.

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Touring Car	$ 995
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Smile, Face, Smile!

Here's the newest thing in shaving

THE makers of the famous Williams Shaving Soaps offer you a new preparation, Williams Aqua Velva, for use after the shave.

Aqua Velva is a truly scientific formula. Study of the condition of the newly-shaved skin shows that after shaving your face needs its natural moisture *restored*. That is the great feature of Aqua Velva—it *brings back* to the skin its lost moisture. In this it differs radically from many of the things men have used after shaving.

Only a preparation made *expressly* for after-shaving use can do what Aqua Velva does:

—cools, soothes, restores, protects the skin
—tingles delightfully when you put it on
—gives first aid to little nicks and cuts
—delights with its clean, wholesome fragrance

If you are troubled with a skin that chaps and cracks, Aqua Velva will quickly help it. It keeps your face comfortable all day long, actually protects the skin against wind and cold—in a word, does everything that a scientifically correct formula should do.

Large 5-ounce bottle 50c (60c in Canada). Costs almost nothing per day—only a few drops needed. *By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.*

Try it free!

We'll gladly send you a free "150 drop" test bottle of Aqua Velva. Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. E, Glastonbury, Conn. The J. B. Williams Co., (Canada) Ltd., St. Patrick Street, Montreal.

Williams Aqua Velva

for use after shaving

"Keeps the skin smiling"

Just a few drops needed

By the makers of Williams Shaving Soaps

(Continued from Page 48)

Another exception also—a big pompous figure in the sagging chair before the old-fashioned desk—a Daniel Webster in steel-rimmed spectacles and a rather soiled collar.

James Joseph closed the door and stepped quickly between the girl and the desk. From his pocket he withdrew three letters, to one of which was clipped a pair of hundred-dollar bills. James Joseph fingered them significantly.

"Mr. Hunter," he said pleasantly, "this is Miss Hawke. I have told her of the sudden change"—slowly—"in the status of her case and that as your assistant I had been sent down to tell her to come to Cleveland and receive her settlement."

James Joseph fingered the crisp hundred-dollar bills.

Mr. Abner H. Hunter half arose from his chair. His heavy hands contracted about the blackened arms of the chair. The blood surged to his face, and when it ebbed—after an electric moment—he nodded.

"So," he said.

The girl slipped around Mr. Hunter's assistant.

"Oh, Mr. Hunter," she thrilled, "I am so happy. I—we—father knew you would if you could—that we could trust you to help us if—if ——"

Mr. Hunter did not look in the direction of his assistant. He coughed.

"Just so," he said.

"Miss Hawke wants to get back today, so I told her she could depend upon you to hurry the thing along." Then slowly—"She can, can't she, Mr. Hunter?"

Mr. Hunter looked out the window and across the jumbled roofs. When he finally spoke his voice was soft and his thick lips curved with a smile.

"Certainly," he said. "You have done well to assure Miss Hawke. The—er—details will take about an hour. Will you take her out and return in an hour—when the money will be ready?"

"Certainly." James Joseph folded the letters with elaborate care and thrust them into the inner pocket of his suit coat. "Miss Hawke and I will drop into a movie."

"Good," approved Mr. Hunter. "And charge it to the office."

James Joseph grinned. "Leave it to me."

They went to a movie entitled Upstream. A young man sat up nights to become a mining engineer, and later, after foiling a desperate gang bent on flooding the mine, married the daughter of the owner. The girl had big staring eyes. James Joseph wondered if they were blue.

With the girl beside him, James Joseph also found himself unable to laugh wholeheartedly at the young mining student. He even remembered Plotkin with a certain respect.

▼

TWO honest gentlemen faced each other over the extension shelf of an old-fashioned desk. Said one honest gentleman, dressed in a rather greasy frock coat, "Here's the situation: This dirty thief is tryin' to blackmail us. He has the letters and the money, which I didn't have time to bank. Stole them out of my safe the night of the day they came in. Tried to sell me some fool books in the afternoon. Fingers the letters an' the money an' says we have to come across."

The second honest gentleman nodded thoughtfully. He was young and dressed beyond the minute. His hair was sleek and the diamond in his neckwear was real beyond doubt.

"What do they do? Split?"

The first honest man shook his head.

"That's the funny part of it. The girl evidently don't know. He went down to Milan and gave her some cock-an'-bull story about my havin' found another way to make you cough up. Posed as my assistant."

The face of the second honest gentleman flamed with sudden suspicion.

"Listen, you old shyster," he said quietly, "this don't look good to me. I smell cheese. Cut the comedy. What's the game? Want another retaining fee?"

The first honest gentleman arose from his chair.

"Don't you call me a shyster," he shouted wrathfully, "you—you—bucketshop operator! I won't stand for it'"

"Sit down for it then," the second honest gentleman suggested.

The greasy frock coat slumped back.

"We're fools to be talkin' this way. I didn't call you down here to fight with you. Besides, when you hear my little plan to nail this dirty thief I think you'll agree I'm on the level."

"Give it to me."

The first honest gentleman hitched forward.

"Right now he has the—er—goods on us. We can't call in the police. He knows that."

"Any fool knows that."

"Exactly. So we are licked. You pay him the money, less the two hundred you've already put up an' which he has. I'll put that two hundred up as evidence of my good faith. Understand?"

"Not yet."

"We pay him for the girl, when he returns the papers to us. They leave. We sit here. At the elevator, around the corner, we have a private detective waiting. He arrests this dirty thief before he has a chance to turn around. Of course he has no intention of handing the money over to the girl. Then he has nothing on us, an'—an' we have everything on him. We can both identify the money found on him as money stolen from my safe, can't we? When it happened, I told the police it was over two thousand on account of my burglary insurance."

"But the girl?"

"The girl —— Caught with a thief. She'll do anything to get back to Milan without being mixed up in a dirty mess like that."

"And we get the money back?"

"And we get the money back"

"Exactly as we put it up?"

"Exactly."

The second honest gentleman smiled.

"Just to protect myself, Hunter—no reflection on you—just suppose you make me out a demand note for my share, just in case you might forget to admit you were keeping it for me and claim it as your own."

The first honest gentleman opened his mouth, and then shut it.

"All right," he assented. "Shall I call up an agency that does some work for me along this line?"

"Hop to it." And then as the other lifted the receiver of the telephone, "You're pretty clever, at that," he admitted admiringly.

For just a moment the face of the first honest gentleman took on a touch of swagger. It was as if he was sitting on the top of the cracker box back in some little country town. He nodded over the mouthpiece.

"I aim to be," he said complacently.

VI

MR. HUNTER counted the money over slowly. The girl was smiling tremulously. Mr. Simon, of Simon & Co., stood gazing down into the cañon of the alley. James Joseph Ashby stood in the center of the room, in the middle of the worn rug, and toyed with the three letters. Presently Mr. Hunter finished.

"Er—quite correct, Mr. Simon; quite correct. Now then, young man, if you will kindly hand me the—er—details in your hand ——"

James Joseph calmly detached the two hundred-dollar notes from the letters and placed them in his wallet.

"Expenses," he murmured.

"Just so," said Mr. Hunter grimly. "Ready?"

The transfer was made in silence. The girl was almost crying. Mr. Simon remained at the window, smiling softly down into the passage.

"My—er—assistant will see you safely on your way and doubtless turn the money over to you when you are safely on your way."

"Sure," said James Joseph.

"Good day, Miss Hawke. My regards to your father."

The girl held out both hands.

"I—we will never forget your wonderful kindness, Mr. Hunter," she whispered. "Never!"

"Just so," said Mr. Hunter judiciously.

James Joseph held open the door—and closed it.

"Listen!" he whispered. "Now I want you to do me a favor. Forgive my rudeness. I can't see you to your bus. I—I have an important engagement. Here is the money."

The girl took the roll of bills with trembling fingers.

"Will I ever see y—— that is, I can't thank you this way. I—I ——"

"Do you believe in Plotkin?" James Joseph inquired swiftly.

"Why—why, I never heard of him. I—I don't know. I—I ——"

"Neither do I—maybe. Good-by. And another favor—don't go down the elevator for a little while. I can't explain why—not now. But if you will—about ten minutes. Good-by."

In twenty minutes the first honest gentleman looked at his watch.

"We ought to be hearin' something by now," he muttered.

Ten minutes later the second gentleman looked at his watch.

"You're sure your friend and his tin star arrived in time?"

"Sure."

"Suppose we appear to go out."

The first honest gentleman assented to the suggestion. The first honest gentleman led the way.

At the elevator a large beefy individual leaned against the well railing, apparently wrapped in deep thought.

"Well?" demanded the first honest gentleman.

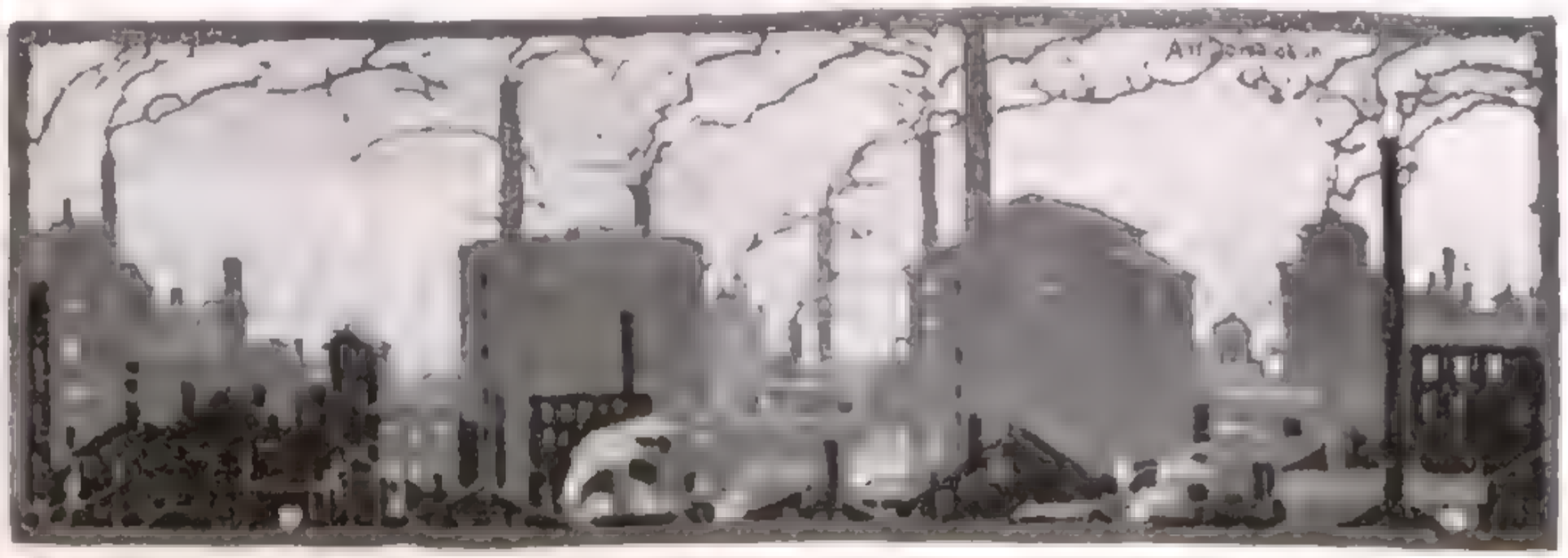
"Nothing yet. The girl went down about fifteen minutes ago. Kinda wet-eyed, she was. The guy must still be layin' up."

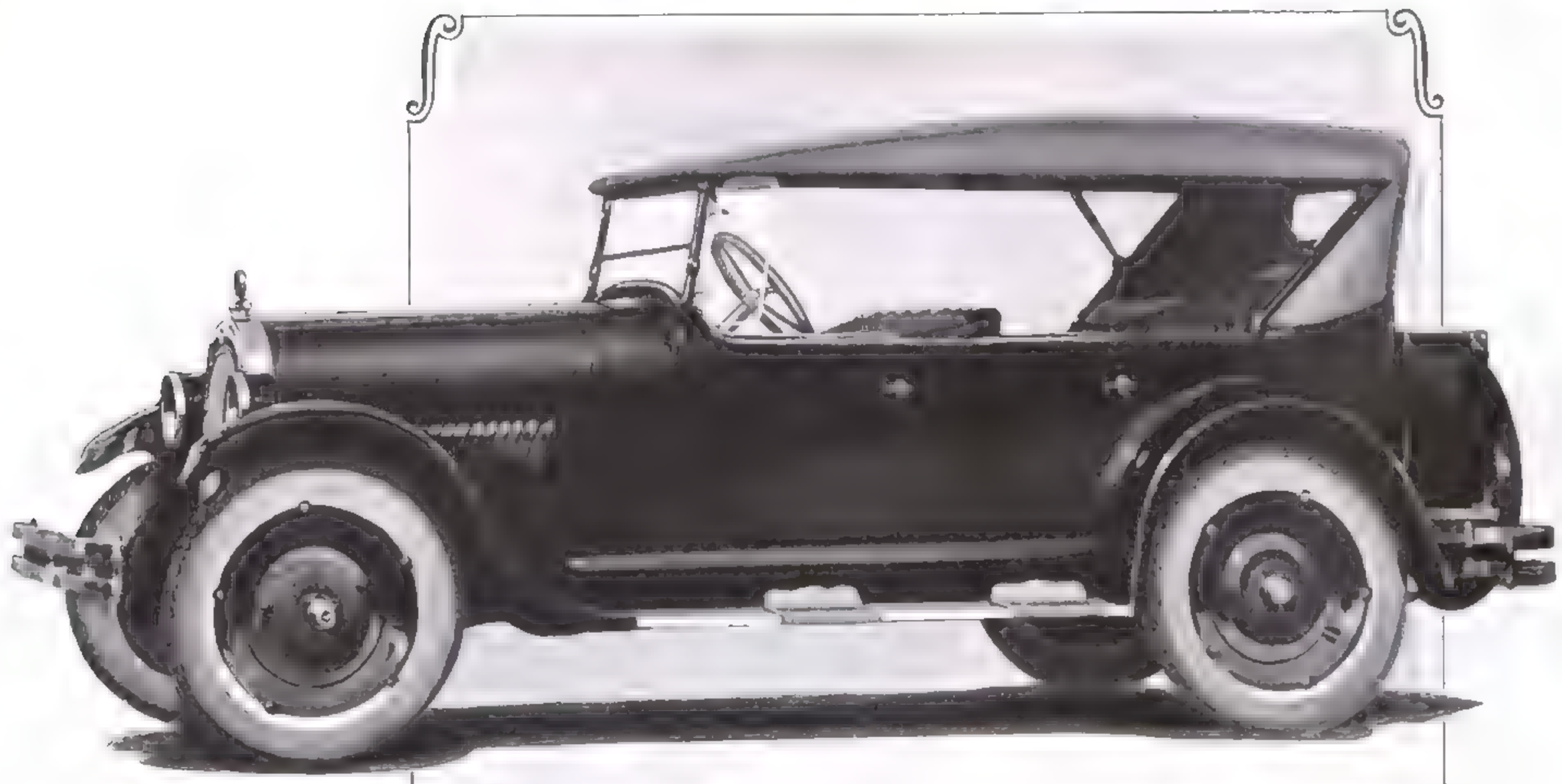
"Laying up, hell!" said the second honest gentleman pleasantly. "He's given you the slip!"

"Me? Slip?" The beefy gentleman laughed. "Say, brother, nobody has left this floor that I didn't know was all right. Take it from me, who knows."

"It's funny," muttered the first gentleman. "Damn funny."

"Funny?" The eyes of the beefy gentleman brightened. "Say, do you fellas know what is causing this funny weather we're havin'? Well, it seems that certain planets have got in a position where ——"





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Rear View Mirror	1.75
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Sport Tire Carrier	7.50
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Enameled Steel Trunk	25.00
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Running Board Step Plates (pair)	4.75

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When people first see this Oldsmobile Sport Touring Car, they invariably assume its price to be anywhere from $500 to $800 higher than it really is.

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This car, with its extraordinarily complete equipment, its fine performance qualities and its beautiful bronze green color would be impossible at anywhere near the price, were it not for the pronounced manufacturing advantages resulting from the close coöperation of Oldsmobile and General Motors.

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I've burned my hand-terribly! what *shall* I do for it?"

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"Call Mother," thinks the new head of the household.

"Unguentine—*quick!*" comes Mother's answer. She knows there's nothing like Unguentine to stop the pain and quickly heal a burn. Millions of mothers keep a tube of Unguentine handy in their medicine cabinets—always prepared for injuries to the skin.

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Conditions like cold sores, blisters, chafing—***accidents*** like burns, cuts, bruises. Each enemy, and there are hundreds, has a different name. But the damage to the skin and the danger through infection are much alike.

The tiny cells which build the three layers of the skin are irritated, inflamed or destroyed. A perfect breeding place for dangerous germs is provided. And discomfort as with a blister, or sharp pain as with a burn, is felt.

Quick and successful treatment of skin injuries or irritations should get the following results: ***Stop pain.*** Unguentine stops pain with grateful promptness. ***Prevent infection.*** Unguentine kills germs within a few moments, preventing minor troubles from becoming serious. ***Heal quickly.*** Unguentine stimulates rapid growth of healthy cells. ***Prevent needless scars.*** Remember these four assured results from using "Unguentine—*quick!*"

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Return this coupon. Test Unguentine yourself

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL CO., Norwich, N. Y.
Enclosed find 8c in stamps for trial tube of Unguentine and booklet "What to Do" (for little ailments and real emergencies) by M. Webster Stofer, M.D.

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South Africa—A New California

By FRANCIS W. HIRST

AN INVITATION to address the university colleges and chambers of commerce in South Africa on current problems of public finance took me to the Cape last spring—I mean our spring, which is the autumn of South Africa; a most agreeable season, when fruits are being gathered and the juice of the grape is pouring into the as yet unprohibited vats. To travel 12,000 miles by sea and 3000 or 4000 by land in the course of four months would have been a prodigious if not an impossible achievement a century ago. Today it requires no exertion, and a visit to South Africa, which is just about 6000 miles by sea from England, may be recommended to invalids. At all seasons you can count on a sunny sky and calm seas for most of the voyage. The South African railways, though slow, are comfortable. The passenger fares are moderate, and a coupé can usually be reserved by a long-distance traveler.

I had, for a visitor, unusually good opportunities for forming impressions of the country, as my errand brought me into contact with prominent people everywhere and in all walks of life. At Capetown, where the Legislative Assembly was sitting, I met the prime minister, General Smuts, with several of his colleagues—Mr. Merriman, the veteran ex-premier of Cape Colony; Mr. Cresswell, who leads the Labor Party, and members of the Dutch Nationalist Party now in opposition.

Capetown, Africa—Devil's Peak in the Background

Racial Problems

At Johannesburg, Bloemfontein, Kimberley and other provincial centers I came across directors of the gold and diamond mines, engineers, sheep farmers, fruit growers and cattle ranchers. I saw thousands of Kafirs drilling for gold, toiling on farms or ruling their womenfolk in the kraals. I discussed their present grievances and future prospects with missionaries, philanthropists and administrators. I talked with many of the large merchants and leading bankers at the ports and interior markets. I visited some of the struggling factories, whose managers plead for infant industries and lobby for more and more tariff protection at the expense of the general consumer and taxpayer.

South Africa, including Rhodesia and the newly annexed territory of German Southwest Africa, looks prodigious on the map. But German Southwest is largely desert, and Rhodesia, with an area of 450,000 square miles, has refused to enter the Union. The rule of the Chartered Company is ending and its 35,000 white inhabitants are being constituted into two self-governing colonies. The area of the South African Union, including the 322,000 square miles of German Southwest Africa—now under Union administration—is over 795,000 square miles, being rather larger than that of the United States west of the Rocky Mountains. In numbers, the American West has the advantage, its population according to the last census being 7,408,000 against 7,156,000 for the Union of South Africa. In wealth, of course, the Western States are far ahead; only a small fraction of their inhabitants—less than 300,000—is colored, whereas in the South African Union over 5,500,000, practically four-fifths of the total population, are black or brown. Of the natives very few can be called well off according to white standards of comfort. Some of the Indian storekeepers and traders in Natal are rich, and several thousand of the colored men at the Cape—the result of mixed marriages between the whites, Malayans, Hottentots and Kafirs—have acquired the franchise; which means the possession of a certain amount of property, as well as the attainment of a certain standard in education.

For revenue purposes it is estimated that the black and brown population is about equivalent to the white; but it must be remembered that the white incomes derived from mining and farming depend mainly upon the profitable employment of black and brown labor.

Before attempting a forecast of the political and economic future of South Africa it is essential to form a judgment of the racial problem, which is two-sided. On the one hand you have rivalry between Dutch and British, on the other competition between black and white. Though many of the old Dutch families at the Cape and many of the French Huguenots have intermarried with English or Scotch settlers, neither the races nor the languages have amalgamated. History explains why the Dutch language and people have not been submerged in South Africa as they were in New York and New Jersey. The Cape was a purely Dutch settlement for a century and a half, roughly from 1650 to 1800; and since its annexation to Great Britain the Dutch element has always been more numerous than the British, though there are now many towns and districts in South Africa where the British predominate. Students of history cannot wonder then that conflicts should have occurred between two races originally of the same stock and language, equally fond of liberty and equally fond of domination. As the population of Cape Colony increased, swarms of Boers, feeling overcrowded and overgoverned, trekked northward in the 30's and 40's of the last century, founding the Transvaal and Orange River republics and for a time disputing Natal with British settlers.

The Raid

The discovery of diamonds at Kimberley in the late 60's and of the wonderful gold reef on the Rand in the 80's soon began to threaten the isolation and consequently the independence of the Boers. Adventurers in search of diamonds and gold flocked to Kimberley and Johannesburg from all parts of the world; and this new element, though it filled the public exchequer, was not welcome to the primitive Christianity and tenacious conservatism of the Transvaal Boer. All the craft of President Kruger was employed to preserve the state from this foreign infection. The ambition of Cecil Rhodes, with the untold wealth which he had acquired by partnership with Wernher and Beit, led him to hatch the Jameson Raid, one of the most foolish and criminal adventures in the history of buccaneering. Every competent authority whom I met in South Africa seemed to agree that the raid made a racial war almost inevitable. Milner, the British high commissioner, who was sent out by Joseph Chamberlain, soon convinced himself that war was necessary, in his own words, "to break the dominion of Afrikanderdom."

Kruger believed that the demands of the British Government for an extension of the franchise to the outlanders were intended to undermine the independence of the Transvaal Republic. Many of the Boers, remembering Majuba, thought that they could drive the British out of South Africa. Milner and Rhodes were equally confident that the Boers could be disposed of in a few weeks, or at least in a few months.

Both parties were mistaken. The Boers were defeated, but the war lasted nearly three years; and instead of costing £10,000,000—which was the estimate laid before Parliament by Lord Salisbury's government in October, 1899—it cost in round figures £250,000,000.

The protraction of the war was due to the unconditional surrender policy, and its abandonment was embodied in the Peace of Vereeniging. After the peace a costly crown-colony government was instituted under Lord Milner, who imported a goodly number of young bureaucrats—mostly from Oxford—and the Transvaal mines had to pay the piper. It is one of the curiosities of the Boer War that most of the mining magnates—who backed both the raid and the war, expecting to reap millions from the overthrow of President Kruger—actually lost millions and have ever since sighed for the good old days of high profits and low taxes under Oom Paul.

(Continued on Page 54)

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PACKARD SIX FIVE PASSENGER COUPE

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The four Packard officials who design, build, distribute and service Packard Cars have made on phonograph records an interesting series of talks which contain valuable facts about motor car investment.

These men give the reasons why a Packard Six can be owned, operated and maintained at less cost than ordinary or complicated cars.

Now you may hear these records in your own home.

They will be delivered to you, upon request, by any Packard distributor or dealer.

Day-to-day experience with a Packard Six serves always to enhance its value and emphasize the economy of its operation. Physicians must have dependable cars. Read what this doctor "who owns one" says:

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Fourth: The repairs of recent date were: a broken shock absorber strap and a left front spring leaf close to the shackle bolt. These were the only repairs that have occurred to date.

The valves have not been reground or the carbon removed as it has not been necessary.

I feel that the Packard Company has in the Six an ideal car to meet the general demand of the average man.

Knowing that the Six will continue to be popular and will give the best service with the minimum of expense for upkeep, I am sure that Packard has in this model an ideal car to meet the demand for many years to come.

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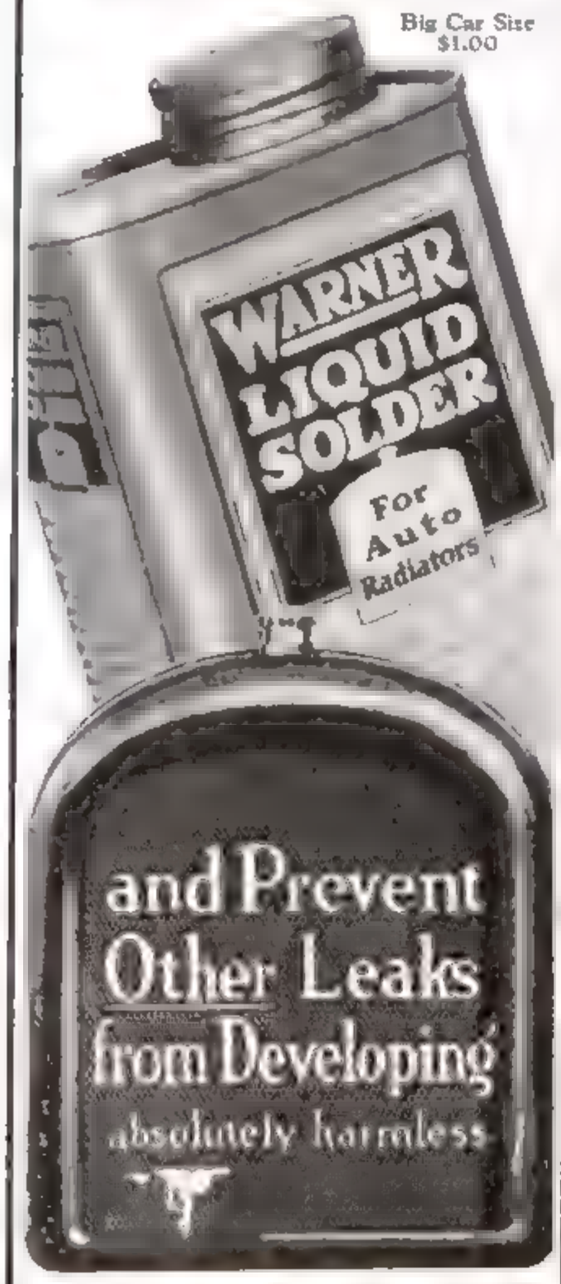

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Lubricates every pin point of surface with a cushion of finest lubricant.

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Enclosed find seventy-five cents. Please send me one can of Warner Penetreen

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(Continued from Page 52)

The situation as between Dutch and British was saved by the advent to power in 1906 of a Liberal government under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. That remarkable man, regardless of the clamor of his opponents and the fears of some weak-kneed supporters, insisted on restoring immediately full self-government under the British flag to the Orange River and Transvaal colonies. Magnanimity and faith in democracy were rewarded. General Botha, with Smuts and other leading men, accepted the offer, and their compatriots were induced to settle down under the new conditions. Many of the Boers revised their opinions of the British and realized that the strong minority which had opposed war had become a majority, eager as far as possible to undo the injustice and iniquity that had been wrought in South Africa.

The farms were restored with extraordinary rapidity, mining was resumed, agriculture revived, and by 1909 the Transvaal had a large surplus revenue.

A demand sprang up for the Union of South Africa. All parties coöperated. In 1910 the Union was effected, and Botha, a man whose personal magnetism, shrewdness and geniality were attractive equally to the British and the Boers, became prime minister. Under him a coalition party called the South African Party was formed, composed about equally of British and Dutch ministers.

The Nationalist Party

The outbreak of the Great War in 1914 was unfortunately attended by a recrudescence of racial trouble. It happened that General Beyers, who commanded the Union forces, had visited the German maneuvers in 1913, and had been treated with so much consideration by the Kaiser that his head was turned. In conjunction with De Wet, De la Rey and several others of the old Boer leaders, he started a rebellion which might have been formidable, but was fortunately put down without much difficulty early in 1915. Then followed the invasion and conquest of German Southwest Africa by General Botha, whose military genius was again displayed, but for the last time. At the end of the war he visited Europe and took part with General Smuts in the negotiations at Versailles. He returned much dejected and full of pessimism for the outlook in Europe. On his death shortly afterward he was succeeded by General Smuts, whose preëminent ability and political adroitness or slimness, as the Boers call it—are undisputed. He has now been in office continuously for seventeen years, and the political barometer points to the probability of a change.

General Herzog, a Free Stater, left the government two or three years ago and is now leading the Nationalist Party, whose supporters are mostly theoretical if not practical republicans.

The Nationalists coöperate in Parliament with the Labor Party under Mr. Cresswell, and together they form a strong, if not very coherent, opposition, which is likely to turn the tables on the South African Party at the general elections of next year.

Some people tell you that the rivalry between Smuts and Herzog has revived racial bitterness between the British and Dutch, and that republican feeling is stronger than ever. But the new Dutch Nationalist Party is coöperating with a group of Labor members who are opposed to any break with the British connection; and Herzog on his part has not only disclaimed any desire to set up a republic by other than constitutional means but has also promised that if returned to power at the next election he will not attempt to change the system of government. Indeed, what South Africa needs is not a civil war between its white races, but an increase in the numbers of both.

That becomes plain if you look at the census returns. In 1921 the area and white population for the four provinces of the Union were as follows:

	AREA SQUARE MILES	WHITE POPULATION
Cape Colony	276,000	650,000
Transvaal	110,000	543,000
Orange Free State	50,000	188,000
Natal	35,000	136,000

In the Cape and Transvaal the towns are predominantly British and the country population predominantly Dutch. In the Free State 90 per cent of the whites are Dutch, but English and Scotch predominate in Natal. The two languages, English and Cape Dutch, are now on an equal footing throughout the Union, though in many parts you will hardly ever hear Dutch and in many others you will hardly hear English. Official bilingualism is rather expensive, because all government publications and notices have to be printed in both languages. But it is quite fair, and the children who are growing up will understand one another better than did their grandparents.

The Dutch call their language, or Taal, Afrikaans. Most of the inflections in high Dutch have disappeared, and it has borrowed many words from Bantu—the native language of the Kafirs—from English and from German. A few French words brought by the Huguenots are still in use. Dutch Afrikanders cling to the old Dutch Bible, but a translation into Afrikaans is now being made. It takes some time for a Hollander to acquire facility in the Taal, which is sometimes contemptuously referred to as Kitchen Dutch. There is as yet no orthodox or standard system of spelling, though phonetic spelling is generally adopted by the teachers. Some promising prose and poetry have been written in Afrikaans in the past few years; but there is very little literature, and the grammars are far from satisfactory. The Taal deserves more historical and philological elucidation than it has yet received, not merely as a dialect of Dutch but as a new language curiously compounded by a few thousand farmers scattered over a wild country, with no organized system of education during two and a half centuries of trekking and fighting.

Strange that civilized men can neither avoid nor escape from their own contrivance—government. It was to rid themselves of over government and misgovernment that the Pilgrim Fathers left old for New England. It was for the same reason that the Boers trekked out of Cape Colony. Yet in North America and in South Africa as in Europe, one hears continually that the bureaucracy is too large and taxation excessive.

The public debt of South Africa has doubled since the Union. Taxation has grown much faster than wealth or population. I should say that for some time to come the main issues before voters and politicians in South Africa will turn on financial and fiscal policy, and on the line of demarcation between white and native labor.

The other side of South Africa's racial problem is the competition between black and white. The Black Peril constitutes another excellent reason why British and Dutch should forbear to quarrel, for unless they live in peace together they can hardly hope to maintain indefinitely enough of white rule and white supremacy to uphold civilized standards of government and society in South Africa.

The Insoluble Problem

Is it possible for a white race, addicted to money-making and scientific progress, to live with a black race caring for neither and to exploit its labor without causing or suffering degradation? That searching question, so often propounded by social philosophers, native administrators, educationalists and missionaries in South Africa, still awaits an answer. President Kruger, the Dopper Solomon, once said that all South Africa's problems are soluble except the native problem, "and that is insoluble." Every expert, indeed, has his solution, but then every solution differs. Those who have studied the native longest are least inclined to dogmatize about his moral nature, his intellectual and political capacity, or his future.

To begin with a purely economic observation, nine-tenths of the hard work on the farms, in the mines, in the ports and in the factories of South Africa, from the Zambesi to the Cape, is performed by Kafirs, of whom over 4,500,000 are in the Union. The remainder, mainly skilled, is performed by white men, or colored men with an admixture of white blood, or by Indians in Natal—or by Malayans in the Cape Province. If the Bantu race were suddenly withdrawn the economic system of the Union would collapse. White labor could be substituted here and there, and more might be imported. But if the impossible were to happen and black men vanished from the scene, production would shrink to a fraction of its present volume. The catastrophe would be only less than in the other alternative I mean if the capital and management of the whites were removed and the blacks left to themselves.

The misfortune is that the white man is apt to degenerate not merely in the hot

(Continued on Page 56)

Typical South African Kopjes, or Hills

DODGE BROTHERS
TYPE-A SEDAN

Aristocrat of a sturdy line, the Type-A Sedan represents the finest craftsmanship of an organization perfectly equipped for quality production.

Recent improvements give it a degree of elegance and riding ease that might be expected only from Dodge Brothers in a car so moderately priced.

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All Apollo Chocolates have the same high quality of chocolate coating. The only difference between the box at $1.00 and the one at $1.75 is in the assortment of centers. The higher priced box has more nut and fruit centers. But—there's only one high grade of Apollo Chocolates.

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Apollo Chocolates are made by
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Continued from Page 54

regions but on the plateaus, where the climate is splendid. He degenerates in the environment of black labor. Manual work becomes undignified; and as only a proportion of the white race is fit to employ or supervise, a residuum of poor whites sinks and sinks in spite of all the efforts of religious and philanthropic societies.

The history of the contact between blacks and whites in South Africa dates from 1652, when the Dutch formed the first permanent settlement at the Cape. Down to the end of the eighteenth century the Dutch garrison and colonists were mainly concerned with Hottentots and Bushmen. Both these races are now practically extinct, except so far as their blood mingles with that of the colored population in the Cape Province and elsewhere. But as the Dutch farmers moved north the Kafir, or Bantu, race was beginning to press southwards and a clash was unavoidable. The First Kafir War—against the Xosas—took place in 1779, and the ninth was ended just a century later, when the Transkei came under British rule. Basutoland was finally annexed in 1884 and Zululand in 1887.

In these three territories the Bantu race is still seen at its best and wildest.

As far superior in physique and moral qualities to the Hottentots as were the Hottentots to the Bushmen, it is equal in strength and courage to its white conquerors, whom it outnumbers by about three to one.

The various tribes of Kafirs, after a century of intermittent warfare, were defeated by arms of precision, pacified by statesmanship and gradually habituated to white rule, under which, indeed, they live contentedly wherever the yoke is not too heavy. One cause of their rapid acquiescence to the new régime lay, I am told, in their recognition of the white man's amazing control over the mysterious forces of Nature. Nature they worshiped, and its awful mysteries accounted for their belief in witchcraft. They are still plagued by the witch doctors; but some part of the veneration in which their witch doctors and chiefs were held has been transferred to the white man, who can predict eclipses and cure diseases, who invented guns and built railways. These and other wonders, such as the telegraph, telephone, motor car, phonograph, cinema and flying machine, have led them to believe that immortality is the only power we do not possess and the only gift we cannot confer. At first they were incredulous, stupefied; now nothing surprises them. An administrator from the Transkei told me that the natives in those parts took the advent of the flying machine as merely another proof of the white man's omnipotence.

Kafir Characteristics

Unless they act outrageously, the persons of white men and women are sacrosanct, except where the native is contaminated by contact with immorality in the towns. There you hear of native gangs robbing and murdering and of other abominable crimes. But left in his ancient ways, the kraal native remains courteous to all, faithful to the master he serves and obedient to the government he trusts. Of this there is ample testimony.

Among themselves, the Kafirs are kindly and hospitable. If they are unsympathetic to bodily pain, it is because they take little account of it. Pains which would make most of us quiver, they hardly feel. In debate and dialectic they are proficient. They delight in legal disputes and altercations. Their repartee is often happy. They have a keen sense of humor and they love music and dancing. If they are not fond of work it is because they have not the white man's passion for property and money. But they have learned the value of coins. A florin two-shilling piece—they still call a Scotchman, because a Scottish employer in Natal once tried the florin as a substitute for the half crown—two shillings and sixpence—in paying his native laborers.

The Bantu language is described as melodious and copious, in respect especially of the animals and plants which touch their pastoral life. Living unshod among snakes and creeping things innumerable, and wild beasts and prickly grasses and shrubs, natives are by nature and long necessity wary and observant. Teachers say that the children have plenty of aptitude and intelligence. But Western education does not often improve their character. They may lose their primitive virtues and customs without successfully imitating ours. They memorize without absorbing, and copy without understanding. They tend machinery mechanically and rather unintelligently. They still build their round beehive huts of mud and thatch. Most of those who learn to plow for a white master still prefer to let their women cultivate the kraal patches with hoe and spade.

To cram native children for Western examinations is almost certainly a mistake, though I have no doubt that the schools instituted by Mr. Kegwin in Rhodesia, after long study of native ways, are on the right lines. You proceed from the known to the less known; you add a little science to their knowledge of plants and animals; you teach them how to plow and how to mend plows, how to fertilize and to grow with little increased exertion—two useful plants where only one grew before. Like all farmers and pastoralists, they learn more by experience and experiment than from books or abstract demonstration. They think in shapes and colors and learn from parables. To prepare them for factory life or clerical work will not promote their happiness or South African concord. Whatever education they receive should be based upon facts, habits and customs, and not squeezed and squared to European standards and ideals.

As education proceeds time will perhaps show new capacities and unfold new ambitions; but they should not be awakened too rudely from an ignorance which is often bliss; or forced into distressful rivalry with the already discontented classes of white men in the towns. Natives who become permanent inhabitants of town locations contract far more of the white man's vices than of his virtues. They degenerate physically and morally. They mix with the dregs of the white and colored population; and though everything possible should be done to purify native life in the towns, nothing should be done to encourage it. The more natives in a town the worse for them, and the worse for the white inhabitants.

In regard to native questions the Cape has always been more liberal than the Transvaal, the Free State or Natal. It is the only province which allows natives to qualify for the suffrage. In the Transvaal there is a color bar which forbids the Kafirs from performing many kinds of skilled work. White labor throughout South Africa is more or less of an oligarchy. If a householder sends for a carpenter, a plumber or a painter, a white man will appear with at least one colored man to carry his tools and do the rough work. Similarly, on the farms and in the mines most of the work is performed by Kafirs or other colored men, with whites acting as foremen or supervisors. On large farms which I visited I found that the proportion of colored to white labor was ten to one.

The Wonderful Gorge Below Victoria Falls—Looking Down the Zambesi, Rhodesia, Africa

Labor

The advantages and disadvantages of this system and these conditions are obvious. If an industrious man without capital emigrates to South Africa, he finds that he is discouraged or practically prohibited from almost all kinds of unskilled labor, which moreover is paid on a very low scale. A black miner will get a pound a week, while the skilled white miner will get a pound a day. It is true that poor whites are being settled on the land in some districts and are also being employed at wages of about five shillings a day on roads, afforestation and government irrigation works. But on the whole, though the climate generally is not too hot for hard work, tradition and custom and the abundance of cheap black labor makes it unlikely that South Africa will ever be a white man's country in the full sense of the word. On the other hand, a settler with capital finds labor conditions much easier than in Australia, New Zealand, Canada or the American West. There is no difficulty in obtaining servants. In the Free State most white households have Basuto women, and in the Transvaal Zulu boys do domestic work, often very efficiently. Though many enterprising English and Scotch farmers are scattered over the union, Dutchmen predominate in most of the country districts except the eastern province of the Cape and Natal.

The most important British settlement in South Africa was that which colonized the eastern province in 1820, founding Grahamstown and Port Elizabeth and afterwards assisting in the development of Natal. Some 5000 of these settlers arrived in 1820 and 1821. Many of them were Wesleyans from the South of England. Scotsmen—mostly Presbyterians—came later to Natal and played a very prominent part in

Continued on Page 58

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Go into the store of any of the 90,000 dealers selling Champions. Compare Champions with any other spark plug. Champion superiority is so marked as to be unmistakable. The seven types provide the proper spark plug for every engine. Blue Box sells for 75 cents. Champion X for 60 cents. (Canadian prices 90 and 80 cents.)

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

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Harlan Fengler in establishing a new world's record of 116 miles per hour at Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, on February 24, drove the entire 250 miles without changing a Champion spark plug. The ten drivers who finished first in this great speedway race used dependable Champions and not one changed a spark plug.

Champion is the standard spark plug for Ford cars and trucks and Fordson tractors. Recognized by dealers and owners for 12 years as the most economical and efficient spark plug. Sold by dealers everywhere.

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We are the only shoemakers in America who sell exclusively through our own stores.

We will fit you from Hanover —if there is no Hanover Store near you. Write for catalog. The Hanover Shoe, Hanover, Pa.

Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are especially made for growing feet. They're staunch, serviceable and good looking. $3 50, $3 and $2.5

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that province. Englishmen who go out now to farm in South Africa often take advantage of the 1820 Memorial Settlers' Association. Under its auspices, between January, 1921, and April, 1923, 976 settlers—632 being adults—were introduced, with an aggregate capital of £1,524,000. Immigrants who have not enough capital—say, £1500 or £2000—to buy and stock a farm are not encouraged.

To generalize about South Africa as a whole is impossible. Each of the four states which comprise the Union has its peculiarities of climate, soil and population; its own special problems, its own history and its own political characteristics.

Cape Colony, now the Cape Province, is the oldest as well as the largest, in both area and population. It is a little bigger than Texas and much bigger than California, though behind them both in population.

	AREA SQUARE MILES	POPULATION
Cape Colony	276,966	2,782,719
Texas	265,896	4,663,228
California	158,297	3,426,861

Of the inhabitants of the Cape Province, however, only 650,000 are whites. The Cape also contains a considerable number of colored people, some of whom have a large proportion of white blood. In the southern part of the Cape the number of pure Kafirs of the Bantu race is comparatively small.

The typical scenery of Cape Colony is quite un-English. I was constantly reminded of California and Spain. The mountains are bare, rugged and rocky; the tints, especially in the evening toward sunset, are superb. Like California, the Cape Province is a land of fruit. Pears and peaches, grapes, oranges and lemons all flourish. As in California, the development of fruit farming depends largely upon irrigation. The Dutch East India Company, which founded Cape Colony in 1652, could hardly have found a more complete change of life and climate for Hollanders. Accustomed at home to a superabundance of water, these immigrants soon learned to regard it as the most precious of commodities. Instead of expelling it from the land by dikes, they constructed dams to retain it. On the high and dry veldt of the Transvaal and Free State almost all the old springs and wells are marked as *fonteins*, for a good fountain makes all the difference to the value of a farm.

South African Fruit Growing

At present most of the best pears, peaches, plums and grapes in South Africa are grown in the western part of Cape Province. A majority of the 1,000,000 boxes packed and exported from South Africa to England last season came from the beautiful farms in this district. While I was in Capetown, General Smuts, in opening the Rosebank Agricultural Show, quoted a British jam manufacturer's statement that South Africa is an even better fruit country than California, and might produce "ten times, a hundred times, or even a thousand times more than it is doing at present." Next day there appeared in the Cape Argus a cartoon entitled Arrested Development. The premier was depicted as a schoolteacher standing beside a very small boy labeled Western Cape Province and exhorting him to grow up to be as big as California—a huge fellow—whose growth and size are to be imitated.

California methods of drying and irrigating are being studied to some purpose by a few of the more progressive farmers of the Cape, and it seems quite possible that a certain amount of surplus capital and enterprise may before long find its way from California to South Africa. Ten years hence South African fruit may be as plentiful in the spring in New York, Philadelphia and other American cities as it is now in London, Glasgow or Liverpool. South African fruits have the immense advantage of ripening just when those of Europe and the United States have been consumed.

To the north and northwest of Capetown are many beautiful fruit farms and vineyards. Excellent wines are grown and manufactured at Constantia in gardens established by a Dutch governor more than 200 years ago. Mr. Merriman's farm near Stellenbosch is well called Schoongezigt—that is, Fairview. It is a lovely little estate lying at the foot of the mountains, watered by a trout stream which issues from a *kloof*, or gorge, in the range. The house was built over 100 years ago in the Dutch style. I saw several magnificent oak trees. They grow twice as fast as in England, but the pace spoils the grain and the wood is of little value. Mr. Merriman packs pears, plums and peaches in Swedish boxes for the London market.

Mr. Jagger's farm, about thirty miles from Capetown, is almost as beautiful, and much larger. He has over 50,000 fruit trees, besides vineyards and pasture. The farm is worked by ten white men and over 100 Kafirs. There is a drying ground and a packing station where Kafir women pack the good fruit for export and dry the inferior qualities. A woman packs about eighty boxes a day. As native wages are low, less labor-saving machinery is used than would be required on a similar farm in Australia or California. Two motor plows, bought some years ago, have been laid up. Here and in the neighborhood rough and heavy land is plowed with oxen, but generally mules are used, as they do the work much quicker.

Production Conditions

On the way to Kimberley we stopped at Worcester, a great wine and raisin center. We also visited the Nuy valley, which has been irrigated by private enterprise with complete success. Land worth ten shillings an acre before irrigation is now worth thirty, forty or fifty pounds. Most of the farmers are Dutch, and they gave me a very friendly and hospitable reception. All were suffering from the depression. Before the war ordinary wine sold at from three to five pounds a leaguer. In the summer of 1920 the price soared to twenty-six pounds a leaguer. In that same autumn it became unsalable, and since then it has been impossible to make a profit. The finest wine in this neighborhood was selling at just over twopence a quart. The merchants who bottled it got a shilling and the hotels were retailing it at from three shillings sixpence to five shillings a bottle. Inferior raisins were being fed to pigs or used as manure.

The better sorts were selling wholesale in London at twopence a pound and were being retailed at ninepence a pound in South Africa. In commenting on these economic contrasts I ventured to say that the home market would recover more quickly if the consumer were given the benefit of low prices.

Some attempts have been made to sell raisins in the United States, but so far the exporters have found the American market too uncertain, and almost all consignments are still made to London or Liverpool. The depression was attributed by raisin growers partly to dumping from Smyrna and the Levant.

South Africa is a land of infinite variety, mystery and surprise. Those who love risk and the vicissitudes of fortune are naturally attracted by such a life. Vast areas of scrub are still waiting to be converted by the pioneer into arable or pasture or fruit farms. Pests of all kinds—jackals, locusts, white ants, codling moths and the like—have to be combated. Many are the diseases that afflict cattle, sheep and vegetation.

Droughts are periodic. So are floods. No wonder that Kafirs are superstitious. No wonder that Europeans become speculative and adventurous. Not seldom a poor farmer has been enriched by a discovery of gold or diamonds, or of an unsuspected well. In the long run industry has its reward, but luck is a great factor in South African life.

Many remote districts suffer from lack of markets. The depression, which has lasted since the slump of 1921, is largely due to European conditions; but it was aggravated by the Rand strike, which enormously reduced the purchasing power of Johannesburg, the chief internal market. Unfortunately, during the boom the South African banks encouraged speculation. Heavy losses have resulted and the restriction of credit has affected legitimate enterprise.

It is perhaps not surprising that two luxury products—diamonds and ostrich feathers, out of which many South African fortunes have been made—should have suffered severely. At Kimberley and at the Premier Diamond Mine near Pretoria I found that only a very small percentage of the plants were being operated. But prospects were brightening a little. Most of the Bolshevik and other secondhand diamonds belonging to the ruined aristocrats of Europe have been disposed of, and the wives and daughters of American prosperity were beginning to call for new stones. At Port Elizabeth I found the ostrich-feather market very flat indeed. Vienna, one of their best markets, has been dead since the war. Ostrich farms are hardly worth keeping. Some say that the fashion will never revive, because ostrich feathers and motoring go ill together.

Very large areas of South Africa, especially in the Cape and Free State, are well adapted for merino sheep and Angora goats. Sheep browse on the high veldt; goats love the rocky mountains of the dry Karroo desert. Luckily for South Africa, wool and mohair have commanded high prices in the last two years. Kid mohair touched the record price of fifty-four pence a pound while I was at Port Elizabeth in April. Cattle growers, on the other hand, have been suffering heavy losses. So miserable, indeed, has been their plight, and so loud their outcry, that the government was induced last session to pay a bounty on meat exports. But South Africa is not likely to make a success of meat exports. It can compete on equal terms with the merino wool of Australia and the mohair of Turkey; but it cannot make headway against New Zealand mutton or Argentine beef. It is not a good country for fattening either sheep or cattle, nor is it well adapted for cereals. Wheat, barley and oats are cultivated with moderate success for home consumption, under cover of a protective tariff. Mealie, on the other hand—as they call Indian corn—is grown successfully all over South Africa. It is the staple food of the Kafirs and there is a growing surplus for export. Tobacco is another surplus crop. The pipe tobacco of both the Transvaal and Rhodesia is of very good quality. They smoke it very dry, and as sparks are apt to light on trousers, it is called Tailor's Friend.

All branches of farming have made wonderful progress in the past twenty years. The old Boer farmer was very conservative. He regarded pests and diseases as providential dispensations, and it was a long time before he could be induced to dip his sheep and cattle. Now he is beginning to adopt scientific methods, and many young Dutchmen are studying agriculture at the colleges. Some go to California to learn the art of fruit growing, others to Australia to study sheep farming.

Afforestation Projects

South Africa has to thank Australia not only for merino sheep but also for a number of valuable trees. The early Dutch settlers, feeling the lack of forests and timber, planted camphor trees and oaks round their farms at the Cape. It was found also that certain varieties of pine could be grown successfully. But after the discovery of Australia the gum tree—eucalyptus—was brought to South Africa and proved a prodigious success. There are, I believe, forty varieties of the eucalyptus; but the main ones are known as blue, white and red. They grow very rapidly and many millions have been planted all over the Union. They are invaluable as wind screens to protect plants and animals from the terrible storms of sand and dust which afflict many districts. The wood of the red gum is of good quality; blue and white gums supply inferior wood for fuel and other purposes. The Australian wattle has been cultivated with such success that before the war wattle bark was actually being exported from South Africa to Australia.

The railway administration of South Africa spends considerable sums annually in afforestation and expects within a few years to have an annual supply sufficient to provide sleepers for the railways. Sir William Hoy, the permanent railway chief, is an enthusiastic lover of trees and plants. So is General Smuts, who has planted 500,000 trees on his estate at Eirene in the Transvaal. But even their enthusiasm pales before that of Doctor Jamieson, a municipal officer who, after beautifying Pretoria, is now applying his scientific energy to the much harder task of surrounding arid Kimberley with a belt of forests.

One of the very few industries which can advantageously be undertaken and carried on by the state is afforestation. Those who know India and Egypt might perhaps add irrigation. Much public money has been spent on irrigation dams by the Union government. But I could not hear of any large

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Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

"THE WOMAN ON THE JURY"

They wanted her to vote "guilty." The crime had been committed. Murder. There was no room for silly sentiment.

But a woman's heart may understand where the mind of a man is blind. She judged out of the bitterness of her own experience, accusing herself before the eleven men—one of them her husband—to swing the verdict.

The jury room scene in "The Woman on the Jury" is one of the dramatic gems of motion picturedom of all time. Sylvia Breamer, Frank Mayo, Bessie Love, Lew Cody, Hobart Bosworth and Mary Carr are the principals in the cast of this picture.

A scene from her own past comes before the mind of The Woman on the Jury as she judges the prisoner at the bar. The above shows Sylvia Breamer and Lew Cody in a dramatic moment in the earlier part of the picture.

Awaiting the outcome of the long debate among the twelve who held her life in their hands. Wondering if the Woman on the Jury would understand—and help. Bessie Love has one of the most appealing rôles in her career in this dramatic offering.

Movies in Mexico

WITH the completion of "The Woman on the Jury," Bessie Love, Hobart Bosworth and Mary Carr immediately embarked for Mexico, where the company filming "Sundown," a story of the passing of the Old West, was awaiting them to complete the cast.

"Sundown" grows bigger as it nears completion. It will be a bit of American history in dramatic form, and among the ex-cowboys may sigh for the good old days when "ridin' the herd" meant days and days upon the saddle.

Re-enter Ben Alexander

WE'VE been answering dozens of inquiries in the past few weeks concerning Ben Alexander, that pleasant young man of eleven years who scored such a hit in "Penrod and Sam" and "Boy of Mine." He has just started in a new production under the supervision of J. K. McDonald—the creator of his two past successes. Lloyd Hamilton, famous comedian, will also appear.

It's a story of a boy and a tramp who crash a small town and do their best to build patronage for a run-down hotel. There's no end of adventure and a riot of laughs. As yet it is nameless. Can you suggest a title?

Five months in the Sahara

SOMEWHERE in Algeria there are a thousand puzzled Arabs wondering why an American movie director should come half way around the world to take pictures in the Sahara and pay them to ride camels and fight one another before a camera. "A Son of the Sahara" is Edwin Carewe's answer. None of its scenes could have been duplicated in America. Even if it were possible to collect a thousand camels there is no scenery in America similar to the real Sahara.

The entire company returned home recently after five months' work abroad. Bert Lytell admits with a smile that it isn't so bad to be a sheik, and Claire Windsor can talk some French-Arabic. Montagu Love has his own opinion on the pleasures of camel riding, and Walter McGrail and Rosemary Theby agree that the Sahara will never become a popular resort.

"A Son of the Sahara," with all its romance and thrills, is now listed for early showings in the country's biggest theatres. It is an answer to the demand for more real-istic films of foreign life, even at the cost of a 14,000 mile trip.

Turning Back the Years

A SCORE of years ago when the nearest thing to the motion picture was the stereopticon on the parlor table—Maurice Tourneur was acting on the French stage and producing his own plays abroad. Then, abandoning footlights for studio arclight, he started pioneering in picture making in America. Now, a veteran with a record of half a hundred screen entertainments behind him, he turns to Parisian theatrical life for the subject of his next picture, "The White Moth."

Not many of us can turn back the years this way. Tourneur will re-enact before the camera the scenes of his youth and, with a fascinating, dramatic story to work with, turn out one of the year's finest society dramas. Barbara La Marr and Conway Tearle will play the leading rôles.

"The White Moth"

Barbara La Marr in the title rôle of "The White Moth," a Levee-Tourneur production which will bring you back-stage in a Parisian theatre. The unusual again is promised by Maurice Tourneur, and judging from the costume the promise will be fulfilled.

Looking 'Em Over

Strongheart, wonder dog of the screen, continues his personal appearance tour throughout the country in connection with his new picture, "THE LOVE MASTER." He recently barked an appreciation of his popular favor over the radio.

Richard Walton Tully has added his bit to the general excitement over oil by contributing "FLOWING GOLD" to the screen. It's a lively Rex Beach story dealing with the oil fields of Texas.

Harold Bell Wright's name in electric lights means a crowd at the theatre where his picture, "WHEN A MAN'S A MAN," is playing. This novel, on picture form, is proving one of the most popular films of the season.

It seems very probable that "THE LILIES OF THE FIELD," featuring Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle, will become even more popular than "Black Oxen," Gertrude Atherton's novel, in which Miss Griffith and Mr. Tearle also appeared. It is, as one reviewer called it, "a happy combination of pictorial splendor, clever acting and an unusual story of tremendous interest."

After you have seen it let us know your opinion.

"Cytherea—Goddess of Love"

The spirit of the ancient Greek goddess lives again in the character of Savina Grove, created by Joseph Hergesheimer. Here we see the awakening of this strange emotion that thrills a conventional, listless soul. Alma Rubens plays the title rôle and Lewis Stone is Lee Randon. The picture was produced by Samuel Goldwyn (no longer connected with Goldwyn pictures) and directed by George Fitzmaurice.

Bert Lytell Goes A-Sheiking

Bert Lytell had an opportunity to study the fine points of sheik love making in Algeria, where "A Son of the Sahara" was filmed. Here we have Claire Windsor about to succumb to the charms of her turbaned lover. This production, probably the first big picture to be filmed in the Sahara with a company of American screen favorites, is on the list of coming attractions at your local theatre.

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American Express Travelers' Cheques come in convenient leather pocketbooks—in denominations of $10, $20, $50 and $100. ***They cost only 75c. per $100.***

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American Express Travelers Cheques

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irrigation scheme that has been a financial success, though one or two now approaching completion will, it is hoped, pay a modest rate of interest on the capital laid out. But the argument for state afforestation is a strong one. We have seen in the United States and in many other countries how ruthlessly forests are destroyed if the individual is not restrained by the community, and how little private enterprise can be relied upon to replace these ravages or to afforest treeless country. South Africa is on the whole badly off for timber. Most of the native forests are poor. There is a long belt of scrub along the east coast; but only here and there do you see a good tree. As a rule, the individual cannot afford to wait a long time for his crop. But a government can; and in such a country as South Africa it does well to invest in tree planting, especially in times of depressed trade, when work has to be found for the unemployed.

So far I have spoken mainly of rural conditions and production. There remain the mines and the manufacturing industries. Of South Africa's agricultural and pastoral products, only fruit, maize, wool, mohair, ostrich feathers and hides are exported, or are likely to be exported, in large quantities. The fruit trade should expand; but except in dried and canned fruits Cape Colony will not compete with California. What seems likely is that it will export more and more of table grapes, peaches and pears to the United States in the early spring. South Africa's exports of merino wool and mohair are going largely to American mills, either direct or via London and Bradford, in Yorkshire, which has long made a specialty of mohair fabrics. In return come motor cars, machinery and tools. But the dependence of South Africa on the American market is even more striking when we turn to the products of the mines.

According to recent estimates based on official figures, the total value in sterling of all the commodities produced in the South African Union during 1921 came to £155,000,000, toward which agriculture contributed £71,500,000, manufacturing £43,000,000 and mining £40,500,000. Some of the manufacturing industries, such as the repairing shops on the Rand and the various fruit factories, are necessary and self-supporting, but most of them are artificial creations dependent on a protective tariff. In his 1923 budget Mr. Burton, the finance minister, raised and multiplied the protective duties. He anticipated from these changes an additional revenue of £120,000; but the cost to consumers was calculated by two independent experts at £500,000 a year. This protective tariff is beginning to be felt as a serious grievance by the staple industries, which are self-supporting and exporting. They, of course, suffer from any artificial measures which raise the cost of living and production. The price of boots, for example, is now at least half as much again in South Africa as in the United States or Great Britain. Nor can it be pretended that South African boots are a success.

The Gold-Reefed City

Since the discovery and exploitation of diamonds and gold South Africa has owed most of its wealth and luxury to mining. Nearly all the big fortunes have been made in Kimberley or Johannesburg. A very large public revenue is derived from gold, and in good years from diamonds.

The farmers, merchants and manufacturers are largely dependent on the prosperity of the mines. Johannesburg is the best interior market for meat and dairy produce. Gold has for a long time been South Africa's chief article of export. Its annual value varied from £34,000,000 to £39,000,000 sterling between 1914 and 1920. The sales of diamonds fluctuate enormously. In 1915 they were under £400,000. In 1920 they were valued at £14,762,000. In the same period the output of the Natal and Transvaal coal mines was growing. In the boom year of 1920 it was valued at £4,500,000, about double the figure of 1914. From Durban there is a growing export for bunker purposes and for Eastern markets. After coal rank copper, tin and silver; but in an average year their combined output is not valued at much more than £1,000,000. There is abundance of iron ore, but so far attempts to work it have proved unprofitable. The home market, even if protected, is probably too restricted to justify a large capital expenditure on iron and steel plants. Such at least is the opinion of a leading English ironmaster who has examined conditions on the spot. Returning to gold—which, after all, is the alpha and omega of all speculation and reflection about South Africa's future—I find the month I spent in the gold-reefed city has left strange and vivid impressions.

Johannesburg is a well-built modern town, situated on the long, narrow belt of mines and dumps which mark the Witwatersrand. It is so new that men still alive can remember when it did not exist. It was laid out and named after President Kruger's surveyor of mines, Johann Ryssik, who is still alive and well. Dust in the dry season is still the principal drawback to life in Johannesburg; but tree planting has been very successful, and some of the suburbs are really beautiful. It has fine, substantial buildings and agreeable parks, and at least one first-class hotel. It is the biggest market and the biggest distributing center of South Africa. Its shops rival those of Capetown. But everything revolves around the mines.

Mile-Deep Mining

Standing on the roof of the Corner House, you see how the city is attached to the long line of the Witwatersrand—a belt only a mile or two in width but thirty or forty miles long, dotted with white dumps like small pyramids, marking the graves, not of dead kings but of exhausted mines. From those dumps, on which unfortunately trees and grass can hardly be persuaded to grow, are blown the clouds of dust which on windy days infest the streets of Johannesburg.

The climate, however, is fine, and the air exhilarating. It has that champagne quality which you feel in New York and some other American cities; and it seems to produce the same speculative temperament, with something of an almost childish optimism. Even of men with good incomes in Johannesburg a majority, I fancy, prefer gambling and speculating to investment; though, to be sure, an increasing number of engineers and merchants are buying farms or entering into partnerships with practical farmers in the Transvaal, Cape Colony, Natal or Portuguese West Africa. A good many Johannesburgers own land round Delagoa Bay, and the Portuguese are beginning to get a little nervous as to the imperialistic designs of the Union government.

The wonder is that they were not dispossessed long ago, for history tells us that the Portuguese flag has flown uninterruptedly from the massive old fort of Lorenzo Marques ever since 1550.

In March and April, after the rains, the climate of Johannesburg is at its best—bright, sunny and not too hot. The hospitality is overwhelming. I doubt if there is a town even in the United States of the same size which indulges in such a round of gayety. Tennis parties are a favorite amusement, and the average level of play is very high. The number of tennis courts is prodigious. A local orator once boasted that there are more brains to the square mile in Johannesburg than in any other part of the world. Substitute tennis courts for brains and he would certainly have been within the mark.

One day toward the end of March, Mr. Samuel Evans, chairman of the Crown Mines, after showing us the process of extraction, took us down below. The lifts, which carry auriferous rock to the surface and take the miners up and down, are extraordinarily rapid and powerful. They are called skips. We went down Number 5 shaft to a depth of about 2500 feet in about three minutes; then we walked along a crosscut to inspect a stope, where a gang of natives under a white supervisor were stoping—that is, making holes about three feet deep in the rock for blasting. They use a jack-hammer drill driven by compressed air to make these holes. Then we walked back and went down to the nineteenth level in another skip. This was about three thousand feet below the surface and it began to be rather hot. We saw trucks discharging rock into bins, and we saw the skip taking up this rock to the surface eight tons at a time. On the nineteenth level we went in a little electric train along a crosscut, passing a pumping station and an electric forge, where drills were being sharpened. After traveling in this train for about a mile we reached the celebrated Number 14 shaft, and there met the famous Welsh shaft sinker, Mr. Rees, whose work is very interesting and very dangerous. He put us into a huge shaft-sinking bucket, after providing us with steel helmets in case a bit of rock fell upon our heads. In this bucket we were let down another 1500 feet and stood at a depth of nearly 5000 feet below the surface—a depth at which only a few years ago mining was supposed to be impossible. This shaft will eventually be 3000 feet deep, and when it is completed a few years hence mining will be commenced on the sea level, 6000 feet below Johannesburg. It was a weird experience, but one which I would not have missed. We were not sorry, however, to find ourselves once more safe and sound on the surface again.

Another scene: One Sunday, which is a recreation day for the natives, we were taken to see a native dance at the Crown Mines. The particular tribe which gave the entertainment was from Portuguese territory. They had a grand band which played the most extraordinary music. The instruments were mostly wooden. When they started playing, all the natives, who were dressed up in feathers and gorgeous apparel, began to get excited. Some of them were disguised as wild animals. One man ran up a tree and imitated a baboon, tearing off branches and jumping from bough to bough with marvelous agility. Most of the performers, who ran into hundreds, carried wooden assegais, bows and shields. There were seven fits, or acts, in the play, and there were some wonderful sham fights. Before starting, they played for our benefit God Save the King, and Daisy Bell. The utmost good humor prevailed, and it was on the whole the most picturesque of all the native scenes that I witnessed in South Africa.

Lord Bryce's Predictions

At present the Transvaal contributes about 60 per cent of the world's gold supply. For the moment the precious metal is in a precarious position. Nearly all its customers have been lost through the war. Only the United States and India remain. Of all the gold mines in the world, only those of the United States remain open. Most of the countries which had gold reserves have been forced to part with gold in order to supply themselves with funds to meet their deficits or to arrest the decline of their paper currencies. Hence an unprecedented flow of gold to the United States; hence also, to prevent the inflation of its own currency, the Treasury at Washington is compelled to hoard very large amounts. Yet gold is badly needed to restore and stabilize the currencies of Europe.

All the authorities agree that the Rand output has about reached its maximum, and that a gradual decline will begin within the next ten years. When James Bryce visited South Africa in 1895, he investigated the matter on the spot, in consultation with the leading geologists and mineralogists. On this occasion, forgetting his usual caution, he ventured upon a startling prediction:

"Until 1950 the Rand district will be the economic and industrial center of South Africa and the seat of the largest European community."

So far there is good reason to think that this forecast will be verified. "But," he went on, "soon after A. D. 2000 has been reached this line of industry and noisy market of speculation will have again become the stony solitude which it was in 1880."

Here I venture to think that the prophet's jeremiad will prove false. Unless the white man is driven out and South Africa reverts to barbarism, Johannesburg will remain a considerable town. It has become an important railway and distributing center, the seat of a vigorous university and of large educational establishments. It has a fine, exhilarating climate. True, many small mining towns have disappeared in America and in Australia after the mines which created them became exhausted. But I do not know of any case in which a city so large and so well built as Johannesburg has returned to a stony solitude.

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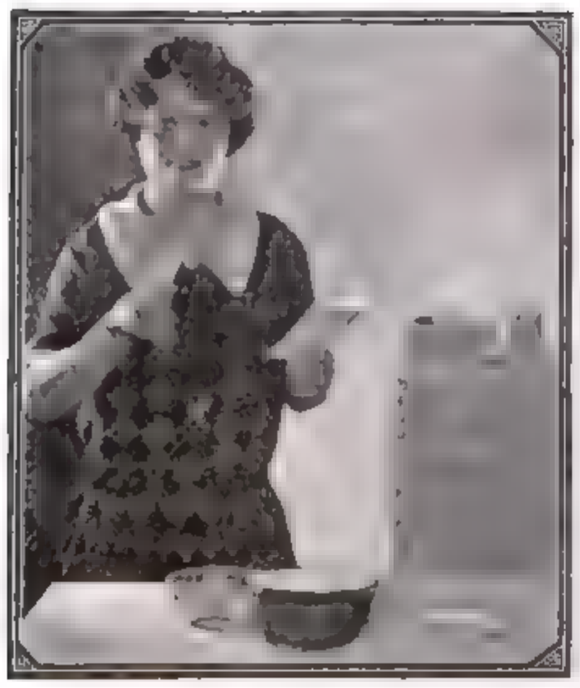

Domestic Science Indorses Sauerkraut

"This morning I'm going to say something about an old favorite that has recently come into a new popularity—sauerkraut!

"Everybody seems to be talking about sauerkraut now-a-days—and eating it. The newly widespread interest in it is due to a realization of its great value as a food for health. For centuries sauerkraut has been a staple article of diet in European countries, and a favorite with many in this country, but it is only recently that food scientists have found the reason for its beneficial effects.

"They are due to the lactic acid, which has long been known as a most valuable natural cleanser and disinfectant for the entire digestive tract. It has a tendency to destroy those micro-organisms which so often cause illness.

"Many have asked me for new ways of preparing sauerkraut, and I want to say that this booklet, published by The National Kraut Packers' Association, not only tells the whole story of sauerkraut, but also contains a great many new recipes for salads and meat and vegetable combinations which are delicious.

"A little later we are going to make some of them in the class. In the meantime, I advise you all to write for this free booklet and learn what appetizing dishes can be made with this old favorite."

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at groceries, meat markets and delicatessen stores.

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Clyde, Ohio

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Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food" with new tested recipes

Name

Address

BAD-BOY STUFF

(Continued from Page 42)

obliged to accept the restitution and that the records would show that restitution had been made and accepted.

"There was only one particular in which the butcher had his way, and this was that his formal petition should be entered and its disposal made a matter of record in the court. I was too young at that time to understand, or at least to appreciate, what this implied.

"When I went out of that court I had the feeling that I was well out of a bad scrape and that the butcher had received altogether the worst of it. It looked to us boys that the judge had sat down on him rather hard. This opinion seemed to be shared by our parents. We received our due and proper punishment not only at home but in the shame of our court appearance—at least I did anyhow.

"I grew to manhood, married and established a home and a business of my own in that neighborhood. The painful incident of the sausages had passed out of my thought until one day my youngest daughter came home from school in tears and asked, 'Daddy, were you ever arrested?'

"Without stopping to recall my boyhood escapade, I laughingly answered, 'No, I think not. So far as I recall, the family record is clean on that score.'"

Getting a Boy to Talk

"'Oh, I'm so glad!' exclaimed my daughter. 'One of the girls at school got mad at me and said that my father had a court record.'

"Then it flashed over me that the butcher and his children had kept alive the memory of the escapade of the sausages and were using it as a lash with which to wound my own child. And the worst of it was that, technically, the statement was true. I couldn't deny it, because it was a part of the records of the Juvenile Court, which could be verified by anyone who cared to do so.

"Of course, there was nothing for me to do but to tell my little girl the whole story—and then move to another part of the city where this thing would not be again flaunted in the face of my children by their schoolmates or companions."

Visits with the judge in the privacy of his chambers are specialties in this court, which holds that to do full justice it must find out precisely what is going on in the boy's mind and what impulse or angle of reasoning led him into his trouble. This is often if not generally impossible, unless the judge first takes measures to gain the boy's complete confidence. Frequently this is a very delicate task in diplomacy and cannot be accomplished in an open-court hearing. Hence the visits in chambers. How many miscarriages of justice are avoided by this painstaking practice will never be known, but they are numerous. Here, however, is a case typical of many others.

A fine-looking boy about fourteen years old was brought before Judge Arnold. He was charged with stabbing another boy. The story which he told, as he stood before the judge's desk in the court room, was substantially this:

With a smaller boy he was wandering along the banks of the drainage canal when the sound of a splash called his attention to three boys on the opposite shore who had thrown a small dog into the canal and were laughing at its pitiful efforts to climb up the steep banks and save itself from drowning. After this cruelty had been repeated several times, the boy called to those who were torturing the dog and told them that the pup was all in and that they'd better quit. This provoked retorts, and finally the boys on the opposite bank held a consultation and moved toward a bridge farther down the canal.

The boy in court explained that as his home was also in the direction of the bridge, he kept on toward it. For a time the other boys seemed to him to have disappeared. But when he approached the bridge he saw that they were waiting for him with a number of reenforcements. As he put it, they had got their gang together and were laying for him. They charged across the bridge with a rush. Seeing that he was outnumbered and that it would be hopeless for him to attempt to defend himself against so many with his fists, he drew his pocket knife and thrust it out before him as the gang bore down on him. He testified that he did not really intend to harm his assailants, but only to scare them off. The main facts of his story were substantiated by the testimony drawn from the other boys. The only point at issue seemed to be his intent to injure his assailants, and it was not difficult to arrive at the conclusion that he was hard pressed and in a difficult position. In the course of the testimony it came out that the parents of the injured boy had paid a doctor bill of fifty dollars. "This gave me, as I thought," related Judge Arnold, "the opportunity to get at the real attitude of the boy. So I said to him, 'Son, you admit that you stabbed this boy. Don't you think it would be the square thing to tell his parents that you will pay that doctor's bill? Wouldn't that be about the plainest way possible to prove that you didn't really intend to injure him, but were only trying to scare off the gang?'

"I was surprised when he looked me squarely in the eye and muttered, 'I don't know.'

"The instant this came out I knew that there was something behind this trouble which he had not told. Until I found out what this was I was helpless, I realized, to help this boy out of his trouble.

"Then I said to him, 'Your attitude looks wrong to me, son.'

"His answer to this was quick and unhesitating—'All right then, send me away.'

"This answer made me still more positive that there was something which he was holding back. Therefore I took him into my chambers and for a time we talked about various things in which boys are invariably interested, and then I suddenly switched the conversation back to his personal problem, repeating that his attitude did not seem right to me and explaining that he would be given all the time necessary in which to pay the doctor's bill. I pointed out to him that although he was attending school he had a job which paid him fairly well for his time outside of school hours."

Making Good With Interest

"Finally he broke down and said, 'I'd rather be sent anywhere than to ask dad to pay that money. He can't do it. You see, I have a sister in a sanitarium down at Springfield. She's the t. b., I guess. Anyhow, she's all in and can't do anything and they think maybe she'll die. Dad gets $125 a month and it takes fifty dollars of that to pay for keeping sister in the sanitarium. And it takes every cent of what's left to keep the family going. Dad's got all he can carry and I'm not going to let this thing stick him for that doctor's bill. But if I can pay out myself, a little at a time, as you say, then I want to do it. I guess I ought to, too, all right.'

"When this came out I felt that I had won a big victory. To have sent this boy to a state corrective institution would have been a calamity. And that is probably what would have happened if I had not listened to the inward hunch which told me that he was holding back something from me which had a vital bearing on his case. Once more I made the resolution never to dispose of a case until I was satisfied that I had got under the boy's skin and was seeing the circumstances of the case from his angle.

"Just look at this case for a moment as it appeared to me before I was able to fathom the real motive behind the boy's refusal to admit that he ought to pay the physician's bill. The outstanding facts were these: The whole trouble started in the boy's humane instincts, in his inability to see a helpless pup tortured and persecuted without an attempt to stop the cruelty; he did not fight until he was attacked and his reason for drawing a pocket knife was because he was far outnumbered and beset by a gang. But the boy's attitude regarding paying the doctor's bill seemed, for the moment, to offset all these favorable considerations and to indicate that, somehow, he cared little about the consequences of his act. His offense was serious—he had stabbed a boy with a knife and injured him considerably.

"However, when I got at the real reason for the boy's attitude it immensely increased my respect for him. I knew that he was telling the truth about the sick sister at Springfield, because the court investigator had developed that fact. These investigations are rather searching, and when a boy's case is heard in this court I am generally forearmed with a very fair knowledge of his family and home surroundings.

"The finale of this case gave me peculiar satisfaction, because it proved to me that my impressions of the boy were correct. Before he left my chambers it was agreed that he should not begin making payments until vacation time; that when vacation came he was to take a position which I would find for him and then start in on the process of liquidation. He was right on the job and made good not only at the work but in making the payments. A little while before the final payment was due he appeared at my chambers and asked if I couldn't get a job for him in Springfield. His mother wished to go there so that she might be near her sick daughter, and of course the boy wished to be with his mother.

"This change was worked out successfully and the payments came on promptly from the boy. But the last payment brought me a real thrill. It included interest at 6 per cent on all the deferred payments. The boy wrote me that he had figured these out himself and he was sending the interest because he thought it was the fair thing to do. I sent the interest back to him with a letter which I hope warmed his heart, as his voluntary act had warmed mine. Whenever I encounter an apparently wrong attitude on the part of a boy who is brought before me, I instinctively recall this case and say to myself, 'Be sure that you have the boy's own angle on this thing before you come to any decision.'"

Hard But Not Hopeless

This incident illustrates much more than the point for which it was told. It reveals the spirit of Judge Arnold's court and explains why it has gained a world-wide reputation for success in dealing with bad boys and girls.

Under the practice of this court, about 90 per cent of first offenders make good, according to Judge Arnold. Quite a contrast to the 30 to 40 per cent of reclamations claimed by corrective schools of the state. In other words, the big end of boy-salvage work must be done before commitment to a state institution of correction.

It is not true, however, that the seasoned offenders are utterly hopeless. According to Judge Arnold, there are few bad boys who cannot be reached and straightened out if those who exercise supervision over them have the interest, tact and patience to gain an understanding of the boy in hand.

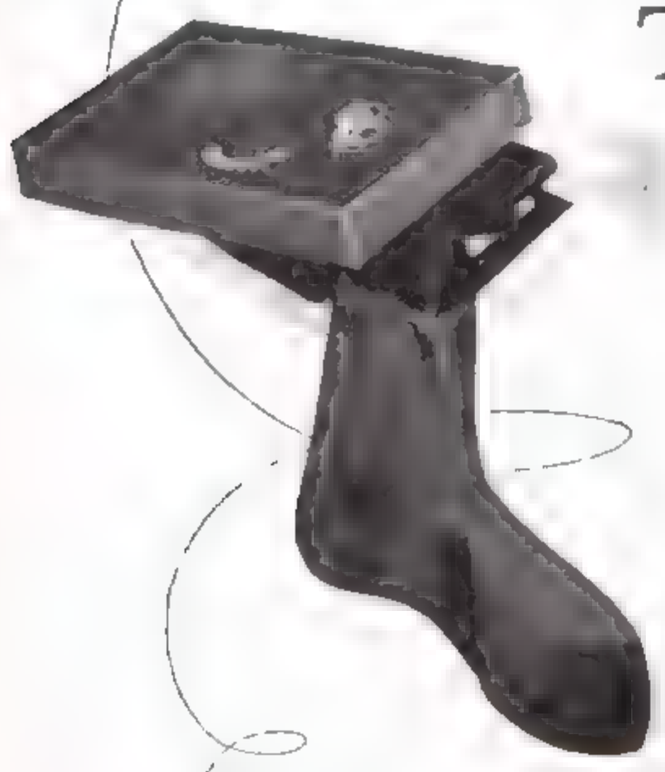
"Whenever," says this expert in bad boys, "I'm tempted to feel that a certain case is hopeless I remember the case of Red and take new courage. His home supervision stood at about zero. I inherited this case from my predecessor, consequently it was one of my first experiences. He started his career of discipline in the John Worthy School and was later sent to the St. Charles School for Boys.

"The minute Red was brought before me I knew that I was dealing with a hard case. He was not only tough but had the qualities of leadership and resourcefulness. His mother was a typical daughter of the old sod. In her way she was devoted to Red and stood with him against the world. He was her 'bye' and she was ready to fight for him on every occasion. Apparently that was about all she did know how to do for him. I sent Red back to the St. Charles institution. But in a short time he was out again, recaptured, and once more facing me in the court. I told him that, as it was apparent that he was not helped at the St. Charles School, I would commit him to the institution at Riverside and see what a change would do for him. The limit of his commitment was three months, but in a month and a half he gave the school the slip. In less than an hour from the moment of his escape he drove past the institution in a beautiful and expensive automobile well filled with children. As he passed he waved gayly to the school.

"Of course he was quickly captured and again brought into my court.

"'Red,' I told him, 'I've just about lost all patience with you. We're going to have a regular show-down. Everybody excepting your mother seems to be against you, and your record is against you too. All the evidence goes to indicate that you're bad

(Continued on Page 64)



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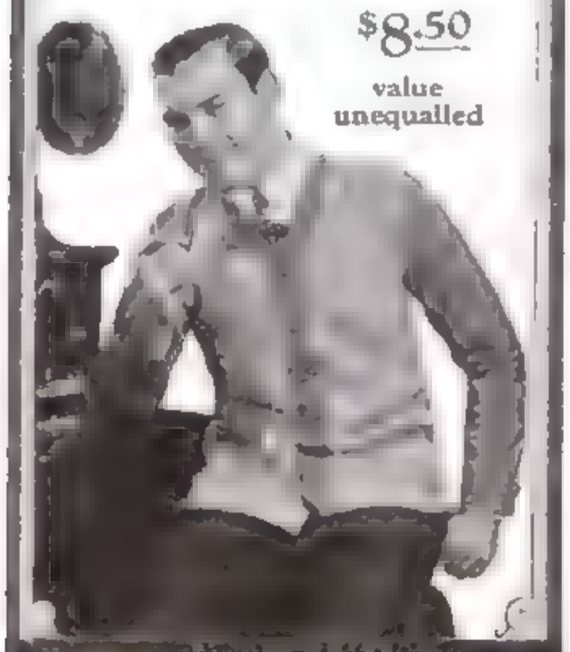

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From Sheep's Back To Yours

(Continued from Page 62)

through and through. But somehow I can't bring myself to believe that. Something makes me feel that there's a good streak in you if I could only get at it, but it's been well concealed. We'll go into my chambers and talk this thing out.'

"He grinned in his ingratiating, hard-boiled way, shrugged his shoulders and went inside. Following my usual practice, I did not begin immediately upon his troubles, but started a general conversation about automobiles. He warmed to this topic instantly and finally made the incidental observation that my car was a very slick one. This surprised me, and of course I asked him how he knew it. With a laugh he answered, 'Oh, I've been in it!'

"In the course of our visit he remarked that he took automobiles simply for the joy of driving them and not because he wanted to get money out of them. His record showed that he had never swiped anything but a car, and had never attempted to sell one. Finally I said to him:

"'Red, if you'll go back to the Cook County School and finish your term there, when you get out I'll get you a job either in a large garage or in a shop where cars are assembled. Then we'll go in together, fifty-fifty, and buy a used car which you can run. I've come to the conclusion that you would be a decent boy if you could work about cars all the time, have one to drive and satisfy your appetite for automobiles without feeling obliged to steal one now and then.'"

Red's Reform

"A grin spread clear to the roots of his red hair and he gave me his hand on the bargain. A little later I had occasion to visit the school to which Red had returned. I was met at the end of the car line by the school jitney and was surprised when Red greeted me from the pilot's seat. The superintendent told me that somehow Red had turned over a new leaf and seemed to be entirely trustworthy and he was happy as long as he could have his hands on a steering wheel.

"A little before Red was to leave the school he came, at my request, to my chambers. I called in a stenographer and, in the boy's presence, dictated a letter to the head of a plant in which hundreds of cars were assembled. I wound up the letter by saying, 'You can trust this boy absolutely.' Then I looked up at Red and remarked, 'That's rather strong, isn't it?' His eyes flashed and he came back at me, 'Judge, you can go just as far as you like and I'll see it through!'

"After he had been working in his position quite a long time, his mother came to me in a high state of excitement and demanded that I should tell her what I had been doing to Red. Of course I wanted to know why she had come to me with this question, and her answer was, 'Red ain't his old self any more, judge. He wears kid gloves, saves his money and stays in nights. My God, Judge, I don't know what's the matter with the bye!'

"One month after another slipped by, and still Red said nothing about our partnership purchase of a used car. Finally I brought up the subject myself, and he said that he had made up his mind to go into railroading; as a brakeman he would have no use for an automobile. He felt that he had rather worked the passion for sitting at the pilot wheel of a car out of his system and that it would be a good thing to have a little reserve fund on hand, especially when going into a new line of work.

"He made the change to railroading very soon thereafter. There was no recurrence of the auto mania. For the next two years he wrote to me occasionally and called to see me when he could. In fact, he treated me as a pal. He was working steadily, making good and saving his money. One day he came in and told me that he had decided to go out West and follow railroading out there. I haven't heard from him for about five years, but my confidence is strong that he is still running straight. If he should happen to read what I have said of him I hope that he will write to me.

"Another tough boy gave me a very busy time. He was about as difficult as my friend Red in the earlier stages of our acquaintance. One day I discovered that this boy's passion was for travel—"seeing the world," as he put it. We had a long talk about this, with the result that I suggested his going into the Navy. He was delighted, and I helped him to get into that branch of the service. I have had letters from this boy from almost every country of the globe that has a seaport. In one of his latest letters he said that he had continued to go straight and that he believed he was going to turn out a regular man.

"I confess that I have much more sympathy with the boy from the poor home than with the one who has good home and family surroundings back of him, but still goes wrong. My experience has forced the conclusion that environment counts for about 90 per cent in the matter of the misconduct of boys and girls. I do not deny the existence of inherited criminal traits, but I do believe very strongly that the right kind of environment and supervision in childhood and youth will overcome quite a burden of inheritance of this sort. If I didn't believe in the power of environment to lift the child out of bad ways I couldn't sit in this court; it would be unendurable as well as useless for me to do so. I have seen the lives of hundreds of children entirely changed through improved environment. Time and again I have had runaway boys of eight to twelve years of age say to me, 'Send me anywhere excepting home.' When these boys are placed in normal homes they stay there, thrive and develop normally.

"I recall one home in which there were quite a number of children. They all ran away, one after another, and each gave as a reason the abuse with which their father treated all of them. They were placed in good homes and have all developed into good children. There are many cases of older children who, having escaped from home, contributed to a common fund so that a younger brother or sister could be taken out of the home which they had left and placed in a boarding home on which the court could keep a watchful eye.

"In particular I recall the case of two delinquent girls who ran away from home and were finally married. They provide the money regularly for the support of their little sister, who was put into a boarding home. The viewpoint of these older sisters is decidedly interesting. As they see it, the little sister would be almost certain to follow in their own delinquent footsteps if left under the home influences which they feel were responsible for their own wrong start in life; on the other hand, they are quite frank to say that they want the kid to have the advantage of better home influences than she would find in either of their homes. They are determined to give the little sister a real chance. They have no doubt whatever about the determining influence of environment."

Parental Inhumanity

The number of homes in any large city which are totally unfit, according to even the crudest of standards, for the upbringing of children is amazing. Of course, the money question is at the bottom of much of this trouble. In a large proportion of the poorer homes the parental attitude toward either a boy or a girl of fifteen or sixteen years of age is, "Go out and bring some money into this home or else get out of it"—which generally means bring all the money that they earn home. Judge Arnold feels that when he can take a child out of an unfit home and put it into a fit home the chances for the normal development of that child are very favorable. Experience in hundreds of cases has proved this view of the situation to be warranted.

A so-called institutional home is the last resort—a desperate chance in his opinion. Parental inhumanity to children is an appalling thing both as to its extent and degree. Scores, not to say hundreds, of cases come before this court that are almost unbelievable in their cruelty. Not a pleasant subject, but one which every decent, normal and kindly citizen of this country should face and understand in order to deal practically and intelligently with this deplorable problem.

"As I see it," says Judge Arnold, "no man or woman can be a real constructive citizen of this community and remain in shrinking ignorance of the ugly things that are brought to the surface in this court—and of these, parental inhumanity is by odds the ugliest."

As an example of this class of cases, Judge Arnold related this incident:

In one of the poorer sections of Chicago is a certain small cottage, without basement, and having a porch which is at least partially open underneath. A neighbor living near this cottage one morning chanced to glance under this porch and to see something that excited his curiosity. At first it appeared to be a scrap of clothing, but at second glance there was something about the little heap that suggested the form of a child. Then the bundle moved a little and the neighbor instantly crawled underneath the porch and brought out a little girl about nine years of age. She was virtually unconscious, her body being badly bruised, and one arm was broken. She was at once taken to a children's hospital, revived and given the best possible care. Here is the story which she told after she was able to be brought into this court:

Her mother had died and her father had married again. At once the new wife began a persistent persecution of the child, evidently because of the care and work involved and the money required for the child's support. The father was a foreigner, from one of the Central European countries. Apparently his disposition was naturally cruel and he was evidently anxious to please his new wife. She was continually complaining of the child and magnifying to him the little acts of disobedience common to all children of that age.

One of these complaints pictured an exaggerated offense and the father meted out brutal punishment with a stout stick. After the ordeal was over the child apparently had but one thought—to escape from this terrible home. Therefore she had crawled in under the porch and then lapsed into a state of complete exhaustion. She had been there three days when discovered by the neighbor. From all the facts which the investigators for the court were able to gather, it seemed probable that in those three days she had tasted no food. That she recovered from this awful experience is remarkable. Of course, the father was arrested and brought before another court. There for this offense he received the dire punishment of a ten-dollar fine!

The Stepchild Problem

When the little girl came into the Juvenile Court a guardian was immediately appointed for her and an order entered requiring her father to pay her board at a good home in which she was placed. This payment amounts to seven dollars a week and the father has been paying it for a year and a half.

The recital of this incident moved Judge Arnold to make this comment:

"Our Illinois law is deficient with respect to the responsibilities of stepfathers and stepmothers to their stepchildren. This criticism applies in many other states. For example, under our law as it now stands the stepmother has no legal responsibility whatever in relation to the child of her husband, and a stepfather is equally without any obligation to support, protect and act as a father to the children of his wife by another marriage.

"In cases where a man and a woman are found to be living together illegally, and either one of them has a child or children, the course followed by this court is to persuade the parents to marry and to get the one who has no legal responsibility to the child or the children to file petitions for adoption. This fixes legal responsibility under the law."

Lawmakers who are ambitious to serve as the champions of the children of the poor appear to be obsessed with the idea that legislation regulating child employment is the only kind needed. The comment of Judge Arnold points the need for certain legislation for the protection of children who are stepchildren or who are born to unmarried parents. The experience of this court has developed the fact that the stepchild problem is a far greater one than it is commonly supposed to be, and offers opportunity for constructive humanitarian legislation.

Altogether the most important practice developed by the Juvenile Court of Cook County is technically known as the workout. This is a legal device to avoid putting the brand of delinquency on any boy or girl excepting as a last resort. It is used in virtually all first offenses and saves 75 per cent of such offenders from the stigma of any formal court record or entry. The workout is essentially a probation of at least three months in which the boy or girl is placed by the court under conditions which promise to give a good chance for recovery. In this period the offenders are in the legal custody of the court, awaiting a full hearing. The workout is provided

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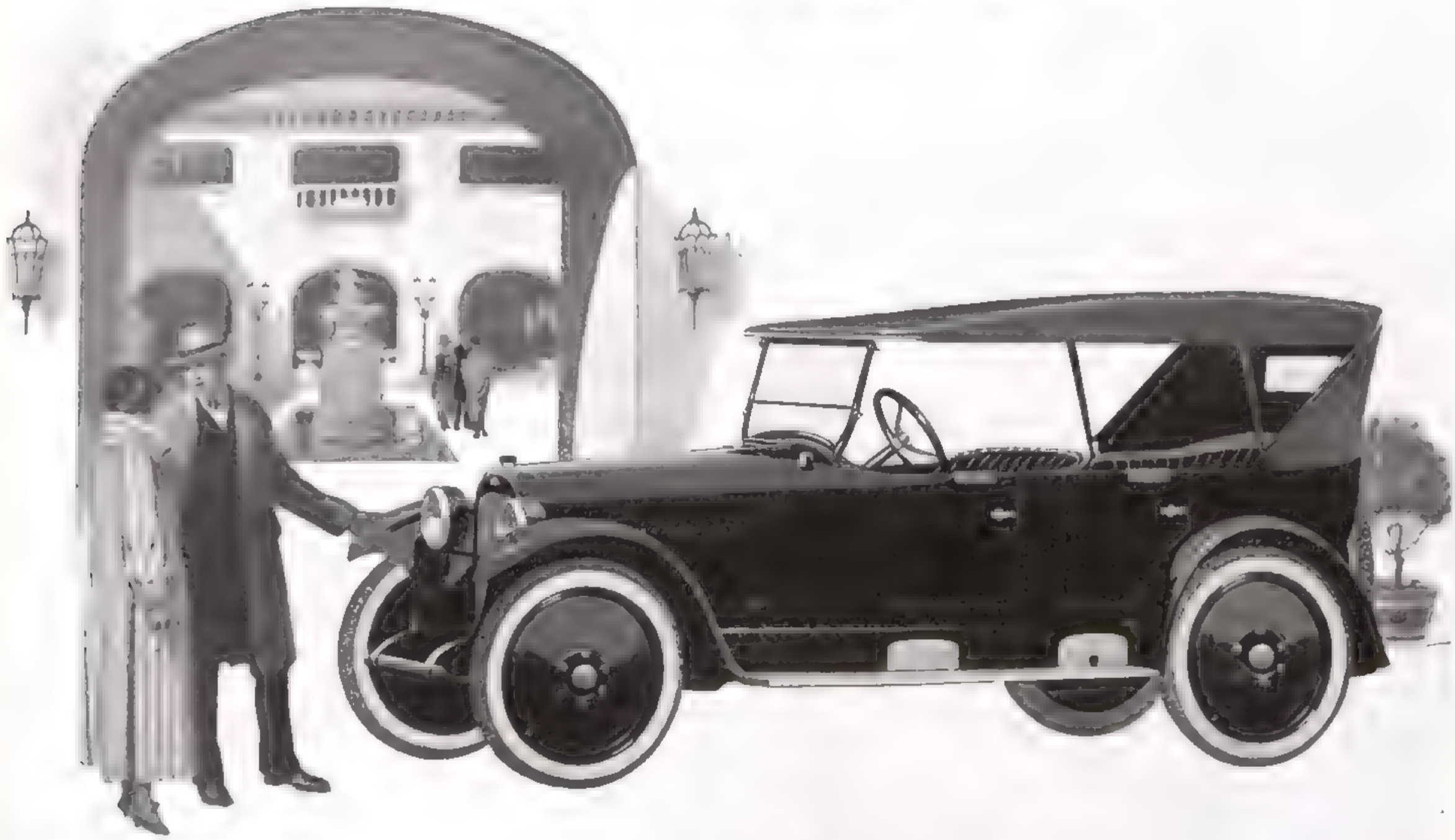
NASH



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(Continued from Page 64)

by the simple expedient of continuing the hearing for three months or six months. Those who make good in their workout receive either a dismissal or a general continuance. In short, this device accomplishes two important ends—it avoids making the case a matter of formal entry and thus saves the boy or girl from the stigma of a court record, and at the same time it gives the court opportunity to supply the remedy of proper environment and supervision.

The theory of the Illinois law establishing the Juvenile Court of Cook County is that the children within the state are the children of the state, and that every one of them is entitled to a normal childhood and to the care and supervision calculated to develop them into good citizens. Apparently Judge Arnold has almost unbounded faith in the power of the right kind of supervision to pull a boy out of trouble and set his feet permanently in the path of straight living. His confidence is supported not only by general or routine experience but by special experiments. One of these tests is certainly very illuminating and also highly cheering. An official of one of the great fraternal orders of the country has a list of men of the highest standing who are deeply interested in boy welfare and are willing to give generously of their time and thought to this cause. Most of these men are comparatively wealthy and many of them have considerable leisure. This official acts as a clearing house for placing boys from the Juvenile Court in touch with these men.

The boys thus provided for are difficult cases—those for whom there seems to be little chance without intensive personal supervision on the part of a strong and devoted man. According to the records covering the cases of three hundred boys who have received this kind of supervision, there has been only a 1 per cent failure. In this connection Judge Arnold remarked:

"I am profoundly convinced that the best and about the only way in which to make a big dent in adult crime is to give wayward and lawless boys thorough supervision. It is not enough to give them protection against cruelty and to see that they are well nourished. They need firm but friendly supervision—the thing they have not received at home, the lack of which is responsible for their wrong start in life. The bad-boy problem is really a misnomer. It should be called the bad-parent problem, so far as the majority of the boy cases coming before this court is concerned; the blame belongs not to the boy, but to the parents or the parent who is supposed to furnish him normal supervision."

Personnel of the Court

"When I was in the state's attorney's office, before my election to the bench, I made a careful investigation of one hundred cases of adult crime just as they came along. I found that ninety-five of these criminals had been either neglected or dependent in their childhood. That tells the story!"

The Juvenile Court of Cook County is not merely a court; it is a big executive organization devoted to the business of protecting boys and girls and of attempting to salvage those who go wrong and need the help of the law. It has one hundred paid officers, eighty of whom are women. Of these, four are colored women and one is a colored man. In addition, there are about twenty-five clerks and stenographers. Miss Mary Bartelme, who has long been assistant to the judge, was elected a circuit judge in November. Her specialty has been the handling of the girls who are brought before this court.

There is a chief probation officer and a chief probation deputy and five department heads. The departments are Delinquent Boys, Complaint, Child Placing, Probation and Mothers' Pension. Thirty regular police officers assigned to Juvenile Court work—one from each police district—are called police probation officers and are directly under the jurisdiction of the judge of the Juvenile Court. When a boy gets into difficulty with the law his case is immediately turned over to the police probation officer of the particular police district in which the case arises. Each case is reinvestigated by a probation officer before the court takes any action.

It would be entirely appropriate for this court to post a sign displaying the legend, Out of Politics.

Under the law the Juvenile Court judge is given authority to appoint any reputable citizen a probation officer. The practice of this court, however, is to have all applicants for appointment as probation officers subject themselves to a rigid examination conducted by a committee of five persons selected because of their skill in practical welfare work. In other words, all these appointments might be made, under the law, on a political basis, as there is no civil-service requirement covering such appointment. Practically, however, the most rigid civil-service methods are applied. This examining board certifies all who take the examination in the order of their standing.

In eight years this court has never skipped a name on the list or made an outside appointment. If there is any reason why the person whose name appears at the top of the list cannot qualify and enter service immediately the name is held in abeyance, and when the next vacancy occurs is again called. About 60 per cent of the probation officers now in service are college-trained.

The mothers' pension system administered by this court is highly important in relation to the problem of boy and girl delinquency.

The fund available for mothers' pensions amounts to seven hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year. The mother who is made a pensioner receives twenty-five dollars a month for the first child and fifteen dollars a month for each additional child. The ratio of delinquent children in the mothers' pension group is less than 2 per cent. Other homes in which there is no father furnish 16 per cent of the delinquency cases coming before this court. The mothers' pension group presents the same circumstances, so far as the lack of a father in the home is concerned, and yet it furnishes only 2 per cent of the unfortunates brought to task for delinquency.

The Strange Case of Arthur Tyne

One of the strangest cases ever brought into this court is that of a little boy eight or nine years of age who was found on State Street, June 27, 1923, near Marshall Field & Co.'s retail store. At first he seemed to be unable to talk at all. At the Psychopathic Hospital he was given a searching examination.

The psychopaths decided that there was no physical reason why the boy should not talk. When found, he was clean and well dressed. All tags and markings on his clothing had been removed to prevent identification. Temporarily he was placed in the detention home for children. There he uttered the first words heard from his lips since he was found. Seeing a group of children he exclaimed, "Hey, there!" A little later came another revelation. A nurse, passing through a hall in which the boy was sitting alone, smiled on him and asked, "What's your name, little boy?"

Instantly he replied, "Arthur Tyne."

He was soon placed in a private home, approved by the court, where his board is being paid by the Children's Aid Society. This unusual step was taken on the theory that, as he showed evidences of a highly excited mental condition, it was not improbable that he had suffered an extreme nervous shock which had clouded his mental faculties for the time being and that the quiet of a home would afford the most favorable condition for his recovery. Apparently this theory is well founded, for he soon added to his vocabulary these words: "Mamma," "New York," "St. Louis," "train." His photograph and description were broadcast through police channels and child-welfare agencies, and special attention was given to his case by these authorities in New York City and St. Louis. Not a single clew to his identity has thus far been found.

Commenting on this case, Judge Arnold remarked:

"Although this court deals with about six hundred runaway boys a year, and I have served here eight years, Arthur Tyne is the outstanding mystery of my experience. He seems to me like a boy of good mentality in whose life there is a temporary blank of perhaps a few weeks or months due to some extreme experience—probably that of great fright. Evidently the film overspreading this experience is gradually becoming thinner and thinner. As the common expression has it, memory is coming back to him. The boy bears every evidence

(Continued on Page 68

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The Stone Straw Co.

(Continued from Page 66)

of natural refinement; his manners are unusually pleasing and there is no mistaking the fact that he came from a good home. My theory is that he has been kidnaped and then abandoned, or that he has been dumped by his mother. That there has been a tragedy in the life of this little waif is suggested by the fact that recently, on seeing a movie-screen struggle between two men, he became highly excited, and placing the point of his finger against the center of his forehead, he exclaimed, 'Papa dead—bing!'"

Having spent an hour in the company of this child of mystery, I can understand the court's peculiar interest in this boy. He has a bright, ingratiating smile and is quick, alert and brimming with fun and mischief. The only unnatural feature of his physical appearance is a slight peculiarity of the eyes. His inability to speak freely and form complete sentences, a show of will which sometimes amounts to stubbornness and a desire to occupy the center of the stage are his only pronounced irregularities of manner. But in this connection it is well to remember that willfulness and a desire for attention are not uncommon characteristics of eight-year-old boys who are entirely normal so far as mental and physical faculties are concerned. He is impulsively affectionate and those who have his supervision are unmistakably fond of him. The young woman probation officer to whose care he is assigned says:

Hardly a Square Deal

"At times his efforts to express himself are pathetic. Last evening I took him to a movie theater. The screen drama was not especially exciting, but something in it stirred his memory deeply. After the show he went to my home and stayed all night with me. Until he finally fell asleep he was struggling to tell me something for which he could not find the words. But I believe that he will himself ultimately reveal the mystery of his case. He is gradually increasing his vocabulary and nearly all the words now at his command are spoken clearly. We all feel a tremendous interest in him and in the hidden story of life previous to his sudden appearance in a State Street crowd. As a juvenile mystery he is certainly the star of all the hundreds of waifs and pick-ups brought into the Juvenile Court in the last year."

"Out of your experience with thousands of unruly boys," I asked Judge Arnold, "what have you to offer the parents of boys in the way of practical working suggestions?"

"First," he quickly answered, "win the boy's confidence by deserving it. No parent has a right to expect in a son virtues which that parent does not practice with reasonable human consistency. Conduct, not conversation, on the part of a father is what really influences his boy. The first job of the parent of a boy is to understand him, not only physically and morally, but emotionally. Many parents fall down on this point, particularly if the boy is peculiar, as common phrase puts it—if he is just a bit different from the ordinary boy. To get this understanding may require help or information from the physician, or even from someone who is supposed to have expert knowledge of boy psychology.

"Absolutely the first step for any parent is to establish in the mind of the boy the conviction that he is warranted in expecting parental fairness—just plain, ordinary human fairness in respect to money matters as much as matters of discipline. For example, a runaway boy was brought into this court. He was a fine-looking young lad and I needed only a glance at his face to convince me that there was nothing vicious about him. Outside of school he worked steadily and sometimes earned ten or twelve dollars a week. His mother admitted that he had always brought his entire pay to her—and that she gave him back twenty-five cents a week for spending money! The boy said that this sum wasn't fair and I had to agree with him. He had confided to others that he was tired of such treatment and was sometime going to run away from home. On hearing of this threat the mother appeared on pay day at the place where he was employed and collected his wages. That settled it; he did run away then. That mother was surprised when I told her that she, not the boy, was to be blamed. The outcome was that I found the boy another and a better position on the agreement that he was to have two dollars a week spending money. 'That's fair,' was his comment, and he and his mother have both lived up to their mutual bargain.

"Of course, there are thousands of parents to whom this consideration will make no appeal; it will go high over their heads—parents whose major interest in their children is what they can get out of them in money or labor. My suggestions are for the benefit of parents who really care for their children and would like to do well by them. This matter of mere financial fairness with boys and girls who have reached the earning age is far more important than most parents realize.

"There are so many homes in which it is hard for the parents to make both ends meet financially that this temptation to take too much of what the children earn is very strong.

"Thousands of boys and girls from the poorer homes go wrong and get into trouble because they are not treated fairly by their parents at the outset of their careers as earners.

"And the poorer homes are those which most abound in children. In prosperous and wealthy homes the juvenile financial problem also plays its part; too much spending money is as bad as too little.

"On the score of supervision—which includes discipline—there is something definite to be said. My experience and observation go to show that very generally parents of boys who cannot be controlled fail because they do not control themselves. They are loud and erratic in their attempts to govern their children—yelling at them one moment and perhaps punishing them quite severely, and the next minute coddling them and laughing at them in a matter of bad conduct of really serious importance. Of course, all this seems very obvious and trite to any parent of refinement and cultivation; but unfortunately there are more unrefined than refined parents in the world, and things obvious to the refined are not commonplace to others. Parental nagging is a very fruitful source of disobedience in children of both sexes. Not many bad boys or girls come out of homes in which the parents control themselves to a reasonable degree. Parental poise, self-control and steadiness coupled with fairness will offset and overcome a lot of wayward tendencies in a child.

"My work in this court has driven me to the conclusion that perhaps the majority of parents do not take their job of parenthood with any seriousness. The children come and are treated as amusing playthings one moment, as annoying nuisances the next and all the time as burdens rather than great responsibilities. Then as the children in the poorer homes approach adolescence there is the new consideration of income from them as a relief to the family financial burdens."

Advice to Parents

"Supervision of children in any family should be a clearly defined policy applied with the same firmness, fairness, consistency and poise with which any intelligent business executive carries out a well-considered business policy. It should go without saying that there is nothing in the world a man or a woman can do which is more important than the bringing up of children. But in the majority of homes I'm afraid this task is considered for all practical purposes as an incidental of family existence. As long as this continues to be the dominant parental attitude we shall continue to have a rich crop of so-called bad boys—and girls too—simply because parents themselves are too selfish, too weak, too immature and ill poised to control themselves. The domestic process commonly known among children as bawling out is almost invariably an evidence of greater lack and error on the part of the parent than of the child under correction. Bawling out, jawing, scolding and nagging should be abolished in every home where there is a child in whose future the parents are sincerely and affectionately interested. If reasonable self-control on the part of parents should become the rule rather than the exception there would be a marked falling off in the volume of sad business which flows so steadily into this court.

"And one word more on the score of supervision. Any parental supervision is a farce and a pretense which does not start with the foundation of a fairly definite knowledge of where the boy or the girl is every hour of the day. This is the A B C of supervision. The restraining effect on a boy of the knowledge that he must give an account of himself and his doings as definitely as a grown man working in a shop or an office is held to account to his employer for his presence and his performance on the job, is invaluable. The boy who is let to run, as the common expression has it, and is not held to account for his comings and goings, is subjected to unfair temptation. The same observation applies in equal degree to girls. There are few bad boys who are not the victims of too much freedom from accountability. I confess that I'm appalled daily at the common indifference of parents, in comfortable homes as well as homes of poverty, as to where and how and with whom their children spend their play time. One mother, astonished at my attitude on this subject, exclaimed, 'Gee, judge, do you think I can trail that kid all day long? I got something else t' do. It would take a motorcycle cop t' keep up with him and his gang.'"

The Value of Responsibility

"Supervision should be constructive. Every lively boy should be provided with a full program of wholesome and worth-while interests and activities. These should include such things as scout life, manual work about the home, trips with the father or mother to ball games, to the better film shows and other things and places in which he is interested. Any parent who has not given the boy of the home a regular allowance and helped him to work out a budget for his expenditures has missed a fruitful and fascinating means of education. A knowledge of the value of money would have saved many a boy from a painful appearance in this court.

"There are many natural, unpedantic and unforced ways in which to get it into the system of a boy that he has some responsibilities to himself and to the other members of the home. The realization of this is one of the most necessary and valuable impressions which can possibly be made upon him. The extent to which any effort to make this impression is lacking—even in homes of the better sort—is rather discouraging. In the cases which come before me day after day I am not allowed to forget this regrettable fact. Every boy should have some useful task which he is required to do daily—they were called chores in my boyhood.

"I am constantly reminded by the stories of boys and girls who are brought before me that most boys and girls, on reaching their teens, are natural revolutionists against the old order of things; they do not propose to lead the dull and drab life which they see, or think they see, their parents living. Parents will do well to make conscientious efforts to get the viewpoint of their children, no matter how opposed this may be to their own mature way of looking at life. I couldn't accomplish much in this court if I did not try persistently to do this. A failure to do this in the home is responsible for much of the trouble which furnishes grist for the juvenile courts."

The Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor appointed a committee to formulate a code of standards for juvenile courts. This committee made these recommendations:

There should be available to every community a court equipped to deal with children's cases.

The laws of each state and local conditions determine whether the juvenile court should be an independent court or a branch of a court, and in what court system it should be placed. In order that the court may serve rural as well as urban population, it is usually desirable that the county should be the unit of jurisdiction.

The juvenile court should be a court of superior jurisdiction and a court of record. The position of a child in the juvenile court, or any evidence given in a juvenile court proceeding, should not be lawful evidence against the child in any civil, criminal or other cause or proceeding in any other court.

In children's cases the proceeding should be chancery or equity and not criminal in nature. The juvenile court should, however, be vested with criminal jurisdiction in adult cases such as contributing to delinquency and dependency of children.

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THE DISENTANGLER

(Continued from Page 23)

right to the mouth of the hole. But in five—and down in six. Dumont rolls in his ball in five honest strikes, and I don't know how many cheats in supplement.

"Mr. Dumont is now one in advance," says the duke.

"Such crookery will not happen again," says the Colonel Lemoine, and he is perfectly sober. "If this fellow mistakes the moon for a pancake, he will find it rather indigestible." And he breathes like a heaving horse.

I am now full of the strongest intentions. Seven, seven, six—that is not too adept a beginning. But I assemble me. The balcony is whistling at Dumont to insult him; I have Blérancourt and Lemoine; and I am not exactly absent, myself.

Well, this Dumont performs the next three holes in eight, nine and twelve, and credit me, sir, he won all three! But listen!

The emplacement of the fourth hole is on the summit of an actual small mountain. I arrive there in three frightful successes. This Dumont comes limping along in six. I am in train to pote my ball. Sudden, Dumont shrieks, "It has budged!"

Sir, it has not budged. But at this awful yell I touch it, and she does it. At once excitement improves everywhere. This Maillet, however, makes the book of rules come out of his pocket. He indicates it to Blérancourt, in saying, "Ha! Look! 'One considers a ball as budged if it quits its place, however lightly!'"

Then he turns some pages. "And again, Mr. the Referee, look! 'If a ball in play budges, after the player has seated his stick on the ground in giving it a visa, he will be decreed to have made it budge, and the punishment is one blow!' But Mr. Vermeil budged it twice."

"Colonel Lemoine," I observe with dignity, "what does it say in that book about a species of tripe that shrieks while his adversary is poting?" But I still have Dumont by two blows. "Mr. the Duke," I say, "I concede that I budged the ball after this person shroke at me. But before, not." I then motion my hand gracefully and retire—and by accident I march backwards on that same stupid ball!

"Another blow of punishment!" yelps Dumont.

I am so piqued that I snatch up that ball to lance it at him, but the Colonel Lemoine holds my arm.

"Oh, my dear," he says, "now you have thrown up another hole! And why? Old species of sauerkraut, because you will not adhere to the code! You must not address the referee in person, or Maillet, or Dumont. I am your supporter, and you have got to strain all your conversation through me! For God's sake, let's be gentlemen, even if we play golf!"

"Mr. Dumont is now two in advance," says the duke, and my friends moan like a painful bull deprived of her parents.

The fifth! To commence, Dumont errors himself into a bowl of sand. I strike brilliantly, and the balcony all runs after me, skipping with joy. Then another brilliant, and I am on the lawn. Dumont arrives in six. He potes.

The ball sits down on the very border of the hole. At once I pote. Why not? But this Maillet cries out, "Dumont has won it!"

In verity, his ball has just now decided to penetrate that hole.

"But still," the Colonel Lemoine shouts up—"but still, how the devil has Dumont won it? He is seven; we are three. Poor old chap, you Maillet, have you lost your compass?"

This Maillet blushes with dissatisfaction.

"Mr. the Duke," he says, "I take offense at Mr. the Colonel. I should now be very happy to slap his face. But since, both the two, we are already supporters in a proof of honor, what can I do? Am I obliged then to endure this secondhand zouave all the way to the eighteenth green?"

"Following the code," says the duke, "you are not privileged to enjoy any personal pleasures until you have completed, as a loyal undertaker, the duty towards your principal which you undertook."

"I yield to your decision," says this Maillet. "Allow me to advertise, then, that on the lawn the player must not play before the ball of his adversary is completely arrested, or he shall be deprived of the hole. And how then, if Mr. Dumont's ball had been completely arrested, could it have set itself in march again? There is no wind, and there has been no earthquake. Therefore the ball of Mr. Dumont must have been continuously in imperceptible motion; and since Mr. Vermeil has played, he loses."

"Mr. what?" demanded the Colonel Lemoine.

"Sh-h-h!" I said. "These little animals deceive themselves of me!"

The Duke of Blérancourt is pale.

"You have right, Mr. Maillet. Mr. Dumont is now three in advance." And the balcony cry *hou-hou* at Dumont for this chicane.

"Never mind," says the Colonel Lemoine. "Bite their heads off and eat them living. Let's leave!" For he had been officer of *liaison* and understood American.

Well, the sixth is only a hundred meters. Dumont is down in a sand trench, while I am just over the lawn, in some slight herbs. Dumont is finally on the lawn in ten. My *cadet* and I cross in the direction of my ball. "*Ça y est!*" says the *cadet* at once, and points in grasses about six inches tall.

So I conduct it almost into the hole, and this Dumont plays carelessly and is just preparing to resign, when suddenly he pauses.

"What?" he says. "Maillet! Demand of the Colonel Lemoine since how much time does his principal play this contest with a Blue Bullet, then?"

The colonel makes reply, "My principal is not serving himself with a Blue Bullet at all. He serves himself with a Red Pimple."

Meanwhile one of the Dumontists in the balcony cries out, "But here again is a golf ball, quite near to the other! And a Red Pimple, as well!"

It was true. My *cadet* had mistaken himself of the ball. He had merely seen one, and exclaimed it. But it was one which somebody else must have lost there previously. For on the lawn was assuredly a Blue Bullet, and back there in the herbs was my Red Pimple. But heaven! Here is Maillet reading some more rules

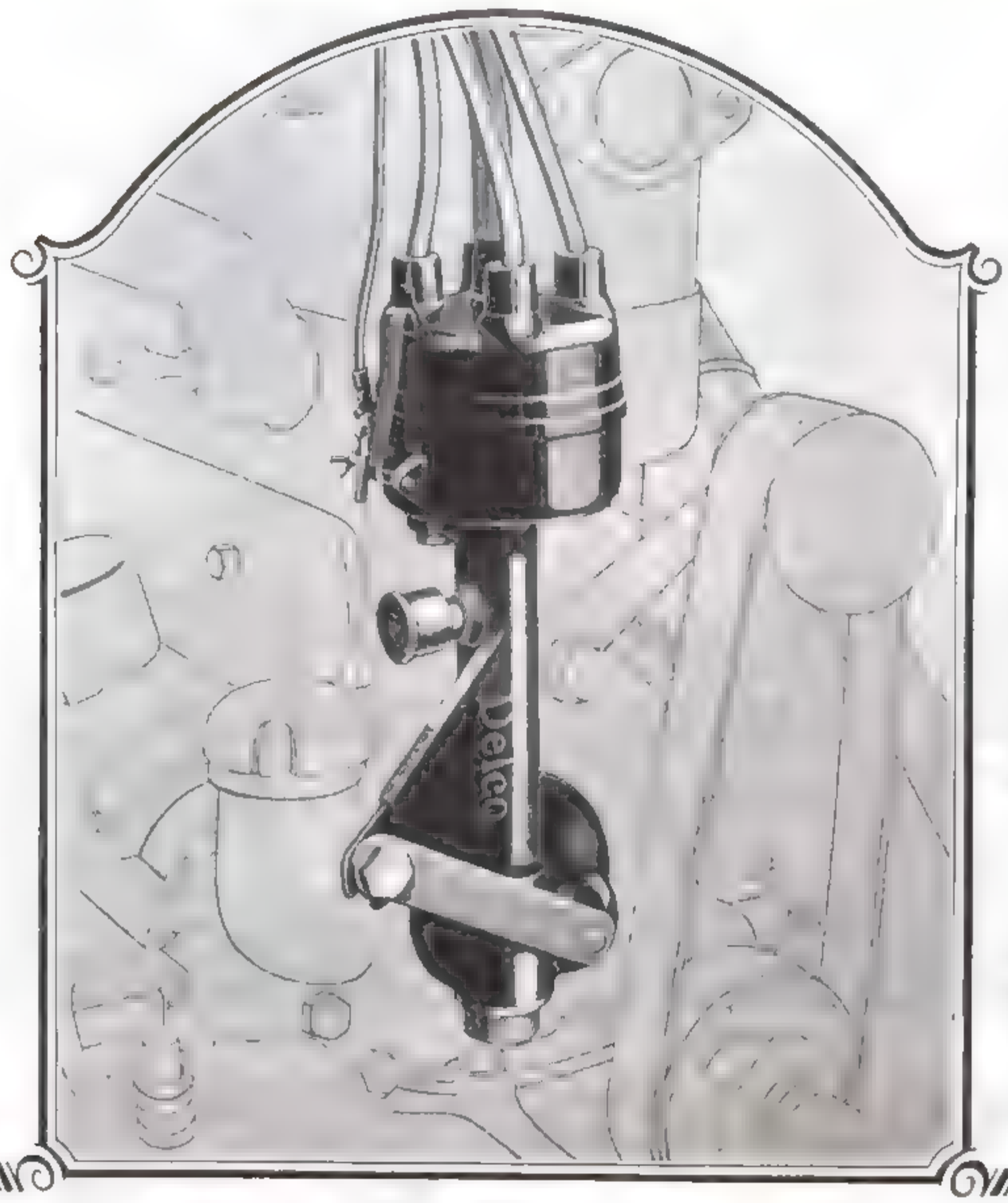
"Listen, Mr. the Referee," he says. "'If a player play a ball that was a stranger to the party, and if the error shall be recognized and signaled to his adversary before this one shall not have played the following blow, then there will be no amend; but if the error is not thus discovered and signaled except when the adversary has played the following blow, the camp of the player will lose the hole.'"

So Dumont wins it with twelve blows, and I feel as if I had eaten a steak from a mad beef. But I am a sportman; and besides, my colonel is whispering, "Always forward, old cheese! Come on, remorse! Much pepper!" Did I say he had been *liaison* officer in the war?

Sir, I do the seventh in a normal five. Dumont achieves a four—by chasing the ball out of the limits onto a rock, which kindly expedites it back on the lawn. The eighth I do in a thundering four, and Dumont in three—by rolling in his approach from out of a banquette. The ninth ah, that was formidable! You recall to yourself, perhaps, the rulement that if the ball shall strike the player himself, he shall lose? Well, had you ever heard speak of it happen at a pote? Me, I am poting for a four, and Dumont is poting for a nine. I am one foot from the hole; but I pote a suspicion too powerful, and that ball hops out of the hole a little—and I had advanced my foot a little—and they coincided.

What occurs then is all hash. You could have heard that match from two kilometers distance. And at this time more Dumontists come running from the chalet, and they dance a cancan, and my friends trip them up with their canes, and there is more tumult than a devil in four sections. I could hardly watch myself talk. The duke has challenged Dumont; Dumont has challenged the Colonel Lemoine; and the colonel has challenged everybody. But anyhow, we go on and half the tenth in four, and Dumont is seven in advance and eight to play. Sudden, like a bald spot in a tempest, that balcony is pretty dumb, all but the Dumontists, who are behaving excessively foolish. And here Dumont, the disentangler, says very loud, "I bet one hundred thousand francs against twenty that I gain this match!"

(Continued on Page 73)



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No White Truck will ever be an orphan.

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

WHITE TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 70)

Think it! The bragger! When I should have been on the feeble side of the odds by at least one hundred against one.

I am so piqued I say, also quite loud, "Took!"

At the instant everyone has hot throats, and I am called an assorted fool. But it was done.

He paused to collect wind for a fresh start.

"Psst! Waiter!" I said automatically. When in France, and in doubt, it is never incorrect to say "Psst! Waiter!" Because sometimes they respond. This one did.

But the same [continued the count], I am always optimist. You have in English a proverb which promises that even a worm can come home. Well, I put myself in the place of that same worm. If he could do it why not I?

The eleventh hole is the most long hole of our links. A considerable pond is in the foreground, and this Dumont strikes his ball into that pond. He drowns another. Finally he has drowned five. Then he renders himself.

"One hole is nothing," he says lightly. "I donate it."

So I alone just play a try ball and make five, and from the next elevation I drive a sparkling blow. Dumont is scowling. He speaks to his *cadet*, who speaks to Maillet, who speaks to the colonel, who speaks to me:

"It seems that Dumont has lost all his golf balls in that piece of water. He asks if you will lend him one. I advise no. If it were a respectable duel, by the code, would you disarm your opponent and then lend him your own sword? No! If you have disarmed him at the golf, then, is it not the same?"

"Not quite," I say. "Besides, I am a sportman. Gladly will I sell him one ball—for cash."

Dumont is rosy with anger, but he sends fifteen francs by Maillet and demands a receipt. The colonel does one for me. I then deliver to Maillet, through the care of the colonel, a completely new ball. It is elevated. Dumont strikes it very hard, but it flies up, and falls down like a mutilated duck. Ah, but I had exercised my skull that time, me! This Dumont then takes the grand iron. *Crac!* In the nose he hits it, but it quickly stops itself.

"What," says this Dumont, abased—"what has that damn ball?" He speeds ahead and examines it. "Seelvertown!" he announces with annoyance. "Seelvertown! What mark of ball is that?"

"Some few people," I say to Colonel Lemoine, but loud for all to hear, "are difficult to comprehend. I sell this adversary a perfect ball, of a variety as rare as the dodo, and observe how he re—thanks me! The Seelvertown is a ball with which a thousand champions have been gained. This very example was presented to me as a most valuable souvenir."

"But of what epoch?" demands Maillet with doubts.

"The Stone Ages of golf," I rejoin, "and perhaps that is why it appears so stony. But it is matured like old wine; it is of the vintage of 1902. Note how well made and solid it is; it is as durable as a morsel of marble."

The balcony, holding its stomachs with happiness, now sings the famous song of Maurice Chevalier, "You must know how to take everything with a smile."

But this Dumont has no smiles left in the shop. He sends his *cadet* running to the chalet for more balls, while I gain the hole, four to ten. He faces the balcony.

"Is there some gentleman here," he demands, "who will lend me a genuine golf ball?"

Somebody retorts, "In response to your two separate questions, Dumont—yes, there is; and no, we will not."

That results in some more challenges, and a Dumontist is pushed into the brook.

Dumont was all wrathed, but he had to play one more hole with that so solid Seelvertown. The thirteenth—only two hundred small meters; but at the left numberless boonkaires, and at the right a high grass.

You must be a wonderful player to attain that poting green in one sole blow; me, however, I did it. But this Dumont digs practically a ditch along the *parcours*, and my souvenir is now quite ruined. At last he picks it up and hurls it at the woods.

"Skyrocket of Brest!" he pronounces. "*Sapristi*, good evening!"

But the balcony, all but those few Dumontists, is very good-natured, and play hide and seek in the boonkaires. Colonel Lemoine is cheered up.

"'Ook 'im against the ropes, Alf," he says, "and give 'im a fick ear!" For he had been liaison officer with some gentlemen from London regiments.

To succeed at the fourteenth it needs just a healthy sticking from the depart, and an employ of the middle iron. I did very well; but Dumont, even with a fresh ball, is not so good, and moreover he stops in a puddle of fortuitous water. He lets fall that ball behind his back and plays again, but he has got that puddle in his eye and goes into it two more times.

Well, I do a marvelous flat approach, while Dumont lifts up some large turfs and arrives in seven. I roll in a three, which was an eaglet. Three behind, only, and four remain!

The Colonel Lemoine does arithmetic with his fingers. He rushes to me.

"Old cold slaw, no matter how fantastic your commencement -those punishments everywhere—yet you are only 65 for fourteen holes! Bravery! This Dumont can already hear the dogs barking!"

What? True! I am only about a dozen blows behind the record man of the links! I feel that I am going to win, cost what it costs! With a balcony singing Madelon, and shoving the Dumontists into the banquettes, how could I escape it?

The fifteenth is reachable in one little blow, but all infected by boonkaires, sands, traps, herbs and weeds. Nevertheless I draw the jiggaire. *Crac!* From the balcony an enormous shout:

"He has succeeded it in a single blow!" And it was real. I had rolled out a hole in one blow! And in a match on which my whole life, my honor, my spirit, my proudness, depend! I could embrace the world! But I do not—only Lemoine.

Well, after that I was just two underneath and three to play—66 for fifteen holes. We go on to the next elevation. Two good strikes are enough, but the lawn is so waving you should reserve yourself still some surprises. But me, I spank that ball with such precision that everybody says "Oof!" I strike again. Oh, the pretty one! But for Dumont, that balcony has filed his nerves. They are now betting with all their lungs on each blow, so it sounds like the stock exchange.

"I risk fifty francs he spoils it'"

"A hundred he doesn't reach the lawn!"

"Two hundred he lacks this pote!"

"Five hundred to fifty he requires more than two potes!"

Then I roll in a normal four over all the little Alps—70 for sixteen holes! One under and two rest. The world is my clamshell!

Well, I achieved that seventeenth in a charming four. At last! Equality! The balcony is doing leapfrogs of gayety, all but the Dumontists, who suffer audibly. But they were poor sportmen anyway. And I am 74 for seventeen holes. My other best record was 96 for the entire round.

"We have him by the hairs!" yells the colonel. Then he borrows a phrase from the Americans, when he was officer of liaison. "Shoot, Saint Lucas!"

I drive. But this Dumont stumps the ball just a few meters before the elevation. He requires the mashie, for the pose is serious. Then sudden he stands and looks away during some time before he mashes it; but he does so remarkable a hit that even my friends remark, "*Aie!* Oh, damage!"

The colonel comes to me in haste.

"My friend, regard towards the lawn. Do you see something?"

"Yes, I see a lady."

"Did you observe that Dumont also regarded there?"

"But yes. Why?"

"My friend, I was at his elbow, preparing to cough. But regarding that lady there, he said in a concealed voice, 'Ah, *ma belle!* I have done all I could! I perish!'"

"Well?"

"Look closely," says the colonel, and his voice is tough. "I regret to inform you that that lady is Mrs. the Countess of Vineuil!"

Sir, imagine it! I had been away six months in Indo-China, when Dumont had been admitted to the club. He was a known flirt. Sure, he did not yet know me, who I was; but would he have dared to mention in public a dame he did not know? Would he have volunteered to fight for her? I put this question to Lemoine.

"Old friend, let us not go too fast," he consoles me, hopping about with passions.

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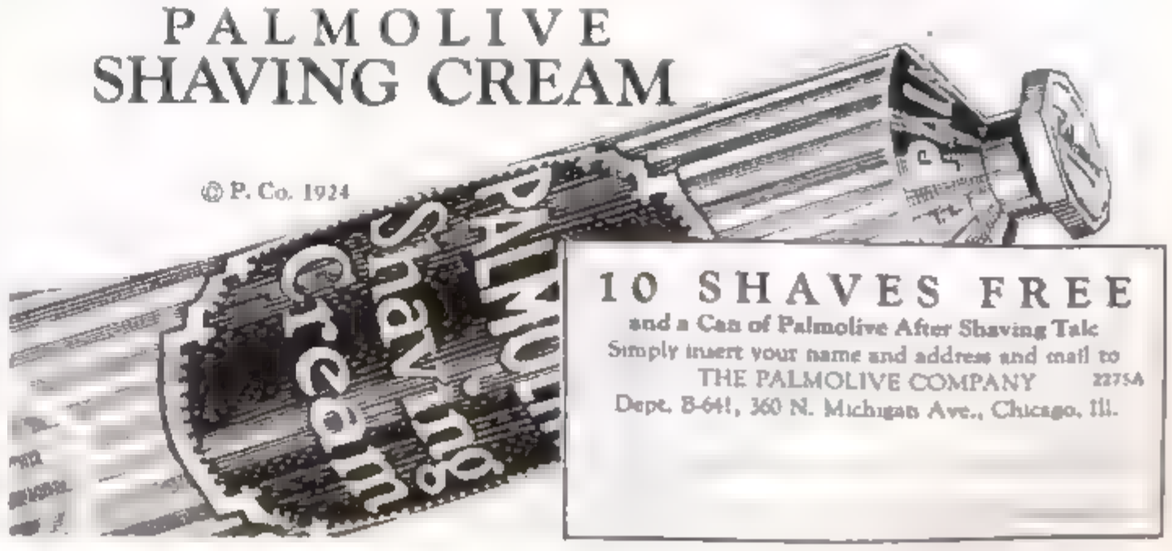

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"This Dumont is a braggist. Perhaps he has only seen her in passing. We must be calm, the execrable pork! But if he has so grossly insulted Mrs. Your Wife, I will wring his neck for him!" He becomes purple and stamps hard on the earth. "I will blow his nose with my own fist! Be calm, my old one! You will kill him first—it is your privilege—but I will just kick him a few times, later, the miserable! Be calm!"

"But, my friend!" I said, and then stopped.

For listen! I have married her for fourteen years, and she is a very good wife; but never would I have called her exactly beautiful. She never expected it. But suppose that in my absence this Dumont has actually met her and made the flirt a little. And suppose that last night, in Paris, he sent her a word that he was defending her against some brute who denied her appearance. Then if she now sees me opposed to him—what ho!

Or suppose he has sent her no word, but he wins this last hole and runs to her.

"Beautiful, I have successfully defended you against this crawfish, over there, who refused that you have a good face!"

And suppose I win, but he arrives to her before I do.

"Exquisite!" he says. "I come from defending you against this sottish fellow, but I have lost! Therefore I must admit that his choice of dames is fairer than you are!"

Then I come along, and in this case also she would not be quite so sprightly as chaffinches.

And finally, even if I reach her first, how shall I know what to say, not knowing whether this Dumont has already talked to her or not?

And all this when I was just bursting my record by twenty blows! As a golfeur, you appreciate it, no?

"Colonel," I say, "would it be better to divulge myself to this Dumont at once?"

He is still towing me by my sleeve.

"No, old rabbit; trust it on me. Say nothing. Merely play your best. Can you complete this hole without my assistance?"

"I can only do what I can do."

"Do it then! I go to Mrs. the Countess."

My head is revolving. The situation is terrible. Heaven aid me! She does it. The ball I strike is too much to the right, but she ricochets to the left and is on the lawn. This Dumont plays swiftly; he is nearer the hole than I am, but in three to my two. My head is full of too many thoughts. Francs — Dumonts — wives — everything. And I had to pote down a slope to one side, which then leaned in the opposite sense before it led to the hole!

I hear nothing; I see nothing. I aim somewhere, I pote; and the ball, after first rolling nearly everywhere else, sank in that hole—*pan!* I stood like concrete. It was 77! I had beaten that Dumont into flat seams. With my bet I had gained one hundred and twenty thousand francs. The balcony, with a high yell, was charging at me. But where was Colonel Lemoine?

He comes, pushing. He whispers to me, "Nothing to fear! Merely follow my hints!" He addresses then the duke, "Mister the Referee, on behalf of my principal, I demand judgment."

The duke is happy to make it prominent:

"Sir, I pronounce Mr. Dumont the loser of the money. He will also confess to his beater in respect to the beauty of the dames. On a day designated by me, he will also carry the sack of the dame selected by his victor. And I will add to it," said the duke, "that at the Golf of Tache-sur-Grenouille debts of honor are paid within twenty-four hours."

The colonel advances.

"And now, Mr. Maillet," he says, "may I have the honor of presenting your principal to the lady whose sack he will one day carry? The lady whose beauty has been so well protected by Mr. the Count of Vineuil? In other words, Mrs. the Countess?"

We other French, we are sentimental. The balcony is howling with applause. But I speak to the colonel's ear:

"What have you done?"

"Simple!" says the colonel. "She is innocent. Why, her first question was why you should lower yourself by playing with a type she had been compelled to laugh at yesterday in the dining room because he made so much noise with his soup. So I told her that you were defending her against Dumont's choice, who I said was a program seller at the Concert Mayol. I think you are on the velvet, old squirrel!"

This Dumont, meanwhile, is approaching me.

"Are you—are you the Count of Vineuil?" he gasps. "And is that lady there Mrs. the Countess? Believe me, my dear count, if I had known, I should never have lost my head!"

"Ah!" I said. "At a hundred and twenty thousand francs apiece, you may lose all the heads of the hydra!"

And for that 77 they reduced my ondecar to four, and I have never scored better than ninety-five since. But Dumont paid the wager—he could not allow himself to be ejected from this club, which it had taken him too long to enter—and I offered Lemoine and Blérancourt so good a banquet that they were in bed for two days afterwards, and I was chosen on the committee of the ondecar.

There is all. That is how I peeled this Dumont out of his shirt, as the Colonel Lemoine says. It sounds a trifle vulgar; but remember, he was *liaison* officer.

"What?" I said. "That is all? This Dumont, was he not to caddie one day for madame, or forfeit yet some more money? Did he do it?"

My companion rose and went over to the window.

"Oh, yes," he said; "but this was the very day the duke selected. And Dumont would prefer to trap the pneumonia than to lose more francs. But look! I see them on the twelfth lawn!"

So could I. A woman, alive with energy, and a man, remarkably bedraggled and forlorn.

"But she'll trap the pneumonia herself!" He chuckled.

"Oh, no; she was prepared for it. She is good sportwoman. She enjoys the joke especially because I buy her some pearls out of my benefits. She protects my other twenty thousand francs. For if she had refused to play in the rain, then this Dumont would be absolved."

"But," I said, "if I may be so venturesome as to inquire one thing. In the commencement ——"

He turned back!

"Say nothing plus! You wonder who I had thought as the most beautiful? But we are so different, we other French! I had nobody in mind at all! I dislike this Dumont, therefore I dispute him. Until that last hole, I had nobody in mind at all. But I am grateful to this Dumont nevertheless. He lays the pavement for the biggest happiness of madame. She decides I am one grand Romeo! I have battled for her. Cavalier! Bayard! Douglarr Fairbanc! . . . Look! The rain descends always more! Ah, but you are in your element, Dumont, you water rat! Psst! Waiter!"

There was a slight pause, and then he spread his hands and laughed again. "But, my dear Mr. Smiss, I have omitted the cream of the joke! Today is only the fourth day that Mrs. the Countess has ever played at the golf! In all her life it is only the fourth essay! She began at nine o'clock, and in six hours she has played twelve holes! And—ha-ha-ha!—this Dumont—ha-ha-ha!—he wanted to make himself so chic—ha-ha-ha!—he is out there in—in—in white flannels! Six hours already, and probably three more! Picture him! Ha-ha-ha! Maybe I am not some small disentangler myself! Oh, I expire! He-he-he! I wait to see him come in! Ho-ho-ho! Oof! I hurt myself! Haw! Haw! Haw!"

Blankets of water beat against the windowpanes, and there was no train for another hour; but I was reasonably content. My companion was having hysterics and the waiter was on the wing. And since I had listened so patiently to the count, he could certainly do no less than to return the compliment. I had full sixty minutes to explain to him how rotten I am, and that I hadn't had a club in my hands for two years, and had contracted rheumatism, and been obliged to put on glasses. It's always better to begin with a moderate ondecar.

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THE LOVELY LADY

(Continued from Page 7)

"That's the trouble with you happily married people. Now if father only saw something of other women, once in a while, he'd appreciate you more, mother."

"You see, my dear? You don't appreciate me."

"I know," said Linton. "It's terrible! But it's time to dress, all the same."

Dressing, Stanley thought, "I can't tell them the truth about myself. I'm too fond of 'em. It would break their hearts." He believed that he was quite depraved. He did not mind being depraved, but he hated to deceive them. They were so darned decent to him. He knew the sacrifices they made for his unworthy self. His hard-working father never mentioned that sort of thing. As for his mother—well, he had a fixation about his mother.

IV

AFTER the theater Stanley and his mother came home and talked. He cut a dance for the purpose, but he did not let her know it. He lit a cigarette.

"Do you know a Mrs. Deshiel?"

Stanley blew smoke upward. He was so elaborately casual about it that his mother took alarm. She knew all about the dangerous Mrs. Deshiel. Everyone did. She knew the cynicizing effect the lady had had upon other young men. "She is the one! That is where he went for tea."

The boy was wearing the orchid in the buttonhole of his dinner coat now. He must have valued it. She felt an impulse to snatch it out, tear it to pieces, trample it and warn her son of danger ahead. But she was too wise a mother for that. Youth loves danger.

She merely said, with a sort of enthusiasm, "Oh, yes, I know her. Beautiful creature, isn't she?"

Stanley looked at his cigarette.

"Tell me about her," he said.

There was her chance. He was asking her. She could tell him what the pretty lady really was: not the usual fascinating flirt, merry and frivolous; not even a generous, warm-hearted voluptuary; but a jaded sensualist, the thin-lipped, cruel kind. But Stanley's mother did not dare, for she knew that under all his picked-up collection of modern ideas there still lay the ancient idealism of youth, common to all new generations, as common as young love. She feared that the boy would rush to the lady's defense like a loyal young knight.

So she answered, "Oh, I have not seen much of Julia lately. Why?"

"Have you known her long?"

"Ever since we were at school together."

"Together?"

"Well, Julia was in a class or two ahead of me; but ——"

"Ahead of you!"

"Why, darling, I'm only forty!"

"Then you mean that Mrs. Deshiel is over forty?"

"Oh, not much. She can't be more than forty-two or three."

"I see." Not more than forty-two or three!

"But she's very well preserved."

Well preserved! What a terrible thing to be!

"Well, go on, mother."

"She was quite a noted beauty in her day—notorious, some people are unkind enough to say. Gossips are so unfair to the fair. She's had a very interesting career."

"How do you mean—a career?"

"Three husbands."

"Three! Has she got any now?"

"I think she's unattached—for the time being."

"All die?"

"One of them died soon after the divorce, but I think the others are still extant somewhere. It was such hard luck about the one that died. She obtained a settlement of only half a million in lieu of alimony. If she had stuck it out for only a few months longer she would have received at least a third of a huge estate. Why? Are you interested in her?"

"Oh, no, not especially." A pause. "I had tea with her today."

His mother knew that several minutes before, but she only said, "Such a pretty house, isn't it?"

"I've had tea with her several times. She's been very kind to me."

"She's always kind to young people; especially young men."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you see, she's never had anything very real in life, poor thing, except youth and good looks; and now that they are going, it helps to keep up her courage to play with young men. Some of our friends call her a cradle snatcher. It's so unkind of them. But she can't help being crazy about men. It's the only interest in life she's ever had. I'm so glad you've been nice to her."

Crazy about men! The silly old thing! A woman over forty has no business being crazy about men.

"Well, what I wanted to consult you about," said Stanley, with his air of matured wisdom, "was this: As I say, I've been going there for tea a good deal and I thought I'd better stop. I thought you could tell me a good way to do it without hurting her feelings."

"But why stop? There's no danger of her making a fool of you, is there?"

"Oh, I shouldn't mind that. I'd rather like it. But, you see, I'd hate to make a fool of her. She's a lady."

His mother beamed and patted his arm.

"You're such a dear, Stanley." You see, she did not know how depraved he was. "Well, if you really want to stop," she went on, "you can always find that you have another engagement. That oughtn't to be hard for you."

"You don't think she'd feel badly about it, do you?"

"I think maybe she could console herself with men of her own generation, don't you?"

Stanley laughed.

"That is conceivable." He took the orchid out of his coat and tossed it into the fire. "I'm fed up," he said.

"Cradle snatcher" did it.

As he kissed his mother good night he said, "My, but you're a corker! Some men say that no woman can be fair to other women. It's like most of the lies they tell about you. Now if you had tried to influence me ——"

"I know, dear. Good night."

Oh, what a lucky escape! She shuddered at the harm a woman of that sort might do to her son—permanent harm, giving him that sneering attitude toward women so many men have, using them and then despising them. Could her boy retain his faith in woman? Her husband had done so. He had made her very happy. She was a lucky woman. Well, luck may have a good deal to do with it.

■

SATURDAY evening, after the dinner at home, quite truthfully used as a pretext for declining Mrs. Deshiel's invitation, Stanley took his guests on to a dance, dropping his father at a club where it was Jim Linton's established custom to forgather with old friends every Saturday night. The dance was at the home of that classmate whose younger sister Stanley had encountered in a more reckless period of her career. The wave of reform had washed this family high and very dry.

Before midnight, a bored youth, a stranger to Stanley, said, "No pep in this party. Let's round up a gang and beat it." And Stanley agreed.

This gang, as it happened, a half dozen boys and girls, were also strangers to him—often the way at dances during the holidays. But they all crowded, laughing, into one taxicab, and Stanley suggested that they go up to the Inn. He was curious to have a look at the cradle snatcher and the victim she had elected to be kind to in his place.

When they reached the Inn the others romped in ahead while Stanley paid for the cab. Stanley was the sort who always pay for cabs. The porte-cochère was on the side, and in passing along the porch toward the main entrance, he saw Mrs. Deshiel sooner than he had expected. She was seated by the window, elbows resting on the table, her two heavily jeweled hands framing her smiling face, and she wore the orchids. Opposite her, and smiling back into her veiled eyes, sat the man who gave her the orchids. It was his father.

Stanley looked for a moment longer; then, fearing that he might be seen, stepped back into the shadow.

"So this is the man she was playing up to make me jealous—my father!"

All his precocious new ideas crashed to the ground. He was just a horribly shocked boy. His own father! If it were some other fellow's father it would not have amazed him. He had seen such things. But this was his mother's husband, and she was alone at home, trusting him, while he sat there smiling into the eyes of another woman. The boy hated her now; he hated his father. For some curious reason he hated himself.

So this was the way the older generation did it. He had heard that they were all hypocrites. He had thought that there must be exceptions.

He tiptoed forward and took another look to make sure. Yes, it was father all right, and he seemed to be enjoying himself. This was the way he played bridge at the club on Saturday nights. And there at home was his mother peacefully asleep or, it might be, worrying; not about her husband but her son, wondering whether he was going to stay out all night. Oh, life was rotten!

He stepped to the entrance and scribbled a note, while the blare of jazz rang with horror in his ears. He summoned a waiter, tipped him and indicated one of his companions.

"Hand this to that gentleman who has just sat down," he said, then turned and left. He had written:

Sorry to duck the party, but I'm all in and have gone home. Say good night to the girls for me.

His mother's light was still on when he crept silently upstairs. He knocked on her door and was admitted. She was reading in bed; she often did

She smiled at him and said, "Oh, I didn't expect you home so early. Your father is still at the club."

Oh, so tender and sweet and good. "She trusts me so; she trusts father!"

She did not tell him that she was always awake when he came home, no matter how late. He knew that she was aware that there were nights when he had had too much to drink. She never told him that either. Well, all that was cut out for keeps. She needed him now.

"Did you have a good time?" she asked. She always asked that.

"No," he said, "rotten."

"I'm so sorry. Why not?"

"I got to thinking about you here all alone."

"Oh, I'm all right. You mustn't let me spoil your fun. Your father and I want you to have a normal, happy youth while you're young. And as for the rest, just remember that you are your father's son."

He could not stand it. He turned away.

"I don't think I'll ever have any more normal, happy youth."

"Why, darling, what has happened?"

"Nothing. Only tonight I suddenly felt sort of old."

She laughed fondly.

"Oh, you'll get over that."

"I don't believe so. Good night, mother." He came back and kissed her again, putting his arms about her and holding her close. "You're the dearest thing in the world to me, and I'm never going to let anything hurt you—never, never!"

"Why, Stanley dear, you're shivering! You should have worn your fur coat."

She wrapped the coverlet about him and mothered him. He clung to her as when he was a child.

"You believe in me, don't you, mother?"

"Of course I do!"

"And you always will?"

"Always!"

"No matter what happens, mother?"

"What is it, dear? Do you care to tell me?"

He shook his head.

"I've been pretty rotten sometimes, mother. I can't tell you how rotten."

"I don't ask you to, dear."

"I know you don't. You trust me. Well, I'm going to make good now."

She hesitated a moment, then: "Stanley, you're not involved with—the person we mentioned last night?"

"I am not, mother; and there's no danger of my getting involved now."

"I'm so glad. I think I could stand it if it were anyone else, but that sort ——"

"Please don't talk about that person. I hate her."

She wondered why.

"Whatever you do, Stanley, I want you to keep your belief in woman. It can be done—your father has done it."

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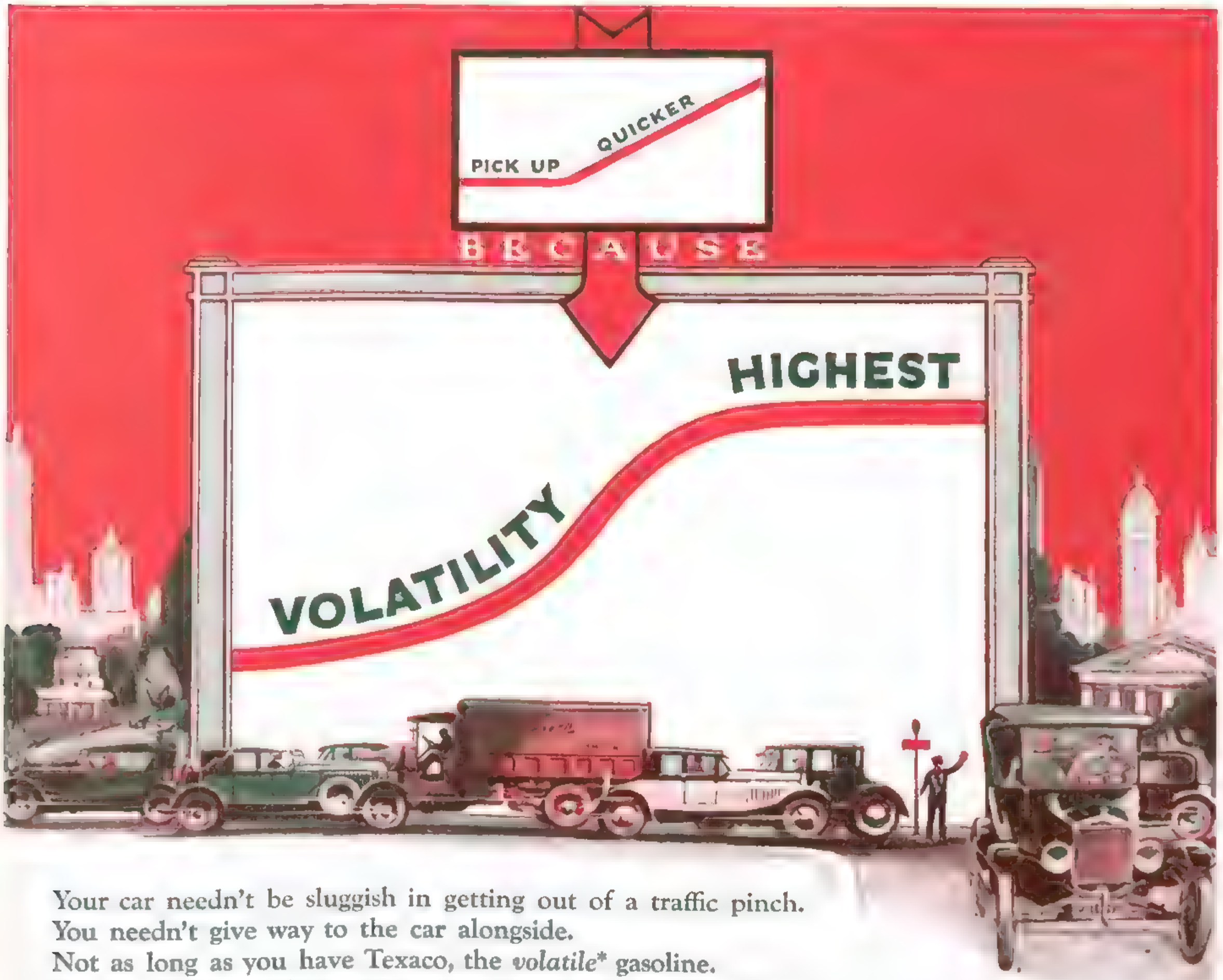

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He had risen to go, but he came back and held her close again.

"Nothing is ever going to hurt you, dearest," he said. "I'm going to take care of you, but you've got to believe in me you've got to!"

The next day he telephoned to Mrs. Deshiel:

"I'd like to come for tea if you'll let me."

"I thought you would," said the soft slow voice. "I'll let you."

VI

LINTON, SENIOR, having reached the now-or-never stage of life, was still saying "Never" to himself with increasing emphasis; but everything about his alluring client seemed to be whispering "Now." He had been a good husband. He intended to remain so. His philanderings, infrequent and harmless enough, had invariably made him a better husband. The boy was right! Jim appreciated his wife the more. They were a congenial pair and they really loved each other. He did not want anyone to take her place. No one could. But there are other places and other women. All his life he had been running away from them, and youth was dying hard in him. He would soon be old - about day after tomorrow.

He regarded this sort of thing as not unfair to his true mate unless he went too far. But he never went very far. He seldom went at all. A good husband. It was quite all right, wasn't it?

He was kind and he wanted to be honest; but he could not be entirely honest with his wife without being unkind. Naturally, he preferred to sacrifice the luxury of perfect honesty. So he did not tell his wife about these nonprofessional conferences with his attractive client. There was nothing to tell. If he told, it would sound like a confession. There was nothing to confess. It would remain nothing—of course.

Mrs. Deshiel was interested in her legal adviser. All men interested her. They were not a mere relaxation, a diversion after the important business of the day, but a constant preoccupation—occupation, indeed, so far as she had any. Jim Linton particularly interested her. Good husbands always piqued her, and this one was wise and mellow and amusing. Being her lawyer, he had formed the agreeable habit of talking to her about her beautiful self. He treated her as if she were a mere girl. She liked to be regarded as a mere girl.

"I see through you now," she was saying to him at about the time young Stanley caught his horrified glimpse of them through the window at the inn. "You play our game. You talk about us. It isn't really fair, you know, stealing a woman's weapons."

Linton smiled derisively.

"I'm not playing any game. I merely enjoy watching the wheels go round."

His smile always stimulated her. He was too sure of himself.

"Well, you enjoy watching me, anyhow, don't you, Jim?"

"Enormously; you are very good to look at."

"I'm glad you approve of me."

"But I don't. I disapprove entirely. I've often told you so."

"I like to have you tell me so."

"You are utterly depraved, Julia, but—and this may make more of an impression on you—your income won't stand the present pace, my dear. You are no longer a wealthy woman, and yet you keep on living as if you were."

He wanted to get on safer ground.

"So you brought me up here to talk business?"

"It's my business to understand my clients."

"Do you understand me, Jim?"

He laughed.

"Oh, well enough."

"Well enough for what?"

She always managed to swing the conversation around to herself and he always enjoyed her doing it.

"Well enough to talk business with you."

"I see. I wondered why you sent me these beautiful orchids. Now I understand."

It was easier for her to talk to him than to his son. Also it was easier for her to keep her hands off him.

She could not resist intimating that he had a youthful rival. She did it jocularly, but she had to do it all the same.

"As you are my adviser, I suppose I really ought to consult you about my new beau."

"Julia, am I supposed to be jealous?"

"Oh, no, I had no such hopes. You despise me so."

"I don't despise you; I'm merely sorry for you."

"How sweet of you to be so sympathetic!"

"You are the most pathetic figure in modern life, Julia—the idle woman."

"Figure? You admire my 'figger' you know you like 'em thin."

She was quite shameless and quite delightful to him, and she knew it.

"How any woman can be so vain ——"

"How can I help it when you admire me so?"

As a good husband, he felt unkind; his wife was plump.

"Utterly depraved, aren't you, Julia?"

"Oh, but it's all right to be depraved in your eyes. You are so upright, so respectable, so entirely beyond temptation. It's terrible to be scorned by you, Jim. Do you blame me for turning to your youthful rival?"

It was a new sensation to her, playing off a son and father against each other. She enjoyed their similarity and also their contrast. Although it was easier to talk to the elder, it was more exciting to look at the younger. He had his father's eyes without the wrinkles. She did not like to be reminded of wrinkles.

"Ah, yes," said Linton with pretended seriousness, "youth seeks youth."

She looked up. She did not like that. He was her lawyer and knew her exact age—a professional secret. It was rude to allude to it. He was entirely too superior.

She observed with a smile as they drove home together that he was penitent and kind, and he suggested another visit to the Inn on the following Saturday evening.

"Very well, legal adviser, I'll keep Saturday evening for you. But we'll end up with a party at my house, just we two alone, Jim. I'll have a wonderful supper prepared for you before the servants go to bed, and I have some Pol Roger, 1914. How does that sound to you, Jim dear?"

"It sounds as if you were trying to compromise a respectable middle-aged lawyer."

"Oh, but he's my own lawyer and is quite middle-aged and very respectable. You wouldn't be afraid of me, would you, Jim? Of course, if you are, don't come."

"Bah!" said Linton. "I'll come; but I warn you, I'm going to give you the devil. You've really got to learn how to behave yourself, Julia."

"Thank you, dear Jim. Come and teach me. Good night."

He had been good so long and he would be old so soon.

VII

BUT before Saturday evening and Linton, Senior, came Monday afternoon and Linton, Junior.

"He couldn't keep away!" she said to herself as she made him a cup of tea. "He couldn't keep away, the sweet, shy, darling."

She sensed his fineness, the fastidious ideals of well-bred youth. There were longer pauses than ever during this tea session. She had to stop and think so often how it felt to be young, to be modest.

He said, "Mrs. Deshiel, I was awfully cut up at not going to the Inn with you. I have regretted it ever since."

It was literally true, but he said it with a gallant smile and a look of adoration for the wonderful lady. Well, she was wonderful. She might be old and rotten, but she was a beauty all the same.

"You were so unkind not to come. I felt badly about it all the evening."

"You did not look it, Mrs. Deshiel. Some friends of mine saw you there." She looked up. This was getting interesting. She waited. "They didn't know who he was, but they said you both seemed to be having a good time."

She was the sort who love intrigue for its own sake, and a tittering laugh escaped her. He hated her for it.

"Did they describe him to you?"

"No; I didn't want to think about him, Mrs. Deshiel."

Youth looks so mournful when it is jealous. She smiled and enjoyed his misery.

"I like him because he reminds me of you."

She raised her eyes to his and he gave an illusion of flattered confusion, hiding his disgust.

"At any rate, he has very good taste," said the boy.

"In orchids or inns?"

"In women."

Once more the laugh.

"Like you again—I hope."

"I suppose he's frightfully in love with you."

"I wonder."

"Of course I have no right to know."

"Of course not, but why do you want to know?"

"Can't you guess?"

She could, she did, but she guessed wrong.

"Would you care if he were?"

"You'll never know how much I'd care if he were!"

She relished the trembling sincerity of his voice. Young men were not finished lovers, but they were so delightfully real.

"Then perhaps I'd better not tell you," she said, waiting for more.

"Oh, Mrs. Deshiel, don't tantalize me! Just tell me the truth. Is that man in love with you?"

She had no intention of telling him the truth. She loved to tantalize them first.

"Not yet."

"You mean—he will?"

"Oh, maybe, if I want him to."

"Do you want him to?"

"I wonder." The boy abruptly rose. "Oh, you're not going so soon? Why, we're just beginning to have a good time together."

He had no intention of leaving until he had accomplished his purpose, so he said, "Yes, I am going, and I shall not come again, Mrs. Deshiel. I can't stand the thought of that fellow coming near you, and I won't."

The lady also had arisen.

"Don't go, Stanley; I want you to stay."

"Not unless you tell me the truth. What is that man to you?"

"Nothing."

"Are you sure? And he's not going to be?"

She drew nearer, looked into his troubled face and smiled.

"So you want me to give him up for you?"

Young as he was, he knew that he had the upper hand.

"That's what I want; that's what I've got to have. Will you promise?"

"Why, of course I will if you want me to!"

She was so close to him now that he could see the wrinkles around her undoubtedly gorgeous eyes, and in them he read a message older than spoken words.

"Then it's a bargain" he said, and held out his hand. She gave him hers and awaited eagerly for what she thought would happen.

But it didn't happen. He saw the excited little smile on her painted face. He knew that kind of smile and he was accustomed to kissing paint, but the horrible question came into his mind: Had his father done what she so palpably expected him to do? His disgust was physical now and, dropping her hand, he turned away for fear his face would disclose the truth.

"Oh, Mrs. Deshiel," he mumbled, making for the door, "you are too beautiful! I must go before you turn me out."

And with a self-conscious laugh he bolted out of the room. He rushed into the outside air with the sense of relief one has emerging from an overperfumed hothouse. Well, at any rate he had fixed his father for a while, and he would fix him again if necessary.

His mother was not going to suffer, not while he could prevent it.

"The sweet, shy, beautiful boy!" said the lady to the mirror on her dressing table. "He wanted to spare me—me! Just think of that!" She laughed and saw by the mirror that she was actually blushing. How nice to be able to blush again. "Oh, he'll come back tomorrow," she said, smiling at herself. "They always do."

VIII

BUT he did not come back on the morrow, nor the next day. Later in the week she telephoned, but he was out. The third time she found him in and reproached him beautifully for his neglect.

"I didn't dare come!" he said, breathing it low into the telephone. "You know why."

"Oh, you mustn't be afraid of little me," she said, and he detested her for saying it. Out of her sultry presence he always detested her now, but he wasn't so sure he could keep it up. He was very young to be in such a mess. He realized now that it was a serious undertaking. He had never heard of a man in quite such a fix before, and there was no one he could consult about it. Meanwhile, as each day went by and he kept away, there was that haunting thought

(Continued on Page 81)

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Continued from Page 78

of his rival, his supposed-to-be-unknown rival, looming up in his imagination. She had given him her word, but what was that to a woman of her sort? Besides, there was an implied condition attached. He was not making good on his side of the bargain.

It was distressing him terribly and his mother noticed it—the last person in the world he wanted to notice it. Thank God, she was not the prying kind of mother.

Saturday was the evening of the Culbertsons' dance. They were friends of the family. So many of Stanley's acquaintances were not. He was dining at home this evening; so were his parents. Feeling like a cur for it, he was watching his father closely.

"Why don't you two drop in at the Culbertsons' tonight for a while? A lot of other old people are going to be there. They would appreciate it so."

"Don't you know that your father always plays bridge at the club Saturday night? It's a sacred rite. Not even I dare interfere with that."

"You can take your mother if you like," said Linton.

"I don't think I care to go, Jim. Stanley can represent the family."

"Are you playing late tonight, father?"

"Well, that depends. Sometimes we turn it into poker."

"How would you like to join me at the Culbertsons' at twelve o'clock or so? We'll come home early and get a good sleep."

Linton said that his dancing days were over. He'd soon be an old man.

"What time do you generally begin your game?"

"Ten or eleven," said Linton, and retired to his study to read for a while.

Stanley went to the telephone.

"Tell Mrs. Deshiel that Mr. Linton would like to speak to her."

Presently he heard the lazy voice saying, "Who is it?"

"Mr. Linton."

She knew that, but the trouble was she did not know which one.

"I can't understand the name."

"Linton. Stanley Linton."

"Oh, Stanley, how stupid of me! Why, you haven't been near me for nearly a week!"

"I have tried to stay away, but I can't keep it up any longer. I am coming this evening."

"Oh, but you can't come this evening. I'm engaged."

He thought so. That settled it.

"Then you must break your engagement."

"I'd love to, but it's too late."

"No, it isn't."

"Oh, but it is! Come tomorrow evening."

"I tell you you've got to break it. I'm coming at once, and you've got to see me."

His voice was so loud and dominant, his manner so insistent, that it excited and delighted her.

"Well, you can come for half an hour if you promise to go at the end of that time."

"I'll come and you will break your engagement. I'll make you."

"That depends upon whether you're nice to me, Stanley. *A bientôt.*"

Stanley put on his overcoat and came to say good night to his mother, as was his custom.

"Aren't you starting rather early, dear?"

"Yes, but I'll not stay very late." He paused, and added, "If I can help it."

"By the way, Stanley, tell Mrs. Culbertson that I'm counting upon seeing her on Wednesday at that committee meeting. Don't forget. It's important."

"I'm not sure that I'll get to the Culbertsons' this evening."

"Oh, very well, I'll telephone her in the morning." She kissed him and added, "Of course, I know you're worrying about something."

"No, mother, it's all right."

She hated to say this, but—"Is it that Mrs. Deshiel?"

"It's not what you think it is."

"Stanley, you told me you had stopped going to see her."

The boy winced.

"Oh, I can't tell you about it, mother."

"Then come into the study and tell your father about it; he'll help you out." She took him by the arm.

He backed away.

"Oh, no!" he said.

"You mustn't think, simply because he's so straight and fine, that he can't sympathize and understand ——"

"Please stop. I can't talk to him."

"Then it's something you're ashamed to speak to your father about? Oh, my dear, you're no longer frank with us. And we have trusted you so! You asked me to believe in you!"

"Oh, mother, how can you!"

She raised her arms towards him. He hurried past her and ran out of the house.

If his mother wouldn't trust him what was the use? If she didn't believe in him why believe in himself? Why believe in anything? Why not just dash into life and have a good time like the rest of the hypocrites? What was the sense in being blamed for doing things when you didn't have the fun doing them?

Mrs. Deshiel's smart little car was waiting outside, and she was waiting for him in the drawing-room.

"Well, Stanley! so you couldn't stay away any longer?"

For answer, he strode across the room and took her in his arms in man fashion. She had not expected this so soon, and instinctively struggled a little against what she had wanted so long, glorying in his masculine strength, her feminine helplessness.

"Don't!" she whispered. "You mustn't!"

"I will," he said; "I want to," and she curled up in his arms and purred like a cat.

The servants were heard preparing the supper table in the rear room.

"Be careful!" she said, and pushed him away. Women with two or three divorces are abnormally sensitive to the proximity of servants.

"Am I nice enough now?" he said with a laugh. "Will you break that engagement?"

"Yes," she said, returning his look, "I will telephone at once. Then we'll go out and dance some place first and come back here for supper."

As he opened the door for her to leave the room she reached up and took his face in both her perfumed hands.

"You are very nice," she said.

IX

LINTON, SENIOR, put on his coat. He would first go to the club, then he would have told no lie when saying that he was going to the club, you see. He would stay there for an hour or so, just to maintain his honesty, then he would go and watch the wheels go round.

"Jim, are you in a hurry?"

"No, dear. What is it?"

"I'm worried about Stanley."

Linton laughed.

"Oh, calf love. You take his boy-and-girl affairs too seriously, my dear."

"It's not a girl; it's an older woman."

"Oh, he's reached that stage, has he? Probably do him good. Every boy ought to fall in love with some older woman and get jilted. Make a man of him. Have you any idea who it is?"

"Your Mrs. Deshiel."

"Mrs. Deshiel? That's impossible! Why, she's old enough to be his mother!"

"What's worse, she's old enough to want young lovers. You know her reputation."

"Our little boy —— What a grotesque idea!"

Apparently the grotesqueness of it affected him, for she saw her husband shudder. He was thinking of the unnamed youthful rival Julia had referred to. His boy! So she was even capable of that!

Varying emotions were in his voice as he said, "Oh, if I had only known!"

"I knew how it would worry you, dear," said his wife, patting his arm. "That's why I didn't tell you until I had to."

So she had wanted to spare a worthless dog like himself. It was so like her.

"Maybe I deserve to be worried. He's my own son. I've been a pretty poor sort of a father. How long has this been going on?" There was no time for remorse now.

"You remember the day he came home wearing an orchid? That was the first inkling I got of it."

Oh, yes, he remembered the orchid!

"I wish you had told me then."

"You were so busy I hated to bother you."

"You hated to bother me! I see. Well, go on."

She told of answering the telephone one day when Mrs. Deshiel had asked for Mr. Linton.

"Naturally I thought it was for you, but Stanley insisted it was for him and wouldn't let me send for you."

"I know all about that woman!" he burst out. "I've seen a lot of her lately—

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SPARK PLUGS

more than I have let you know. She's a man-eater of the most voracious breed. Why, she would try her tricks even on an old codger like myself!"

"Oh, if it only were you, Jim! But Stanley is so young and so sweet, and under all his new-generation patter, he's so dear, so fine."

Many thoughts rushed through the lawyer's quick-working mind.

"Well, I've got my work cut out for me. I'll have a good talk with him tomorrow whether I feel like it or not. I'll have a talk with the lady too." He was done with her. "I'll telephone her at once."

"Just a minute, Jim. Stanley was at the telephone a few minutes ago, and he got so excited in his demands to somebody that an engagement be broken with someone else for him that I couldn't help hearing his voice away in here. I'm sure he's gone there now."

"At Julia's? This evening? You must be mistaken—that is, what makes you think so?"

"Because he wouldn't deny it."

A servant entered.

"Mr. Smith wishes to speak with you on the telephone, sir."

"Hello, Jim dear, I've been trying to get you at the club. I'm afraid I'll have to break that engagement with you tonight. Can't you make it some night next week?"

"Why do you have to break it?"

"I have to take the midnight train for Boston. You know that matter about the estate. They've telegraphed for me."

"I see," said Linton, and he did.

"Well, you needn't be so grumpy about it. It isn't my fault. Good-by. I must hurry with my packing now. See you soon."

"Yes," said Linton to himself, "you'll see me sooner than you expect."

He joined his wife in the other room. He still had his overcoat on.

"Well, my dear," he said, "I'm going around there. And don't fear, I'll bring him back to you safe and sound. I've been a pretty poor husband and a worse father; but if I can clean up this mess—well, you'll see."

"Oh, you'll clean it up!"

x

IT GAVE Linton a guilty twinge when Mrs. Deshiel's butler admitted him so unquestioningly; but, after all, his privileges now showed advantages he had never anticipated.

Mrs. Deshiel was out, the servant said, but would be back soon.

"I was invited for supper," said Jim, which was true.

The butler took Linton's hat and coat.

"Yes, sir. Madame expects you, sir." Not so true!

While waiting, Stanley's father could see from the drawing-room a wine cooler with the top of the bottle projecting above the ice.

"Pol Roger, 1914," he said to himself.

The supper ordered for the father now to be bestowed upon the son. The whole ironic scene appeared so offensively cheap and theatrical that he would have laughed, if only his own boy were not the intended victim.

Well, he had plenty of time now for remorse. He had to wait, inactive, nothing to do but think. Oh, if he could only get the boy out of her claws, what a model husband, what a good father, he was going to be all the rest of his life. Never again! Never again! There was only one way to play the marriage game and that was to play it straight. Even when you do not deceive your wife, you can't do any of these things without a whole elaborate train of deception.

Oh, the joy of ingenuousness, the sheer comfort of honesty, of not being obliged to stop and think before you speak, of avoiding inconsistencies in your alibis! Oh, what a relief to be well out of it! Old fool! Old fool! Old fool!

He did not have to wait so long as he had expected. He heard Mrs. Deshiel's soft laughter as she entered, followed by Stanley. Linton arose to greet them. Julia stopped short on the threshold, and then burst out laughing. She did not in the least want to see the boy's father, but the drama of it amused her and she had no doubt of her ability to get rid of the elder Linton.

"Well, Jim," she said, "I didn't expect to see you."

"Evidently," he replied, smiling.

Stanley said nothing. With the cold shock of confronting his father here in the lady's house, the boy's flame was extinguished like a match which has been tossed into the sea. He did not even feel chagrin at getting "caught"; he felt such shame at catching his father.

And yet his parent did not look guilty or even seem surprised to see Stanley there, and that puzzled the son throughout the curious encounter. The Old Man was always masterly at handling situations and the boy could not help admiring his poise in the present one. Evidently Mrs. Deshiel's message had failed to reach him. Well, what would happen now?

"Jim, what in the world are you doing here this time of the night?"

"If you'll excuse Stanley I'll explain. It's rather important or I wouldn't have come."

"Oh, but I won't excuse Stanley."

"Something has come up in regard to the business that takes you to Boston" the lawyer gave a significant glance toward his son—"an aspect of the matter I didn't appreciate until tonight. It is necessary to have a conference with you at once. I'm sure that under the circumstances Stanley will understand."

Stanley thought he understood. His "rival" wanted to get rid of him. The boy no longer felt the slightest interest in Mrs. Deshiel, but it hurt him that his own father, instead of trying to help him out of the mess, seemed only concerned about the lady. He felt horribly young and desolate. . . . Well, even if his father wouldn't fight for him, he meant to fight for his mother at any rate.

Mrs. Deshiel had flung off her wrap.

"I don't want to talk business tonight, Jim. I don't want to talk to you at all. I prefer Stanley."

Linton joined in her bantering laugh, but added with the dominant note he sometimes employed as her lawyer, "You'll have to talk to me, Julia."

"Oh, but he's so nice. I like him much better than his bald-pated pater."

"So do I," said Linton quietly. And he gave her a look which meant "And I'll prove it if necessary." He turned to Stanley. "I think he'll go if I ask him to."

"I think he'll stay if I ask him to."

"Under the circumstances, I don't think you'll ask him to stay." Another look; this one meant "He's so pitifully young."

"Under the circumstances, I don't think you'll ask him to go." And her look meant "You don't dare."

Jim accepted the challenge in her eyes and the duel for the boy continued.

"I'm afraid I'll have to," said Jim.

"On the contrary," said Julia, "you're going to ask him to stay. You know you are, Jim."

"If I left him here, Julia, your hospitality would be lavish and unstinted, I am sure; but—" Jim turned to his son. "Stanley, it's really quite important that I should see Mrs. Deshiel alone. You'll excuse us, won't you, old man?"

Stanley spoke at last. He always hated to be old-manned by his father; but with his frankest and most engaging smile, he said, "Why, certainly, sir," as if ignorant of what all the fuss was about. "I'll wait in the dining room until you finish your business talk with Mrs. Deshiel."

"Just a moment, Stanley, old man."

Stanley waited.

"To tell the truth" and as his father hesitated, Stanley wondered what the lie would be—"your mother isn't feeling awfully fit tonight and I think she'd appreciate your coming home early for once." It happened to be the truth. He smiled at the boy. "You know, you're going back to college next Monday."

Stanley turned away, apparently looking for a cigarette. Ordinarily he would have resented the attempt to send him home like a boy, being twenty-one, but that did not occur to him now. He was appalled at the idea of any man—one's father, at that—using his own wife, one's mother, in such a situation, for such a motive. He had not supposed that even the hypocritical generation could sink that low.

Mrs. Deshiel was smiling.

"Of course, if your wife is ill she will want her husband to comfort her. Come along, Stanley. You must be famished. I know I am."

"No, Julia," said Jim more seriously, "this won't do." And he stepped between them.

Mrs. Deshiel was still playful, but there was growing impatience as she said, "Jim, if you can't take a hint, at least take a hat

(Continued on Page 85)

The FOOT ARISTOCRATIC

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Thirty odd years ago the genius and patience of Robert H. Foerderer revolutionized tanning methods.

Aptly, Robert H. Foerderer named the leather he produced, Vici—"I conquered." And wisely he decreed that only one company—Robert H. Foerderer, Inc.—should produce it.

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A Balloon Tire is a true balloon to exactly the extent of the low-pressure advantages it gives

Regardless of current claims, low air pressure is the final answer. Whether you want Balloon Tires that require *special* wheels or Balloon Tires that fit your *present* wheels or Regular size Cord Tires especially built for low air pressure—***what you really seek is low air pressure.***

It is a mistaken idea that only a tire requiring change of wheels is a Balloon Tire. A tire built to conform to the principles of Balloon construction is a true Balloon whether designed for standard-size wheels or the new small-diameter wheels.

Here are the facts from a manufacturer who makes all types:—

There is only one point of difference between Balloon Tires that require special wheels and Balloon Tires that fit present wheels.

In the case of Balloons requiring special wheels (the new 20″, 21″, 22″ sizes) the space gained by using these smaller diameter wheels permits the use of slightly fatter Balloons.

Balloons to fit present wheels (standard 23″ wheels) must naturally be slightly smaller than their brother Balloons in order to clear all body and fender points.

For example, comparing the 6.20 Balloon (requiring wheel change) with the 5.77 (which fits present wheels) you'll find a difference of less than ½ inch in the cross-section.

In some sizes there is no difference between the two in air pressure and in other sizes the difference doesn't exceed five pounds. Applied in correct sizes, neither type will noticeably change gear ratios, interfere with body clearances, or cause any mechanical irregularities, because the soft state of inflation and the conformity to the road compensate for the little difference in diameter of the wheels.

In addition to Balloons requiring wheel change and Balloons to fit present wheels, General also gives you low air pressure advantages in its Regular size Cords. Thus General offers a complete selection of Balloons and Low-Pressure Cords.

After all, it is not a question of who first called a tire "Balloon," or who made the first Balloon. The Balloons of all makes are built upon the one principle of low air pressure. The question of priority in Balloon Tire making is important only insofar as it guides your selection of the most dependable tire equipment. In going to the General tire dealer—*low air pressure headquarters*—you assure yourself of getting the product developed by a company with years of successful experience in low-pressure construction. He will give you complete information on Balloon tires and how you can apply low air pressure to your car in three ways with General Cords.

Talk over this low-pressure subject with your friends who use Generals. For years they have known General as the low-air-pressure Cord Tire.

General gives you this choice of 3 ways

THE GENERAL BALLOON
REQUIRING SPECIAL WHEELS

These General Balloons are built for the new small-diameter wheel sizes—20″, 21″, 22″. They do not cut down power. Our tests show a range of 50% on a level road in power consumption between different makes of Balloons. The General shows a smaller power consumption than any other Balloons tested. Our tests show that General Balloons consume 30% less power than the average of all other makes, and also show they run with lower air pressure.

THE GENERAL BALLOON
TO FIT PRESENT WHEELS

These General Balloons are made to fit present wheels on cars now using tires of these sizes—30 x 3½, 31 x 4, 32 x 4, 32 x 4½, 33 x 4½ and 33 x 5. They enable you to equip your car with Balloon Tires without the expense of changing wheels or rims. They run with approximately the same low air pressure prescribed by other manufacturers for Balloons requiring wheel change—in some cases they run with even less air pressure, but in a few cases slightly more.

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You are not forced to use Balloons in order to secure low-pressure advantages. For years all regular size General Cords have been giving mileage that has made the name General famous, running on 30% to 40% less air than is required by standard tires of the same sizes. These regular low-pressure General Cords run at air pressures within five to fifteen pounds as low as the pressures stipulated for Balloons of other makes.

General has always been known as the perfectly balanced tire. There has never been any piling up of ply splices and in General Tubes there is perfect distribution of weight

The GENERAL CORD

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO.

(Continued from Page 82)

and run along home to your wife like a good little husband."

She laid her long, slim hand on Stanley's arm and pressed it close to her.

Stanley had lost all respect for his father, but the atrocious taste of this reference to his mother revolted him. He knew that his "lovely lady" was naughty, but he had not supposed that she was ill-bred. He gently withdrew his hand from her arm.

"I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. Deshiel; but, of course, if mother isn't well ——" He left her and crossed to his father. "I suppose we'd both better go home, sir." And he took his father's arm. There! That would fix everything!

But the lady was not prepared to be thwarted. She laughed gayly and said, "Stanley, do you want your rival to take your place—my elderly beau?" She did not dream that he knew it meant his father.

"Oh, I'm not worrying about that now." He was leading his father towards the hall. "It's too late."

She followed after them.

"I'm not so sure of that."

"Well, I am," said Linton. "Good night, Julia."

But it was not to be so easy as all that. The lady accompanied them to the hall, and as the two men helped each other into their coats she stood with her back to the outside door, looking from one to the other. So this arrogant lawyer of hers was going to defeat her, was he? Well, she would make him pay for it.

"Before you take him away, Jim, why don't you tell your son the real reason you came here tonight?"

"What do you mean?" Linton said.

He knew what she meant and that she was merely giving him time to surrender. But he was not going to surrender. Let her tell. That would at least cure the boy. He knew Stanley well enough for that.

"Well, Julia, go on."

"Oh, you'd rather have me tell him, Jim?"

Stanley felt his father's arm quiver, and the young man surprised both of these old people.

"Oh, you don't have to tell me. I know why he came here; but you don't, Mrs. Deshiel. He's too much of an old-fashioned gentleman to let you know the real reason; but I am not." The boy laughed self-consciously and looked exceedingly uncomfortable. "You're very beautiful, Mrs. Deshiel, and you've been kind to me. Father knows that. He's afraid I'm kid enough to take it seriously. He happens to be wrong. I've seen all along that you were only fooling with me; but that's why he came, if you must know it; that's why he threw that bluff about the legal stuff."

It was a humiliating position to put yourself in, at twenty-one, and his cheeks turned crimson. But he was not going to let this silly old bedizened hag humiliate his father before his own son, even though he did deserve it. So Stanley had told the first lie that came into his head, never dreaming that it could be true.

"Oh, so your father expected to find you here, did he?" She smiled and looked at Jim.

"Why, of course! Couldn't you see that the minute we came in? I did."

"Oh, yes," she said, more sarcastically. "I suppose you told him you were to be here this evening?"

"No, I didn't. But I happened to mention the matter to my mother, and she told him and they both got excited. It's a way old people have, you know. So he rushed around here to put our little party on the bum, and that's all there is to it. Isn't that right, father?"

"It happens to be exactly right," said Linton; but he wondered how the boy knew.

"Oh, you think so, do you?"

Mrs. Deshiel left the door and advanced toward Jim. Linton saw the glitter in her cruel eyes and waited, fascinated, for the snake to strike. But Stanley did not wait. He stepped between them, his arm unconsciously seeking his father's.

"No, I don't think—I know!"

He had stopped laughing, and now glared at the lady, daring her to deny it. Somehow she did not dare. Family loyalty—a queer thing! She had never had much to do with it. She decided to burst out laughing.

"Dear me," she said, "I had no idea you two would take teasing so seriously."

Stanley opened the door. He had saved his father's face and now he couldn't help wanting to save hers. She was a rotten poor sport and he loathed her; but, after all, she was a lady.

"Oh, Mrs. Deshiel," he said in his nicest manner, with the worshipful look in his handsome young eyes, "it's hard for any man not to take you seriously; you're so wonderful. Good night. Come on, father."

What could she say to such a boy? In silence the two Lintons made their escape, retreating in good order, arm in arm. Still in silence they headed for home—sanctuary. "See here, young fellow," the elder presently said, and there was real admiration and respect in his voice, "you may not be old-fashioned, but you're a gentleman all the same. I'd like to know you better."

There was a time when this would have captivated the warm-hearted boy, but Stanley made no reply. They walked on, each busy with his own thoughts.

"But, Stanley, how did you know?"

"Know what?"

"Why I was there waiting for you."

Stanley let go his father's arm, sickened. Was this a hint to bluff mother in case embarrassing questions arose? How could any father demand that of a son?

"Well, sir, I knew it was what any decent father would want to do under the circumstances."

Linton was moved. This fine, understanding son deserved a decent father, and he was going to have one too. . . . Never again! Never again!

They had reached the house.

"Poor little mother," thought Stanley, "upstairs asleep."

But she was not asleep. She met them at the door. "Not awfully fit this evening" was true. "Worried to death," thought Stanley; "but merely about me." He could not meet her sweet questioning eyes. He took his father's coat and turned away.

"Rather unusual," she was saying, with such pathetically artificial jocularity, "for you two dashing men-about-town to come home together."

She dared not question Jim before his silent son.

Now came for Stanley the supreme moment of this memorable evening. He had stepped to the coat closet. He now braced himself to hear his father lie.

Linton had laughed to dispel his wife's alarm and now gave her a reassuring nod.

"You don't have to beat about the bush with the new generation, my dear; we met at Julia's, quite as I told you we would."

As he told her! What could this mean? And Stanley's amazement grew as he listened to the rest.

"This son of ours is what they call, I believe, a wise guy. At any rate, he guessed at once why I came and was glad of a pretext to let the lady down easily. I watched his face when she tried to paw him. There's not a thing to worry about, my dear."

"Oh, Jim, are you sure?"

"Isn't that so, Stanley?"

Stanley said nothing. He couldn't. His back was still turned, busying himself with the coats and hats, as he heard one after another of his lies come true.

"Stanley's too much of an old-fashioned gentleman to tell you so, but I am not. I know precisely how relieved he feels to be well out of it. She tried the same game on me, you know."

Then mother must have known all along—must have known everything!

"Come here, kid, I don't want to rub it in, but that orchid you wore home to tea one day was paid for by the Old Man."

Stanley heard his mother approaching.

"Don't be angry, dear, for what your father has done."

The boy turned a radiant face to her now.

"Angry? Oh, mother, you'll never know how glad I am!"

By this time perhaps he believed a little more than the truth. The Inn, the supper, wasn't it all for his sake? What a wise old bird his father was! The warm affection and pride of a child flooded back as he looked at his parents standing there.

"I might have guessed," he thought. "How could any man who knows people like mother fall for a woman like that?"

He impulsively threw an arm about each of his parents.

"Say, father, I was a damn fool."

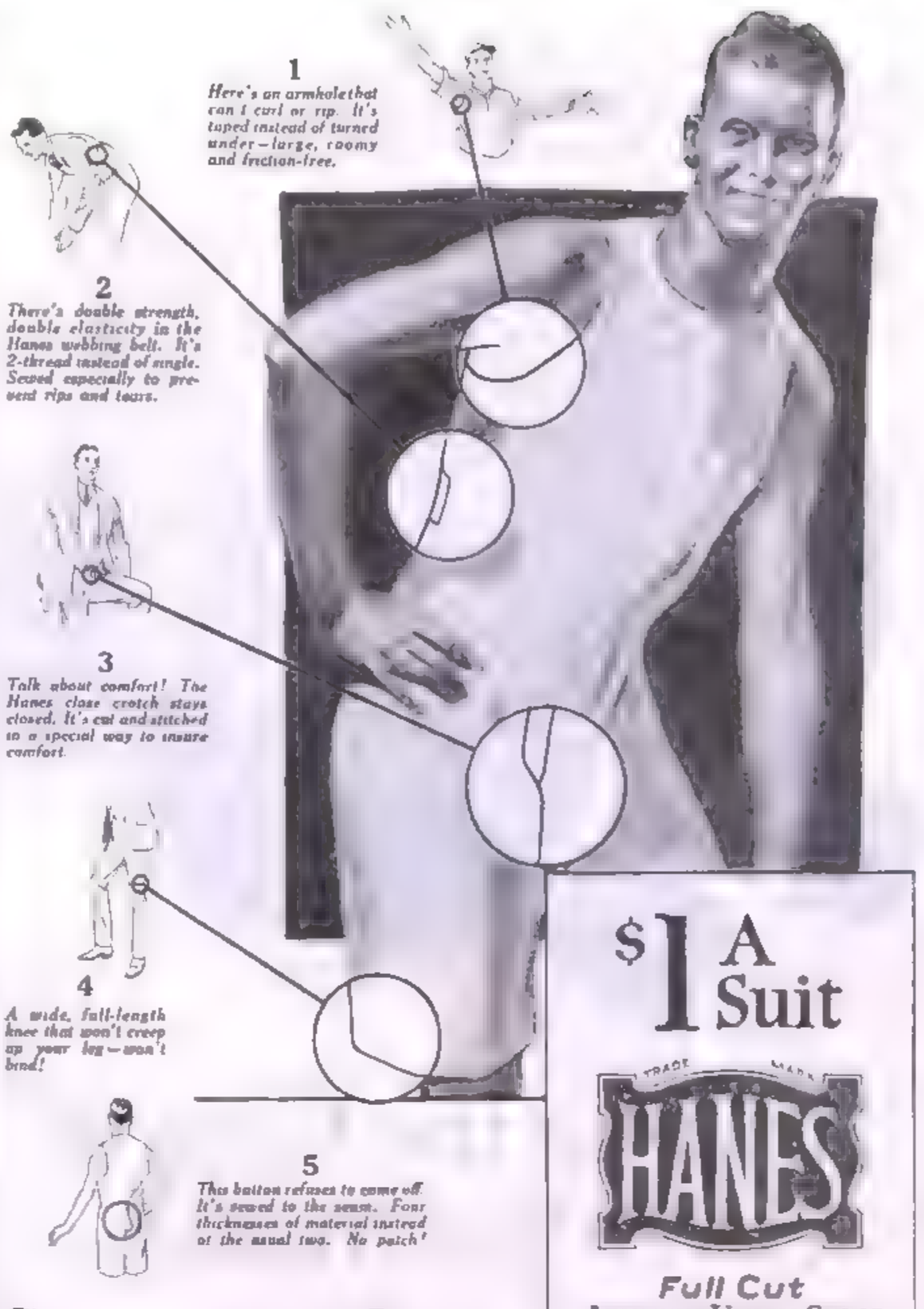
"No," thought his father, "I was."

"No," thought his mother, "I was."

"But, anyway, mother's got a peach of a husband."

Proud and happy and serene, she kissed them both good night.

"Oh, I knew father would pull you out," she said.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Then consider what will happen to the investment if the pipe fails.

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All you can save by using the cheapest pipe obtainable is from 5% to 10% on the cost of the pipe system installed. Yet the life of this entire system depends, above all, on the pipe material. If it is lacking in rust-resistance, and replacements become necessary, their cost is ten or twenty times greater than the cost of the pipe involved. So your entire investment is jeopardized in the effort to make a small saving on the item of pipe.

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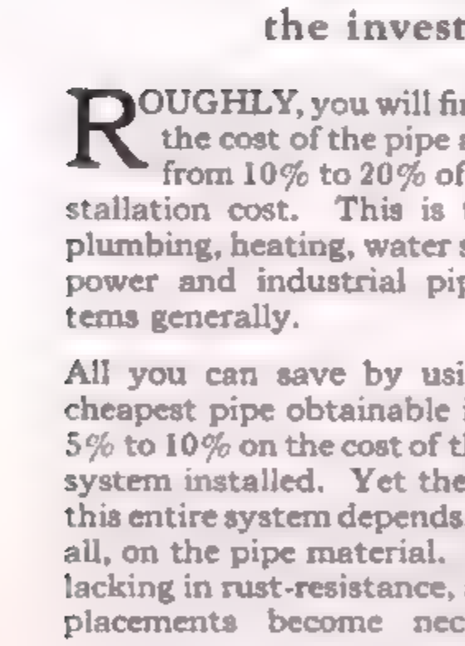

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THE YES MAN SAID NO

(Continued from Page 11)

"Mr. Iskovitch," said the mighty Klekoff, with remarkable graciousness, considering that between these two there was an enmity that made any other enmities in that room but kindergarten fights; and considering also that he, too, had been restively aware all evening, under his superior public poise, that he was enacting the unobtrusive but tense rôle of mousehole.

"Your speech is the bunk," said Mr. Iskovitch.

A thrill as of gratified expectancy ran around the board; neighbor nudged neighbor and backs straightened, for up to now it had seemed that there wouldn't be a blow struck. Quite naturally, all eyes sought the center spur of the horseshoe, with lively interest in the reaction. Klekoff only frowned once, then resumed his superior smile, in which Stuart nonchalantly yessed him, adding a supercilious smoothing of his glossy mustache; but Roabert, ducking his head with a fundamental instinct, gazed up furtively at Isidor Iskovitch, who held a cold eye on the head of the table as he proceeded:

"You haven't touched on the real trouble. It's us! An' when I say us I don't mean me, 'cause I been makin' clean pictures, an' I built a big business on it. I guess you all know that. It's you fellas. An' when I say you fellas, I mean in particular the ones that's been the leaders in makin' yellow productions. I don't like to mention any names, but it's the Pinnacle I'm talkin' about. There's a lot more o' you has made films just as raw as you could get 'em an' get by with it, but it's the Pinnacle that's brought it to such a fine art that they could put a kick in Little Red Ridin'hood." He paused to give them a chance up there. Nothing happened. "It's that gettin' by with it that's gettin' us more to get by. Now the whole thing's in your hands. You can have this censorship or you don't have to have it, an' the way not to have it is to avoid it rather than evade it. In place o' just spendin' a lotta money to influence public opinion, like we did when the state censorships was threatenin', an' we got a lot of 'em anyhow, go back to your studios an' clean up your pictures! Don't do like the Pinnacle that, right at the very minute when we're facin' the biggest danger that ever threatened the industry on account o' dirty pictures, buys the rottenest play that was ever put on the stage—The Black Saint!"

"Vaidt!" shrieked a shrill voice. It was Roabert—modest, retiring Roabert—and he was on his feet, livid with anger, his eyes gleaming red beneath his bushy gray eyebrows and his wide fist shaking. "You said it voncet too often aboud d' Pinnagle! And I vond't haff it any more! It's a lie vadt you say it aboud d' Black Saindt! D' Pinnagle neffer boughdt dadt intecendt blay!"

The grin on the face of Isidor Iskovitch was more than diabolic. This was his supreme moment. This was the instant for which he had played ever since he had begun his speech; and this was what the censorship meeting meant to him.

"How do you know what your partner does, Roabert?" he shouted. "Why, right while we sat in this meeting Klekoff wired an authorization to April Blossom to buy The Black Saint for the Pinnacle, an' since then I got this telegram that she paid for it! It's all over Hollywood!"

He jerked the telegram from his pocket and tossed it on the table—an ordinary business telegram in which this item was inserted as caustic comment on the meeting. Five fat hands and two lean ones pawed for it, and as by a natural law of gravitation it passed swiftly to the center of the horseshoe, where Roabert and Klekoff sat facing each other with molten lava bulging and billowing beneath their crusts, and no longer was Roabert beaming to show to the world the sugared unity between them.

"Didt you do dadt?" he whispered in a hiss so explosive that it seemed fairly to echo in the big room like the pop of a steam radiator. "Vass dadt telekram?"

Then Klekoff, holding up his menu card as a screen between them and the world, turned his back to the table and whispered something to which Roabert jerked angrily away; apparently a plea to hold it until they got outside. Izzy resumed his speech, for a quarrel is sometimes stopped by surrounding silence; but he might have been reciting the dictionary for all anybody knew. This was a genuine kick! This was equal to any harmony meeting in the annals of the industry, and with breathless interest the compeers of Klekoff and Roabert watched that quarrel, more intense because of its suppression, and hoped for the worst, while Roabert grew whiter and whiter and Klekoff grew redder and redder. Like the cat ready for its spring, the speaker who had the floor watched that silently raging conflict, and with the most delicate perception chose the exact psychological instant to seize his water glass and his spoon and clang loudly while he yelled:

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen, I demand your attention! I'm makin' a motion! Gentlemen!" Even those absorbed debaters at the center of the horseshoe turned automatically to the sway of that parliamentary fetish that civilized man has put upon himself; but the fires of battle still gleamed in the reddened eyes of Roabert and the pale evasive orbs of Klekoff as Izzy went on: "I move that we pass a resolution, as producers mutually interested with the public in public welfare, that we will release only clean pictures from this time on; that we send a copy o' this resolution to all those most prominently interested in urgin' a Federal-censorship law; that we give out a copy o' this resolution to the press, an' that we promise to keep our words. Afterwards I'm gonna make another motion that we get up the fund that the chairman talked about, because we'll need it too."

There were half a dozen seconds to the motion of Isidor Iskovitch, for he had talked some plain truth at them and had scared them anew into a fear of consequences; but the second that came from the center of the horseshoe was the loudest and the shrillest.

"I glaim it d' privilech to maig d' first secondt to dadt motion. Andt I vandt to add dadt d' Pinnagle vill keep its promise like no odder concern in d' business, I bet you!" Here a poisoned glance at Klekoff. "Vee haff boughdt Pansy Blossoms andt Liddle Sunshine andt Happy, Happy Harriette andt Baby's Liddle Shoes, andt such only are d' pictures vich d' Pinnagle iss going to produce. Vee are nodt, I vish to announce publicly, going to produce d' Black Saindt—vidt April Blossom, or vidt anybody else!"

The chairman of the meeting had utilized this brief space of time in resuming his public poise as best he could; but his state of mind could be told from the bedraggled mustache of Stuart, who, however, was gradually smoothing it back into curl as the chairman observed, with only a slight crack in his voice.

"You have all heard the motion. It is open for discussion, and the chair will be happy to hear from any of the members who desire to speak on the subject."

There wasn't much discussion. The proposition of Isidor Iskovitch was too self-evident to need elucidation. If they'd promise to be good they could probably stall off the censorship, and if they didn't they'd get it. They promised to be good. But as they walked away from that meeting they were unanimously positive that the Pinnacle would by some hook or crook manage to produce the stupendously exploited Black Saint. They'd clean up on it too. Well, a good business ought to follow with The White Saint or The Gray Saint or The Red Saint—and each man chose a color according to his psychic aura.

Isidor Iskovitch went to bed satisfied—quite satisfied; but the green-passioned astral wraith of Izzy, if he had one, hovered in ecstasy until well toward dawn over the hotel where Klekoff and Roabert painfully patched up the startlingly threadbare rent in the garment of their unity.

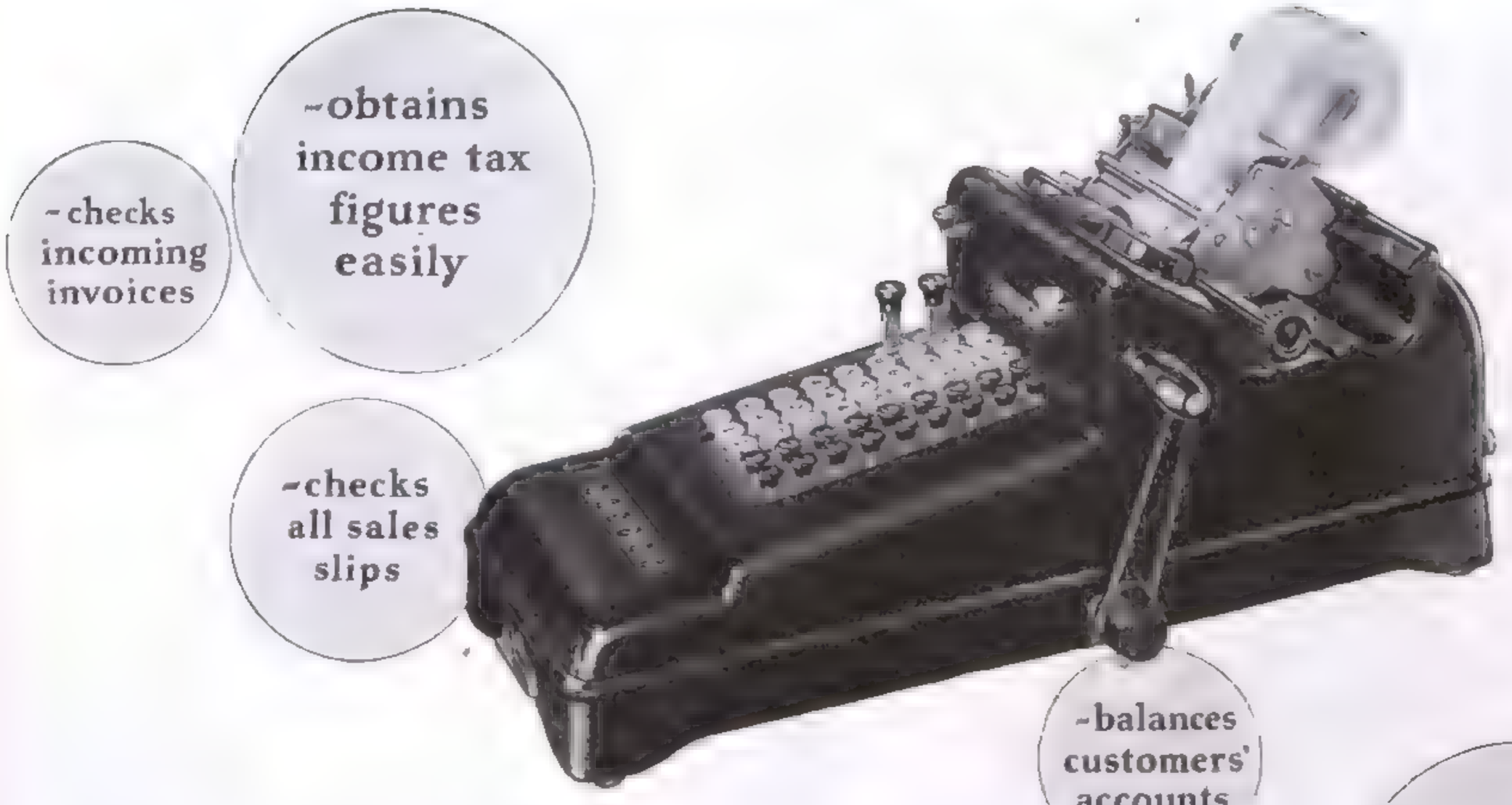
■

SENATOR SHELLABY'S daughter came dashing into the Shellaby home in Washington with six machineloads of the new generation and an armload of new phonograph records, invaded the Rose Room, turned on the works, and, stepping back to admire the sudden insurge of revelry, found behind the door a hitherto unnoticed young man with pink cheeks and a glossy brown mustache neatly curled.

"Oh, hello," said she. "Were you here all the time?"

"Yes," replied the dapper one, smiling down at her, for he had risen swiftly; then he found himself suddenly lost.

(Continued on Page 89)


~checks incoming invoices
~obtains income tax figures easily
~checks all sales slips
~balances customers' accounts
~audits sales and expenses
~figures inventories
~speeds up trial balance
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Why this Burroughs will make more money for You!

You have undoubtedly thought many times that a Burroughs Adding Machine might help you in your business when an unusual amount of figure work piled up. But you have hesitated about buying one until your business grew larger, and you had more figuring to do.

Here is an opportunity to determine right now—without one cent of cost to you, and without the slightest obligation, whether or not a Burroughs can help you make and save more money.

Just sign the coupon below or call the nearest Burroughs office, and we will send a machine to you for 15 days' trial, absolutely free. With the machine we will also send an interesting little booklet—"15 Ways to Make More Money—" which shows some of the ways that thousands of merchants are using Burroughs machines to stop leaks, prevent losses and help them increase their profits. If at the end of 15 days you find that a Burroughs will really help you, just make a small down-payment of $12.50 and easy terms will be arranged to take care of the balance. The total price is only $125.

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Please send me "15 Ways to Make More Money—"and loan me, without obligation, a Burroughs machine to try out on my own work for fifteen days.

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Business

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Does this apply to you?

HAVE you ever noticed how a "white coat collar" can mar the appearance of even the most fastidiously dressed man? We mean that shower of dandruff that spoils the good looks of so many dark suits.

It's more than a matter of mere appearance, too. Dandruff's a sign of an unhealthy scalp and a warning of possible baldness coming on.

And it's all so needless. The right attention to your scalp and hair will do wonders in combating dandruff.

Try Listerine some evening when your scalp feels tired and itchy. Apply it generously, full strength. Then massage vigorously. You'll be delighted with this new use for an old friend - because Listerine and dandruff *simply do not get along together.*

After such a Listerine massage, you *know* your hair and scalp are antiseptically clean. And a clean scalp usually means a healthy head of hair. — *Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

(Continued from Page 66)

The girl had a flawless pink-and-ivory complexion that needed positively nothing to enhance its transparent perfection, and she had big brown eyes that were moist and sparkling, and silken brown hair with a golden glint in it, and a smile that invited all the world, and him, to immediate friendship.

"I'm sorry if we disturbed any deep thought or anything," she observed, laughing at the idea as she gazed on the unfurrowed brow and the untroubled eyes of the dapper young man. "I suppose you were waiting to see father. I'm Poppy."

"Fine," he smiled, approaching easier ground now. "I'm Stuart, of the Pinnacle, and I came to see the senator by appointment; but I don't mind waiting."

The music was blaring on and on, one of those incitive rhythms that synchronize so well with the vibratory molecules in the hinges of the human frame; and as Stuart and Poppy looked at each other, half smiling, quite automatically he put forward his hands. Quite automatically she put a hand on his arm, and, laughing, they swung into the outer edge of the great social whirlpool that is drawing the modern world into a gaping, horrible vortex—so they say. Zippy Johnson was in charge of the orchestra. He was at the phonograph with an air-pressure regulator in his hand that would let him stop and start the music at whim and change its tempo and do weird things to its harmony, thereby enlivening the sport and achieving great popularity, for iconoclasm begins with youth. But no extravagance in Zippy's contortions of the music could throw Stuart and Poppy off their feet. Whatever the change of tempo or skipping of beats, it found them ready with an improvisation scarcely short of genius. The cheeks of Poppy were flaming and her eyes blazing, but something deeper had happened to Stuart—something cataclysmic. He had been the laugh of Hollywood, had he, because, though constantly surrounded by eddying circles of the young and fair, the alluring and the gay, he had escaped unscathed? He was the ideal ladies' man, all things to all women and nothing to any of them; and it was widely supposed that he was deficient in that particular attribute, whatever it may be, which makes a man fall into a sort of insanity over one woman; but here, all unexpectedly, life was never to be the same. He had fallen in love! Nothing more distressing could have happened to this miracle of self-possession, this placid prime minister, this coolly poised master of ceremonies and inspector of butter platters, this staunch encourager of the great, content to bask in the shadow of one who basked in the sun.

"Oh, hello!" called Poppy, swinging out of the medley of motion with her partner in a whirl that had all the abandon of a gyroscope; and she stopped before a large, wide-mouthed, pleasant-faced man who stood in the doorway; a man with a full throat and a breadth of chest splendid to look upon. "This is Stuart, of the Pinnacle, pop. Did you see him dance?"

"I'm afraid I was watching the pair of you," smiled the senator, shaking hands with the young man. "You seemed like one dancer."

"That's the greatest compliment I ever had," Stuart declared. "Senator, I have been commissioned to present to you in person a copy of a certain resolution passed unanimously by the motion-picture producers of America in their recent session at the Hotel Gilder." And like a smoothly working automaton he brought from the chair on which he had been waiting a beautifully bound blue levant book in which the resolution had been engrossed and missal-decorated by the Pinnacle's best art-title expert.

"I receive it with pleasure," observed the senator, also like a smoothly working automaton. "I have, of course, read this resolution in the newspapers, and I have been impressed with the high principles and earnestness set forth in it by the colossal industry you represent. I have also been impressed by the high principles and earnestness of the promoters of the Federal-censorship bill, and I have promised to investigate thoroughly and fairly."

"Howdy, pop!" exclaimed the senator's daughter in great joy, and throwing her arms around his neck she kissed him heartily. "When do we go?"

"Go? Where?"

"To Hollywood!"

"Hollywood!" remonstrated the senator. "I do not see that it is necessary for me to carry my investigation into the mechanical means of producing the pictures I am to investigate from in front of the screen."

"Why, I don't see how you can possibly do so without starting at the source!" his daughter told him with a great show of logic. "You will not only see exactly how the pictures are made but you will study the mental attitude by which the producers arrive at their slant on what they believe to be the public demand." Clinging to the lapel of his coat, she looked up at him eagerly and saw that logic was a dud; then she snuggled a little closer and whispered, "I'll bet you a new dress that if you take Mickey in on this ——"

She stopped abruptly as she saw the light of intelligence sparkle in the eye of her astute father; and she let him think. Mickey was the senator's publicity wizard, and any associate of Mickey's could, with no stretch of the imagination, place that investigation in handsomely heralded Hollywood to a profit of about five million lines of colorful reading matter, with numerous photographs. Blandly Senator Shellaby awoke.

"Am I to understand that the motion-picture producers will extend to me the facilities for a thorough investigation of the film industry, so far as pertains to the possible necessity of Federal censorship?"

Stuart gulped. The eyes of Poppy were on him, her hand—her little warm hand—was in the crook of his arm, and said he, "Yes—that is, I can only speak officially for the Pinnacle; but I—but I think I may promise the coöperation of the other producers."

There, he had taken on himself his first responsibility; and something inside him seemed to slip. On his horizon there seemed to be suddenly discernible a swiftly approaching little black blot with a tail and forked purple flashes. What with the censorship distress and the acute jangle between Kiekoff and Roabert, and ——

"Very well, then," said the senator, shaking hands genially with Stuart and smiling broadly his warm friendliness, "I shall avail myself of the invitation."

Well, howdy Hollywood! Thus it was that Cupid entered the lists and transferred the titanic battle for the moral welfare of Anna Parsons' child to the field of its inception; to the sunlit slope where Isidor Iskovitch sat like a spider at the center of his web, constantly casting out sticky lines to the leeward weeds.

VI

THERE is something imposing in the grand roll-up of a great popular movement. From coast to coast, in waves and surges and huge recessions like the ebb and flow of a pounding surf, the publicity inaugurated by Senator Shellaby's proposed visit of investigation to Hollywood swept the country. Column on column, and page on page, and issue on issue, and day on day, that publicity swelled and brimmed full and slopped over, until there was no other topic of conversation than how terrible the movies were—or were they? The great throbbing conscience of the masses was awake at last, and the movies did a marvelous business, for immediately every little circle and knot of acquaintances constituted itself a home investigating committee; and it was noticeable that they favored those pictures most which it had been rumored most needed investigation, so that the exhibitors set up an importunate demand for this sort of productions and no other, they preferring to be investigated at a take-in of a thousand dollars a day than to be given a clean bill of health at a hundred and twenty-two.

Promptly on receipt of the news that the senator was coming out to favor them with an opportunity to explain, all those members of the phalanx who had their headquarters in the East tossed their tuxedos in their suitcases and took swift trains for Hollywood, to be on hand when the distinguished visitor should arrive and help entertain him royally. They should get along pretty well with Senator Shellaby, they hopefully reasoned, for they were merely servants of the public, as he was, and working, like him, for public approval.

Foremost of the phalanx came Roabert. Gail Pierce, who had gone East to devil him about The Black Saint, now came West to devil him about The Black Saint; and immediately thereon two of those sticky little lines that Isidor Iskovitch had flung to leeward caught their weeds. On the second morning after her arrival, Gail, with her summer draperies flying and her black eyes

When You Build or Repair

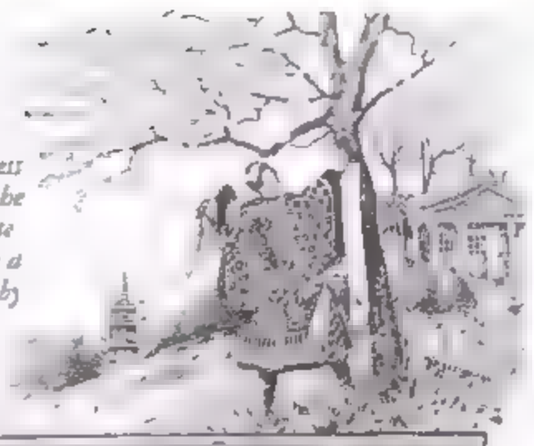
Reverse the Usual Way of Thinking

MOST people, when they build, treat some details as something apart from the project. Hardware is one of them. If you will reverse the process, you will find easier going when finishing time comes. Instead of considering hardware last, bear it in mind from the start. Doors mean hinges. Know that

McKINNEY HINGES

are good ones. Think of them as standard hardware equipment. Ask the retail hardware merchant who sells them for advice about the kind and quantity you'll need—before you need them. Then set aside enough money to buy the proper equipment. Most people fail to do that. Then they are compelled to buy down to a price and many a good building is made hardware-poor.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA



AN ANCIENT JAPANESE CUSTOM

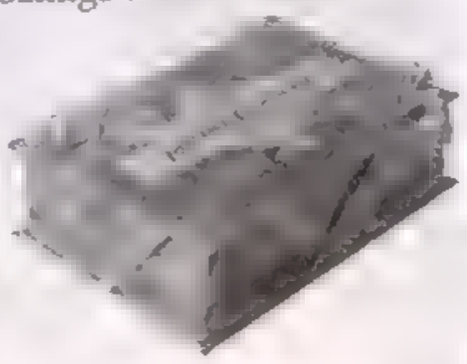
The boldest swain in old Japan dared not press his suit with any material gift. The most he might do, without breaking every law of etiquette was to hang a poem of his own composition on a cherry tree and hope that his love would pass by and read it

The same Idea

Funny old customs—yet back of them was the same idea, the same desire, that is the big reason for gifts today—

The eternal desire of every man to bring delight to the eyes of those he loves.

Romance Chocolates have been especially prepared as *gift chocolates.* Their rich, smooth coatings and the carefully chosen variety of their delicious centers make each piece a surprise—each box an event!



Here are three famous Romance assortments If your dealer does not carry Romance Chocolates, send us his name and the money for the selection you wish, and we will mail you a box—postpaid. Cox Confectionery Company East Boston, Mass

THE HOSTESS PACKAGE, $1.50
The choicest chocolate-covered fruits and nuts — nougats, fruit cordials, glace nuts and specialties

ROMANCE SELECTIONS, $1.00
A selection from the fifteen most popular Romance packages. A wide assortment of pieces—crunchy nuts, fruit flavored fruits in the most delicious coatings

THE TIFFANY PACKAGE, $1.25
An unusually fine assortment of specialties, all old-time favorites, gathered together in a metal package that is new and striking

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

a-glitter, found Roabert on the lot, backed him under a towering Chinese pagoda, so much in the open that there could be no eavesdroppers, and, fairly quivering with reptilian intensity, hissed:

"You poor boob! You wouldn't listen to me, would you? I've told you over and over that this thistle-headed partner of yours has stingers, haven't I?"

"Vell?" said Roabert impatiently, for this woman was constantly on his nerves; she would talk so long before she came to the point of anything.

"He's double-crossing you! Remember, I always told you he'd simp you when he got a chance. Who's Klekoff, anyhow? Why, he went broke every time he tried to produce pictures until you picked him up and financed both of you and ——"

"Vaidt!" Roabert grabbed her by the elbow and pinched it with his broad thumb to chain her attention. "Vadt didt he do? Now dond't tell me anythink else!"

"Well, you know that old stock company you organized that went broke ——"

"Vich von?"

"The True Life. Do you know Klekoff's been buying up the stock in that on the quiet?"

"Vadt?" In his excitement Roabert shook the elbow he held, and Gail would not have winced or stopped him for worlds. Her meat was April Blossom, and the way to get April was through Klekoff. The whites of Roabert's eyeballs were showing, and there were flecks of moisture in his hiss as he said, "How you know dadt?"

"My stockbroker. A man came to him—a Mr. Curran. Do you know him?"

"Vadt's d' difference yedt? Vadt didt he do? Qvick!"

"Asked my broker if he knew where to find any of that old True Life stock, and Johnny dug some of it up for him, and wormed out of the man that the stock was for Klekoff. Get it? Klekoff! Johnny asked me this morning what was doing up here, because if there was something stirring he wanted to get in on it."

"Vell, vell!" gasped Roabert, gradually releasing his clutch; and his eyes stared out into the blue while a puzzled look came on his brow.

"Now listen, Heimey," went on Gail impressively, "don't you let on to Klekoff that you know this. Just you snoop around and find out what he's doing it for. See?"

"Zhah!" ejaculated the financial genius of the mighty Pinnacle in disgust. "Even you know dadt much!" And turning from her he trudged away into a dark corner where he could think.

Almost at this identical moment April Blossom, coming in with her summer furs flying, hunted Klekoff high and low and found him in a director's deserted cell doing tricks to a script. They were all, all alone; but, even so, she brought him to the center of the dingy little room away from the walls, where, stretching on tiptoe and pulling down his scarlet head by the leverage of his coat collar, she began whispering in his ear a narrative so thrilling that at first he stared incredulously; then his face reddened with anger; then it clouded with bewilderment; and at the conclusion of the hissing narrative he rushed out into the lot, jumped into his car and was whizzed down to the office of the Pinnacle's west-coast attorney, also Klekoff's personal and private legal adviser.

"I've been knocked a twister, Ascher," he said as soon as they were alone. "You have a copy of the charter, constitution, by-laws and stock certificates, haven't you, of an old defunct picture company I organized - the Venus?"

Ascher was a neatly pressed, smoothly rounded man of perfect grooming and poise, and he stared at his client in astonishment, for he had known Klekoff as a man also of perfect grooming and poise; but now he was nervous, and his usually pale evasive eyes were staring straight at his lawyer and his scarlet hair was mussed.

"Of course I have it, in a complete dossier in your private file under V. What about it?"

"Roabert has been buying up that stock!"

"You don't say!"

It was Ascher's turn to stare. He rubbed his brow hastily and he mussed his hair.

"I have it straight. He's been buying it up on the quiet, and now I want to know what he can do with it, or what he expects to do."

"I should say you do want to know that!" And jumping for his files, the attorney jerked out the neat and complete dossier under V. Retiring to a little desk by the window, he spent nearly an hour over those papers, his brow knotted and his lips compressed, while Klekoff paced the floor nervously, sat down and got up, smoked cigarette after cigarette or tossed them away half smoked only to light another in a moment or so, but never interrupting by even so much as one syllable, until finally Ascher turned to him with a still puzzled brow.

"Well, old man, I'll swear I don't know why Roabert has been buying up that stock, because there isn't a thing he can do with it."

"Not a thing?"

"Not a thing!"

For a long time Klekoff stared at the floor, flicking intermittently the ashes from his cigarette on which there were no ashes, then he looked up at his attorney with a smile that was more like a snarl.

"I can't dispute that you know your business, Ascher; but you don't know Roabert."

With which tremendous tribute to the gifts of his partner he went away.

Meantime Roabert, too wary to trust the Pinnacle's west-coast attorney, or any attorney so close in the vicinity of Klekoff, had sent a code wire to the Pinnacle's east-coast attorney, who was also Roabert's private and personal legal adviser, and at the end of three hours of torment he got back this long-distance message at his hotel suite.

"Put your mind at rest. He can't do a thing."

"Neidder can you!" snapped Roabert, furious. "Zhah! Ven dadt crook spendts hiss own money for somethink he can't do anythink vidt, idt's time for me to gedt another lawyer vadt vond't tell me he can't do idt!"

That afternoon Isidor Iskovitch drove over to the Pinnacle lot, not as a rival picture producer but as chairman of the sight-seeing committee for the visiting senator; and he found Klekoff and Roabert together in the latter's gloomy and seldom used office, with Stuart in attendance, discussing with more politeness than they had shown to each other for many moons the personnel of the legal and political forces to be employed in Washington in case the senator would not believe they were going to be good.

That grimness came on Izzy's lips and that glint in his eye as he saw them together. He had wanted to see this; he could have telephoned just as well.

"Say, looky!" he said. "I gotta find out what day'll be best for you to give Senator Shellaby the run o' your place."

"I'd say that you might set your own day," considered Klekoff. "That is, if you'll let us know sufficiently in advance so that we can arrange accordingly. Wouldn't you say so, Roabert?"

"Vadt? Oh, yes—yes," replied Roabert, awakening with a start. All this while he had been listening to his partner's voice, but not to his words, scrutinizing him keenly, his lips parted and his face stupid, tryng to penetrate into the mind concealed beneath that scarlet poll; so absorbed in the occupation that he had not been aware that Izzy was scrutinizing him. The cat was still watching the mousehole, and quivering with the elation a cat might feel if it knew the mouse was almost due. "Oh, yes, yes," went on Roabert. "Von day iss as goodt as another. Ve godt no segredts here. Ve are getting ready d' purest line of pictures thadt effer vass pudt in a fillum, andt ve dond't care ven ve are caught at idt, aind't idt so, Klekoff?"

"Eh?" Klekoff roused himself with a start. He had been studying Roabert intently, and wondering, wondering, wondering what the devil that shrewd old fox meant to do with that stock. Nothing else was on the mind of either man now, and it was so apparent to Izzy that he almost snapped his fingers in the fierce joy of this moment. They were ripe actually to buy up that stock! "But at that"—Klekoff was talking again—"it might be better to fix a date; then it's off our minds. Suppose we say the second Monday. The second Monday would fit with my plans, wouldn't it, Stuart?"

"Eh? Oh, yes—yes, Monday, to be sure."

Izzy turned and inspected Stuart with a new and a live interest. He had known Klekoff's dapper attaché for many years, but this was the first time he had ever known him to be distrait when Klekoff tapped him for a yes. What was the matter

Continued on Page 92

One Dollar

PERHAPS you keep on paying high prices because you can't believe it's possible to get *your* kind of union suit for One Dollar.

If so—you don't know Topkis!

You don't know what millions of men do know—that for all-'round satisfaction Topkis cannot be surpassed at any price.

Lots of underwear which costs double cannot equal the nainsook and other high-grade fabrics that are used in Topkis.

And Topkis really fits! Skillful designing and generous yardage insure roomy comfort at every point. Arm-holes ample. Legs extra wide; extra long. Designed to keep on fitting throughout long wear. Seams stoutly stitched.

Reliable dealers charge One Dollar—no more—for the Topkis Men's Union Suit. All acknowledge it's worth more.

Men's Shirts and Drawers, 75c a garment; Boys' Union Suits, Girls' Bloomer Union Suits, and Children's Waist Union Suits, 75c. In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.

Topkis costs so little that many buy it by the box. Six union suits for $6—about half what most underwear of like quality costs

Write for free booklet telling what to look for in underwear

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices: 350 Broadway, New York City

Ask your dealer for TOPKIS. *Look for the TOPKIS label.*

TOPKIS
Athletic Underwear

(Continued from Page 90)

with Stuart? Perhaps Izzy was overlooking a bet—for everything was fish that came to his net.

VII

ALL was jake. The skeletons were pushed back into the closets and the doors padlocked. The brass bands were commandeered, the garlands of posies woven and the banners painted, Welcome, Senator! We Have Nothing to Conceal. The working scripts were bolted in the vaults and continuities that read like tracts strewn liberally about. The inside sets of books were brought from their caves to show how the public, by an overwhelming cash vote, had decreed as quite fit to be seen those pictures that had already been released. Schedules of shooting were arranged so that wherever they led the senator, at 10:30 or whatever, he would see only innocent maids milking wholesome-minded cows, or a mother praying for her wandering boy, or little Eva going up to heaven, or something like that. Izzy Iskovitch was surreptitiously sawing off the stock of the defunct Venus and True Life companies on Roabert and Klekoff indiscriminately, and making them so run up the price on each other in their scramble for secret control of nothing at all that he had the stock of both concerns nearly to par and handsome profits in his jeans. On every side there were eager and shining faces like on circus morn, and all the phalanx had to do was hop into its trench uniforms of pleated shirt fronts and black bow ties and receive and banquet the senator and his family; also the filberts. This had been the crowning stroke of genius—to invite the local leaders of the now widespread agitation to join the investigation and see that there were no trapdoors in the spook cabinet. Here was where it had started, and here let it finish. And Mrs. Anna Parsons, with one gasping glance at the headlines and the portraits of Mrs. Hoppinscotch and Mrs. Weevil and Professor Keane and some others grouped in with the senator and the magnates, all in friendly juxtaposition, paled and trembled.

"Boom, boom!" went the big bass drum, and "Um-pa, um-pa!" went the big silver tuba, and "Blah, blah!" went the B-flat cornet, as the senator and his entourage, tired and dusty, descended from their train into the arms of as warm a welcome as ever greeted enemies and were led straight out to do their fishing in a dry lake. Nothing so pure as the movies in the making, as could be observed by all; and not even the energetic and imaginative Mickey had found anything at the end of a solid week to appease the insatiate demand for iniquity he had roused in the public through the medium of the mighty press. But on the eve of the second Monday the original impetus of this gigantic movement that was now quaking the continent from edge to edge suddenly unjaked everything. Little Audrey Parsons, at dead of night, clambered out of the window of her ivy-clad convent school, scaled the wall in a corner thickly shaded by rustling palms, and struck out alone under the pallid stars along deserted country roads, her clear eyes, unafraid, turning to the midnight sky or yonder vague and misty mountains or whatever held her fancy, her gracefully poised little figure trudging on and on into the weird mystery of darkness, and leaving no trace.

Boom, boom! Um-pa, um-pa! Blah, blah! Filbert day on the Pinnacle lot! Down to the gate marched Klekoff and Roabert, apparently as indissolubly united as Chang and Eng, the Siamese Twins, though they were in a state of mind at that very moment to cut the bond right there in the bright morning sunshine if each had not been afraid of bleeding to death. Following them, the heads of this and that, with Stuart, the head of the Pinnacle's fox-trotting department, close behind the heels of his scarlet-haired chief. Boom, boom! Bang! Clash!

And now Klekoff, mounting to a chair carried by a rabbit-faced office boy and placed tenderly for him by Stuart, began a speech of welcome full of such virtuous promise as would make the pictures take the place of the churches, while Roabert beamed up at him to show to the world the sugared unity between them.

Poppy, from the senator's car, looked down on the blatant buncombe with sullen eyes. By grace of Stuart, she had satisfied that urge which had made her wish to come to Hollywood. She had met all the heaven-topping stars on and off the sets, and she loathed the business. She hated the sticky make-up. She despised the inanity of direction, of these artists of the screen being told to protrude the lips to register contempt, and to lift up the eyebrows to register surprise, and to do all the other automaton things that were such a disillusionment. Why, she had imagined screen work to be acting, where one became imbued with one's character and swept through the part swayed to the toes by the emotions supposed to be animating the plastered and powdered dummy! Then there were unpleasant things connected with the business; rough language and crude familiarity, and petty jealousy and envy and wrangling, and an undercurrent of mental cheapness. Oh, yes, the pictures might be very well for girls without advantages; but not for girls who did not need to worry about clothes and a future, and who had a host of clever and jolly friends. Nothing for Poppy! Not any!

By all of which she meant that she was highly dissatisfied with Stuart. That flawlessly mannered and absurdly devoted person had been so sincerely smitten to the very core of his queerly constituted being, he had been so abject in his adoration of her, he had been so assiduous in his attentions, so wistful, so considerate, so everything, besides being the most wonderful dancer with whom she had ever danced, that he had made a far more serious impression on her than she had at first intended. She had actually been considering whether she should not allow him to jazz along with her through the fox trot of life; but he had one serious defect—his eternal yessing. When he played Man Friday to Klekoff, sneezing when Klekoff caught cold and wiping his lips when Klekoff drank, as it were, she could have ordered him drowned for it!

Boom, boom, ta-ra-da-tarra-da! The speech was over, and the investigators were piling out of their cars—she loathed them too—and Stuart came hurrying to help her down, smiling, eager as a pup, everything in him that was honest shining through his clear and undissipated eyes; and to save her she couldn't resist that appeal any more than she could in her collie. She beamed him a most beaming welcome and laid her warm little hand in his outstretched palm, and for a moment returned him glistening eye to glistening eye. He was a nice thing, after all.

Isidor Iskovitch saw that little tableau and grinned. All Hollywood knew what was the matter with Stuart; but none of them had kept such close track of the affair as Izzy, to whose net all must be fish. The investigators were proceeding to Stage Four to witness the filming of the sweet wedding scene in Happy, Happy Harriette; but somehow Poppy and Stuart lingered on the steps of Stage Five, and Izzy strolled near. He had no curiosity about the pictures.

"Stuart," called Klekoff.

"Yes, sir!" And Stuart straightened as if he were a jumping jack and somebody had pulled his string. He hastily excused himself, dropping Poppy's hand and turning immediately; and the beam went from her as if the same string that actuated him had snapped out the light.

Two pairs of keenly interested eyes watched Stuart as he ran across to Klekoff—ran! He took an apparent order, he took an apparent scolding and he took a curt dismissal, all with such unruffled servility, such abject sinking of himself into the personality of his chief, that the girl on the steps of Stage Five, when he hurried back to her, gazed down on him with cold contempt for a moment, then, without a word, whirled on her heel and went inside.

Izzy sauntered alongside the crestfallen young man and observed, with that subtlety for which he was famous, "Say, you got a awful crush on the senator's daughter, ain't you?"

Stuart, glancing at him with reproof, tried to walk away, but a bony clutch was on his sleeve.

"Well, I wantta slip you some friendly information. You're gonna lose out with that girl unless you show some spunk. If you wantta make a hit with her, let her hear you say no the next time Klekoff wants you to say yes!"

Upon casting that sticky line to the leeward Izzy walked away chuckling, without waiting for any more lofty reproof or to see the wince, for the barb had struck deep. Sensitive enough of observation and impression, Stuart had already detected that irritation in Poppy and its reason, and something deep down in him turned faint and sick. Something deep down in him was tearing at the very roots and tendrils of his system, for his gift had not been acquired. He was a born yes man.

Just then there was a wild shriek from inside Stage Five, and the rabbit-faced office boy lumbered from the door. Immediately afterward there rushed out Dot Haddon, no longer a reckless rousterer, though her eyes were encircled with the blue of a gaunt young woman starving for virtue's sake; and she was sobbing and shrieking hysterically, Poppy trying to soothe her.

"Get her car quickly, please, Stuart!"

"Certainly." And he jumped from the platform. He frowned as he saw the investigators coming from the adjoining stage, and well ahead of them little Roabert, to do whatever covering might be necessary. Suddenly Dot's hysteria stopped. She stared as if in stupor for a moment, then she trembled and rushed back to the door of the stage; but Klekoff appeared in the opening.

"What's the matter here?" he demanded.

"My little girl! She's lost! She ran away! God knows where my little Audrey is!"

"Mrs. Parsons!" gasped Margaret Weevil, clutching the arm of Mrs. Hoppinscotch. "Why, it's the young woman who ——" Then as she saw that mortal terror in the face of the actress she stopped abruptly. She knew now why Anna Parsons had shrunk from publicity, and why she stayed in this business where she could earn so much money—for the proper raising of her child. Warm with sympathy, she hastily stammered a lie—that she was mistaken, that ——

But it was too late. Klekoff had read that mortal terror, too, in the face of Dot Haddon; and they had all heard of the unknown Jeanne d'Arc of this war on the motion pictures. The mother of Audrey looked about her like a cornered rat. She saw bent on her that cruel smile of Klekoff's, and in his pale eyes his deadly determination to put her out of the business for good and all! She glanced quickly at Roabert.

His face was green, and his eyes blazed with unrelenting hatred for the woman who had brought all this turmoil and jeopardy on the industry. She was out! She could never get another job in the pictures, and the wonderful plans she had formed for the future of her daughter lay in the dust; and ——

"I don't care!" she suddenly shrilled. "I don't care! I'm glad I did it! You picture producers are all of you teaching the children immorality, rousing their curiosity about things that are unhealthful for them to know! You never for one minute intend to keep your pictures within bounds! You don't mean it when you promise it! Why, all over Hollywood, right while this investigation is going on, there are pictures being made that will have the suggestive scenes put into them as soon as the investigators are gone! Right on this very lot The Black ——"

"Shut up, you!" screeched a woman's frantic voice; and April Blossom, in the bonnet and pinafore of Little Sunshine, jumped on the platform like a whirlwind. Grasping Dot round the shoulders, she slapped a hand over her mouth and began to try to pull her away; but the hand of Poppy was on April's arm, and it was a firm little hand, trained in horseback riding and all the athletic sports—and just then a Salvation Army lassie, disguised as Gail Pierce, made a flying leap to the platform and butted herself on Little Sunshine so forcibly that both rolled off. Klekoff had stepped forward swiftly to take advantage of this break, but before he could reach Dot, Roabert was there, all his teeth gleaming in the first snarl any of them had ever seen on his face.

"Ve hear d' rest of dis, I bet you, you Klekoff! Vadt aboud d' Black Saindt, youngk woman?"

"The Black Saint's being made right on this lot under the name of Ashes of Passion!" shrilled Dot. "I'm playing in it! That's the sort of thing the producers are doing, right in the face of a censorship threat!

"They just can't stop it, that's all; and nice, sweet little girls like my Audrey may go to the devil for all they care! And now she's lost! She's ——"

The overwrought nerves gave way. She ended in a scream and fell back fainting in Poppy's arms, and they carried her into the stage, Poppy and Izzy. She already had a job on the Iskovitch lot!

"Well, senator, what have you to say about this?" came the crisp voice of Mrs. Hoppinscotch.

"That I am definitely committed to the need of a drastic control of motion pictures," replied the senator, and he turned gravely to Roabert and Klekoff: "You will eventually have a Federal censorship, gentlemen, and you will have brought it on yourselves."

But he was talking into deaf ears. The Pinnacle partners had something on their minds far more blood-stirring than this threat. Roabert was breathing so hard that he could not speak, and his eyeballs were glassy as he lifted a fist to shake it at Klekoff. But before he could gain the speech struggling within him, Klekoff had grabbed him by the arm and dragged him inside, followed by Stuart.

"You done it!" husked Roabert. "Gail toldt me you vass putting somethink over on me, but I vouldn't belief idt vass as bad as dis!"

"You're whistling, it's as bad as this!" cried Gail, coming in with some strands of yellow hair in her fingers and a livid scratch on her nose. "Say, Heimey, how much longer are you going to stand for this redhead gypping you?"

"You go back some blace andt keep still!" snarled Roabert, then poked his wide fist under his partner's nose. "Klekoff, tomorrow I let the mortgache on our Eastern studios foreglose, den I take idt over from d' same backers dat loaned d' Pinnacle d' money on idt in d' first blace. From now on I do business as Roabert's Pinnagle, and ven I get through splittin' oudt vad's yours and mine in dis business, Klekoff — Say, I aind't got d' language for speechmaking maybe, but I'm gonna take pleasure in taking advantage off dis occasion to make it an announcement to d' investigators oudt dere dat Roabert's Pinnagle vill make nothingk but clean pictures!"

"Hot dog!" breathed the most interested onlooker of them all.

It was Izzy Iskovitch, his lean face glowing and his eyes snapping. This was the minute! This was the big step toward the spread of his shining disk until there should be no other luminary so large in the motion-picture sky—particularly Klekoff. The split-out was accomplished, by dint of constant irritation, the steady dropping of water that wears away the stone, and ——

But suddenly the creases sprang anew between Izzy's eyes. Klekoff had taken Roabert back toward the chapel set and was pleading with him in a tense whisper of which only the sibilant hiss was audible. Roabert, at first truculent, was now listening. Of course this hadda happen. Them two had their business so mixed up they'd be afraid to split out. Maybe he'd have to hammer away at 'em another year. In breathless anxiety he waited, bending all his psychic perceptions to that inaudible controversy; then the hisses began to be less sibilant, less violent. The partners were approaching an understanding. The whispers disappeared. They were discussing in inaudible monotones now. They were clearing up matters, and if they got to inquiring too closely into the facts they'd find that somebody else had been poking an acid-tipped rod into their destinies, and —— Just then Klekoff called:

"Stuart!"

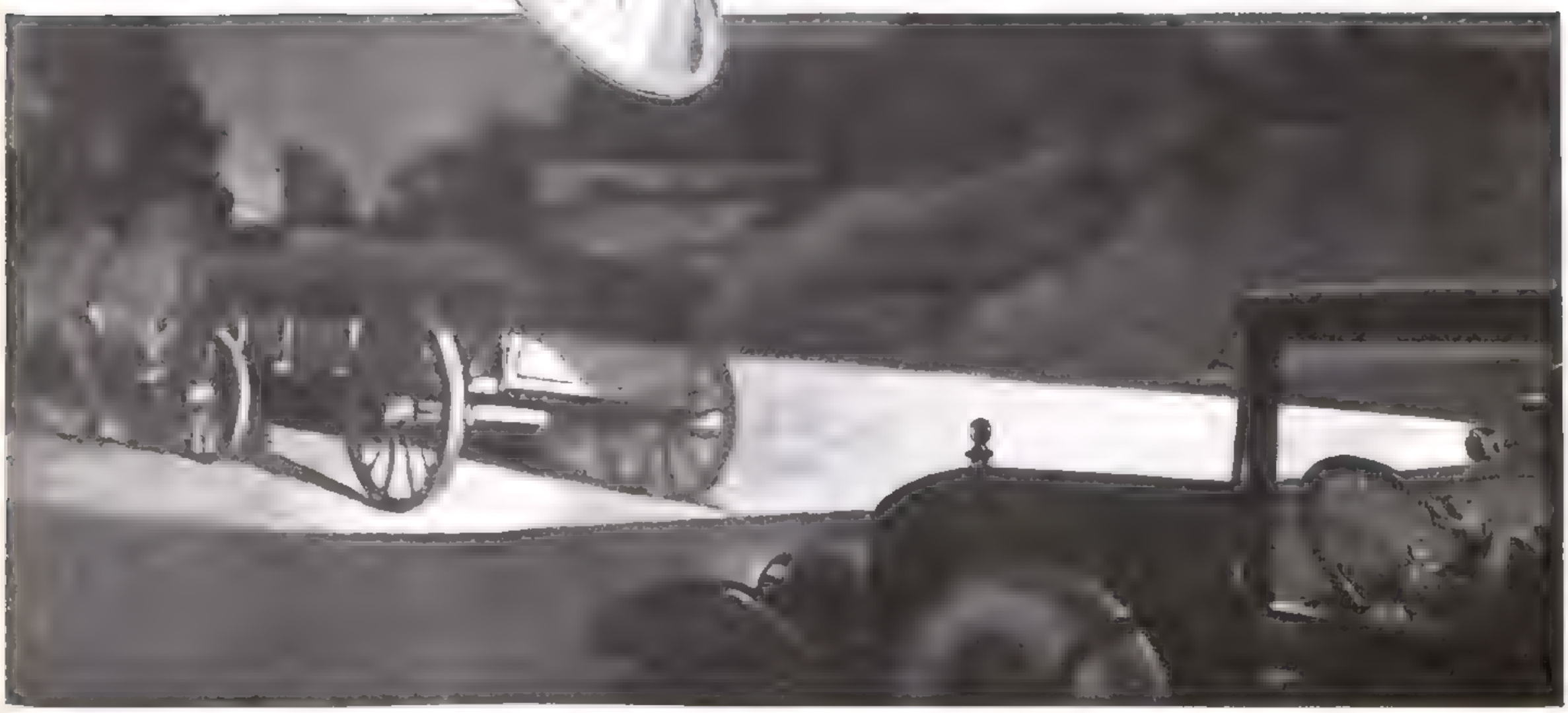
Stuart and Poppy were bringing Dot out of a new hysteria, the office boy having just brought the word that Audrey had been found in Mrs. Briggs' garage. Automatically Stuart obeyed Klekoff's call, but as he turned he caught the eye of Izzy; and that eager opportunist, with a wild clutch at any aprat, nodded toward Poppy. Stuart, understanding him perfectly, was flustered when he reached the side of Klekoff.

"Say, Stuart, Roabert says that I began the purchasing of that stock. I did not begin it, did I? Didn't I buy my first True Life stock three days after I heard that Roabert was buying the stock of my old Venus?"

Perhaps nobody but a yes man can understand the heart of a yes man, nor understand why he says yes. Men of Stuart's type, such as are found close about the persons of the sort of important men who seem to need them, are usually incorruptible, safe and loyal to the last drop of their blood, or they couldn't hold their jobs for years. Stuart had been like that; but now there had come a tug at his deepest mainspring of motive, something that tore at his loyalty and set every nerve in him

(Continued on Page 97)

Fits through your windshield glass



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I use it constantly and my skin is clear, soft, finely textured and *healthy*.

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I promise that you'll like it.

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a health beauty talk by the Health Doctor

Children are lovely because perfect health puts roses in their cheeks and sparkle in their eyes. Sickness has not touched them. Their bodies are vital with energy. The charm of happiness is in their smiles.

Any true mother would sacrifice her life, if need be, to cherish and safeguard the health and good looks of her youngsters—by keeping them well.

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Let me repeat what a famous Health Commissioner told me recently. He said:

"I am convinced that most communicable disease is caused by touching things which many people handle. If everyone would purify the hands thoroughly and often, we would have no epidemics and a tremendous decrease in colds, fevers and minor skin ailments. A true health soap must be so mild and pure that it can be used constantly."

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The oils of palm fruit and cocoanut used in Lifebuoy are the purest and finest vegetable oils known for soap making and the most beneficial to the skin. I believe Lifebuoy to be the best soap you can buy at any price to keep your skin vigorously alive, with the charm of rosy health.

I have talked to hundreds of mothers who have used Lifebuoy for years. Almost without exception, they credit to Lifebuoy a wonderful improvement of the skin. I use it constantly and my skin is clear, soft, finely textured and healthy.

The gentle Lifebuoy antiseptic imparts a peculiar mildness to the rich, creamy lather. It safeguards health and promotes skin beauty. The skin responds to Lifebuoy lather with the healthy underglow of a radiant complexion.

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The Health Doctor

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(Continued from Page 92

a-quiver. Up there stood Poppy, looking at him with that little curl on her lip that was ready to turn into scorn, and so deep-seated had become his obsession that he was ready to commit murder for her—anything! She couldn't respect a man who wasn't a man. She couldn't marry a fellow who would be a supine echo of some other man, and and —— Perspiration broke out on Stuart's brow, his blood vessels swelled in his temples, his lips moved nervously. He tried to show her that he was what she would like him to be, but—but it just couldn't be done! He had been called on by his chief for corroboration! What was the question? Oh! Did Klekoff begin the buying first? Certainly not. And with a gasp he blurted loudly "No!"

Swiftly he glanced at Poppy to see the death warrant in her eyes; but she flashed at him a dazzling smile, and while he was still bewildered over that he found the astounded Klekoff shaking him roughly by the shoulder and shouting at him "What? What? What?"

"Dadt does settle idt!" screamed Roabert, and now he was white hot in his renewed fury. "Even your own yes man voud't lie to bear you oudt no more, you got so crooked! Go vay from me! You're a snake!" And tearing loose from the frantic clutch of his partner, he darted out of the door and to his car, Klekoff after him as he ran across the empty lot, for the senator's party was gone. Stuart stood paralyzed, then he tore out after Roabert and Klekoff.

"Wait, Roabert! It was all a mistake! I thought the chief said it the other way around! I meant yes!"

"I belieffed you d' first time!" yelled Roabert, stepping into his car. "I said I vouldn't belieff you under oath ven you yessed K'lekoff, but I belieffed you ven you toldt d' truth!" He turned with a nervous jerk. A Salvation Army lassie was climbing in the other side of the car, with The Black Saint in her hand—the original play. Roabert looked at it, and his eyes gleamed. "Drive on, Billy," he ordered, and the car moved away from Klekoff and Stuart, gathering speed as it left them behind.

"I could cut my tongue out, chief!" husked Stuart in an agony.

"Go on and do it!" shrilled a harsh voice just behind them. It was April, with her hand to her head and carrying a sunbonnet that was all in tatters. "You poor simp! You ——"

But Klekoff stopped her. There was a savage gleam in his pale eye for the woman who had urged him into this mess, and the smile he bent on her was of that deadly variety at the baleful effect of which on others she had often wondered. Now she knew.

"Beat it," he said quietly. "Your contract's up at the finish of this picture. It's up on the fifteenth of next month, isn't it, Stuart?"

"Yes," said Stuart, and Klekoff looked at him a moment.

"And yours is up now!"

With this he walked away, April following him to clamor and appeal, and to threaten if the appeal failed; but Stuart, suddenly all limp, sat on the water plug just behind him; and finding tears on his lashes, pulled out a silk handkerchief, held it across his eyes and frankly cried into it.

From the distant door Poppy Shellaby viewed that proceeding with inexpressible scorn. It marked her final severance from pictures and everything pertaining to them; then there was a voice in her ear, a man's voice, high-pitched and untrained, but sympathetic:

"Say, looky! I guess you think that fella Stuart's a bum, an' no good, but I wantta tell you somethin'. He's crying right now because by a accident he turned out to be disloyal for the first time in his life, an' if you can think of anything better to cry for, I'll hunt you up a medal."

The senator's daughter had at first turned on Isidor Iskovitch angrily; but as she looked over at Stuart, sitting on the water plug, crushed because he had been unfaithful to a trust, the moisture came into her own eyes; and jumping down from the platform, she hurried over to him to startle him with a soft hand on his furrowed brow.

The Devil was sick the Devil a monk would be;
The Devil was well—the Devil a monk was he.

Roabert was the first man to desert the unprofitable sweetie pictures when the censorship agitation seemed to die down, because of the slowness of legislation and the fickleness of public interest, and he was led to his speed by a frantic desire to be on the market with the Roabert-Pinnacle version of The Black Saint before the Klekoff-Pinnacle version of that dramatic gem could be released. On which there followed the entire color gamut of Saints.

"What I cannot understand," said Senator Shellaby, viewing one of these flamboyant productions, "is why these fellows, knowing that Federal censorship with drastic penalties is on the way and bound to come, will persist in digging their own graves. But they will do it, won't they?" And he turned to his son-in-law, whose opinion he had come to value very highly, personally.

"Yes," said Stuart, and Poppy laughed.

Isidor Iskovitch was even more interested than the censorship promoters in those two Black Saint films, for they marked the complete and final split of the Pinnacle partners, who, though using the Pinnacle as a mutual distributing medium, were financing themselves separately, and both were weakened thereby; and Isidor crowed mightily over his old friend Enoch, who gleamed in every point as he answered hotly, "Say all you please, but theoretically I was right. The split-out of those two men was not due to you, Izzy, but to an accident."

"I'm laughin', Flackman." And Izzy was. "I guess if I bait my trout line with a hundred hooks every mornin' till I catch my fish, you'd say it was a accident!"

THE POETS' CORNER

Empty Cradle

SURE, mavourneen, I mind the day—
And ah, the day was fair!
The good sun on the fields of hay,
And in your shining hair.
Hard was the toil; but arms were strong
And young hearts full of cheer
That bubbled from the lips in song
For all the world to hear.
(Ah, dear is toil when the wee colleen
In the little cradle swings between!)

I mind the coming home at night,
The dust on my old brogans,
The friendly peat fire burning bright,
The shine of the dairy pans.
Forgot the hot and stony way
In the clutch of a tiny hand,
A wee voice calling me to play
On the border of Babyland.
Forgot the dust and the long boreen
When the little cradle swings between!

Young birds wing south when leaves grow old
And fades the trembling year.
All empty hangs the nest; and cold
The bracken rustles drear.
Soon comes the snow and spreads above
The field their bright wings fanned,
While those dear children of our love
Sing in some sunny land.

Sure, listen to the black wind blow!
Sit closer, love, the peat burns low!

Just you and I! Ah, mavourneen—
And the empty cradle swings between!
—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

The Pipes of Pan

THERE is a music in the air,
A sound my heart can ne'er mistake.
I hear it round me everywhere;
The frog within the reedy lake,
The brown wren in the bramble brake
Lift up their voices and sing.
The woodland choruses awake
At Pan's preluding of the spring.

The hills are bleak; the trees are bare;
In shady dells the snow still lies,
But merry pipings do declare
The winter to his fastness flies.
A voice, prophetic, from the skies,
As north the wild-goose wedges wing,
Cries down and bids our spirits rise,
For Pan is piping up the spring.

With song the robin woos his mate,
And fields are full of noisy crows.
A prescience articulate
Dwells where the dark pine forest grows.
The bold arbutus braves the snows,
And through each thrilling, living thing
A quickening ecstasy now flows
At Pan's processional of spring.

L'envoi

In every vagrant air that blows
The wild, blood-stirring echoes ring,
For all the heart of Nature knows
Now pipes Arcadian Pan of spring.
—*Thomas Lomax Hunter.*

Humboldt County, California, Memorial Redwood Grove

To a Girl About to Love

MY HEART that broke so many times,
And always in a different place,
Has mended been as many times
Without a trace.
And just because it looks so new
Your fingers itch to break it too.
I don't care greatly if you do;
The next in line has mending glue.
—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

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THE KEY TO THE CORNER

(Continued from Page 19)

Mrs. Bartow's maid three dollars a week to come in and start the dinner for her, and she makes all the rest. I think I ought to do something like that with my time, Pete; not selling gloves, of course."

"Uh-huh."

"Oh, I'm so glad you agree with the idea. I'll start to look around for something tomorrow."

"What's that?" asked Pete, emerging. "You'll start what tomorrow, Martha?"

"Looking for work. I'm going to find something to do."

"You certainly are not, Martha," blustered Pete. "Who put such a fool notion in your head? You tell Mrs. Bartow to keep her three dollars and start her own dinner—your place is right here. Why, I think it's a piece of impudence for her ——"

"If you'd only listen to what I say!"

"Now, Martha, I listened very carefully. You said you wanted to go to work. Well, I know where a couple wind up when they're both working, and that is in a hotel. I don't want to live in any hotel. So I'm going to do all the work that's done by this outfit—and that's final!"

He scowled fiercely and swung his hand and plunged back into his paper with the utmost determination. He hoped that he was terrorizing her, knowing that if she refused to be terrorized he would infallibly give her her way. Pete was a chicken-hearted terrorist, but he had learned in the course of his two years of married life that women are more responsive to form than they are to substance; what a man says to a woman matters less than how he says it. So now Mrs. Pennefether sighed submissively and asked him to read her something from the newspaper.

II

MRS. PENNEFETHER, kneeling on the kitchen floor to look at the steak broiling under the gas flame, heard Pete speaking as he opened the door to their apartment. The kitchen was getting hotter by the minute, but Mrs. Pennefether's face instantly lost a little of its extra color.

"My heavens," she muttered, "will that man never get sense? It's only a pound and a quarter, and ——" She looked at the mashed potatoes and at the string beans, and she turned and flew toward her shelves. She had heard Pete saying "Come right in, Mr. Branley. Mrs. Pennefether will have dinner on the table in two shakes; find you a bottle of the real stuff, too, if you're not used to going without it yet; and then we'll have a smoke and a powwow and see about a shakedown for you. Come in, come in!"

If Pete had no more sense of what was right and proper than to bring in an unexpected guest at such an hour, Mr. Branley was evidently more sensible. He seemed to be hanging back, and to be yielding only with reluctance to Pete's hospitable entreaties. Mrs. Pennefether had time to do something to her hair, and to push and haul at her house dress, and to force a hard smile, before Pete and his companion appeared in the doorway. And it wouldn't have been Pete Pennefether if he didn't walk the stranger right into the kitchen. Pete learned, but he learned slowly.

"This is Mr. John Branley, Martha," said Pete.

"It's lovely of you to come, Mr. Branley," said Mrs. Pennefether in a cultured voice. "Eating alone with Pete is so dreadfully stupid you can't imagine! Do take off ——. Where is Mr. Branley?"

"Hiding on me again," said Pete, reaching down behind him. "Ah, here we are!" And he swung up into his arms a little boy of some three years of age. "Say 'Hello, Mrs. Pennefether,'" he urged. "Say it, Johnny—go on!"

He shook the little boy coaxingly, but golden-haired Johnny had nothing to say. He hung his head and opened his mouth and looked at Mrs. Pennefether out of his big blue eyes, and then he twisted about in Pete's arms and looked over Pete's shoulder and out into the hall.

"Oh, you Pete!" said Mrs. Pennefether. "Frightening the child with your foolishness!" She advanced and tried gently to detach the boy from Pete, but the little fellow clung like a periwinkle. Pete sat down and persuaded the child to sit on his knee. Mrs. Pennefether hovered near. "Who ever heard of a child of that age eating pickled herring!" she exclaimed, snatching from Pete the piece of preserved fish he had taken at random from the table beside him, and which he was about to put into the baby's complaisant mouth.

"He eats everything, so I was told," protested Pete. "Never you mind, Johnny; I'll see you're treated right."

"Who in the name of common sense intrusted you with that child?"

"His father," said Pete defiantly. "That's proof enough, isn't it, that I'm able for the job? Natural parental instinct, Martha, would warn a father against handing his son over to the wrong party."

"Where is his father?"

"Let's start out by asking where his mother is."

"Well, where is she?"

"He hasn't got any. No mamma, Johnny?"

"No mamma," said the boy cheerfully.

"Where's his father?"

"About a hundred miles beyond Scotland Light, and going farther every minute. You know Jack Branley? No? I thought I introduced him. Jack is this boy's daddy. Jack is a very special friend of mine, Martha. I never brought him around to the house because I thought you mightn't like him. No earthly reason why you shouldn't, you understand. And then he hasn't been in the city much; he's a traveling man. Travels for a men's wear house. Well, Martha, I went down to the pier this afternoon to see Jack off—he's sailing for Europe—and there was old Jack with this little trickster. He was expecting the boy's nurse any minute; but she hadn't come yet, and they were shooing visitors off the ship. Then the whistle blew, and Jack shook hands and said, 'Will you mind Johnny here until Mrs. So-and-So comes, like a good fellow?' And he told me what she looked like, and gave me the name and address up in One Hundred and Second Street."

Pete lit a cigarette.

"Well?"

"Now don't crowd me, Martha," he said. "I want you to get this story right the first time. Well, Mrs. Who's-This—what's this her name was—an odd name—began with an L—Jones! That's it! Jones—Mrs. Jones—yes. Well, Mrs. Jones didn't show up, so I went up to One Hundred and Second Street, to her flat. A furnished apartment, it was. And what do you suppose, Martha? There was Mrs. Jones' daughter that had come on from the West to get her mother and bring her out to Honolulu! The old lady was all packed and a cab was waiting in the street. Well, naturally, Martha, I couldn't hand Jack's boy over to her and walk out, could I? Jack's a friend of mine. The old lady didn't know any of his relatives, and I guess he hasn't got any. So there you are. Now what had we better do—call a policeman? I suppose we could hand Johnny over to the police on a charge of being a vagrant and existing without visible means of support, couldn't we?"

"Give me that child," said Mrs. Pennefether. "Go smoke outside. There, Johnny, sit right there and eat that. . . . When is this worthless father of his coming back?"

"There you go," said Pete from the living room. "Jumping to conclusions that he's worthless just because he's a friend of mine. I don't know when he's coming back. He said he'd see me in the spring. He'll get a board bill to pay when he comes back. We can feed Johnny on left-overs, Martha, and make a lot of money; Johnny doesn't care what he eats."

"Go out and get a bottle of milk," ordered Mrs. Pennefether. "Get the certified. And a package of zwieback and some —— There now, the steak's burned, making your silly jokes! Never you mind, angel. . . . Aren't you out of the house yet?"

III

PETE PENNEFETHER, sitting at his desk in the big real-estate office of Hopper, Inc., on West Seventy-second Street, saw Harry Flasher approaching. Pete made a noise through his nose and bent again over the rent statement he was preparing, ignoring the rich builder. Flasher must have noted this display of indifference, but he only increased the cordiality of his grin. He was a middle-aged man, short and fat and gray; his small and meditative black eyes were sunk in a face that was the color of fresh pork sausage.

"Hello, Pete," he grunted, sitting down and pushing his derby hat toward the back of his round head. "How are they coming, Pete?"

"Good morning, Mr. Flasher," said Pete, nodding curtly and then resuming his work.

Flasher looked at him steadily for several seconds, brooding over him. Then he dislodged two fat cigars from his tight waistcoat pocket, placed one at Pete's elbow and lit the other. He crossed his short legs and looked comfortably about him.

"No hurry, Pete."

"None at all," agreed Pete; and not until he had finished the work in hand did he lean back and look evocatively at the builder.

"Smoke up," urged Flasher, pushing the cigar on his desk.

"No," said Pete, "thanks."

Flasher returned the rejected cigar to his waistcoat pocket.

"Pete," he said, "I want you to go get that West End Avenue house for me—that one near Ninety-ninth Street. You remember you were on it for me a couple of months ago? I changed my mind about it again, and now I want it; and I'm sending you after it because you're a good friend of mine and I want to hand you the commission."

"That so?" said Pete. "Then why did you send your young nephew after it a couple of days ago—young Sammy Goldman that's just starting out in the real-estate game?"

"Who says I sent my nephew after it?" cried Flasher fiercely. "It's a lie, and you can tell it to whoever said so!"

Pete's eyes glistened and his face reddened; he leaned forward and plucked the cigar from Flasher's waistcoat. He lit it and then he pointed it at the builder.

"Now look here, Harry," he said, even more forcefully, "don't hand me an argument about something that I know! I know you and your methods, Harry—know them backwards.

"I know all about you! You want to know who told me you sent Sammy Goldman after the house, and tried to cut in behind me and take my commission? It was Joe Rapp, the owner—that's who it was! Is that good enough for you?"

"The owner?" repeated Flasher with a mounting utterance. "He told you this, Pete? Then it must be so. But Sammy Goldman is my nephew, isn't he? I should give him a favor and help him along, shouldn't I?"

"With my money," said Pete.

"All right," said Flasher, grimacing impatiently. "I'm sending you after it now, ain't I? You ain't hurt any, are you? Don't holler over nothing, Pete."

"You came back to me because you couldn't get the house except through me. I think I'll offer it to somebody else."

"Now please, please," said Flasher annoyedly. "You'd bite off your nose to spite your face, wouldn't you? And then you wonder you don't make money! That's what's the matter with you people, Pete—you mix up business and pleasure. Go on, call me a crook, tell me I'm a liar—what do I care? I'll do business with you. Twice as much fun I'll have taking a profit out of

(Continued on Page 101)

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(Continued from Page 98)

you! Don't talk like a child, Pete. Go on, get me that house and make a dollar!"

"I believe you would, darn you," said Pete, laughing in spite of himself. "What do you want the house for, Harry?"

"What I want it for? To you I'll tell it, Pete; but keep it under the hat. My niece is getting married, and I'm going to make her a nice wedding present. I made the marriage and now I'm going to give them a home to live in. Keep it quiet, Pete."

"No need to. You don't want this house. You can't get possession. It's been leased."

"Leased? Leased?"

"Three days after you threw the deal down a lawyer named Crumpton walked in here and took the house for five years."

"But see here, Pete, you knew I wanted that house! What did you care what I said? You knew I wanted it. Yes, you did! How much does he want for his lease?"

"Make me an offer."

"I'll pay whatever he wants for it!"

"Five thousand dollars?"

"Did I say no?"

Pete leaned back and puffed the cigar.

"After buying the house from Joe Rapp, you're willing to pay another five to get rid of the lease. If you want to give your niece a house, Harry, you can buy a cheaper one than that, and just as good. I'll sell you another house that isn't leased."

"Pete, you're a tough customer," said Flasher, chewing on his cigar. "Now I'll give it to you straight." He lowered his voice and hitched his chair nearer. "I need that house, Pete. I've been quietly collecting the corner as a site for a fifteen-story apartment house. I've got the other seven houses sewed up—I can take them when I want them—but I got to have yours. It's the key to the corner."

Pete opened a small atlas of the city and turned to the neighborhood of the Rapp house. He nodded his agreement.

"It's twenty feet from Ninety-ninth Street, and its yard forms an L to the south. It's the key to the corner. Eight houses, eh? That would give you one hundred and ten feet by one hundred. Nice corner, Harry. Worth about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, I should say. Let's see—eight into three hundred and fifty is four—three—something over forty-three thousand dollars for each house. And this one is the key to the corner! You got to have this one. And I don't suppose you're paying anything like that much for the houses down the street—the ones that can be left out of the corner. Why, say, Harry, this house is worth to you ——"

"Thirty-five thousand dollars," said Flasher, looking him in the eye. "I trusted you, Pete."

"You trusted me when I was about to find the thing out for myself," grumbled Pete. "However, I won't hold you up. But you'll have to give Joe Rapp as much as anybody else."

"I'm giving him more!" protested Flasher. "I ain't paying no thirty-five thousand dollars apiece for the other houses. None of the owners know the plot is being collected. When you get me Rapp's contract I'll show you the others. Is that fair?"

"Good enough. But you'll have to buy back that lease from Crumpton."

"Go get it for me. Give the sucker a thousand dollars for his lease and make him a millionaire for the rest of the week. Get busy now, Pete. Keep in touch."

Pete went home for lunch that day. He unlocked the door and entered. Mrs. Pennefether was sitting in the big mohair chair; Johnny was on her lap, with his head against her breast. Her arm was cuddling him. He was drinking a cup of milk absent-mindedly and was listening to a story about a little boy who gave a nice horse a bite of his red apple. It seemed to Pete, listening, that his wife's story was pointless, a mere stringing of dull circumstances, without plot or trick, and quite in the highbrow literary manner; but Johnny simply ate it up. Johnny didn't like milk and wouldn't drink it when he had his wits about him.

"Mind him, and I'll get the lunch," said Mrs. Pennefether, perceiving her husband.

She put Johnny down and went into the kitchen. Pete sat on the floor and began to build a house of blocks.

"I haven't been able to do a thing all morning but take care of him," she called. "He has my heart in my mouth every minute. One child is more trouble than taking care of a houseful of grown-ups."

"His father will be coming back soon now," said Pete.

There was an interval of silence in the kitchen. Pete poised a block, waiting.

"But—he's a traveling man, isn't he?" said Mrs. Pennefether. "He might as well leave Johnny here."

"Maybe we can make an arrangement," said Pete. "If he pays us ten dollars a week, we could mind Johnny for him while he's traveling."

"Peter Pennefether," said his wife, "I wouldn't take a five-cent piece! Don't you dare mention such a thing to Mr. Branley!"

Mrs. Pennefether had already eaten her lunch, but she sat across the table from Pete to keep him company. Pete was in the habit of discussing his business affairs with his wife; she had had much experience, and was always interested.

"Harry Flasher came back after that Rapp house this morning," he said.

"Yes? But it's leased. You told me that."

"Did I? Well, he's going to buy the lease too. He's collecting the corner, and he's going to put up a big apartment house there. Fine site. He told me to go get the lease for him."

"You don't say. . . . You're not eating your sprouts. . . . So he's going to buy the lease, is he? But maybe the tenant won't want to sell it."

"He will, after I've talked to him," said Pete. "From what Flasher told me, I think the corner isn't costing him over a quarter of a million, and it's worth more than that; maybe a hundred thousand dollars more. And this lease is the only thing he hasn't arranged to buy yet. He can afford to pay real money for this lease, though naturally he won't, not if I can buy it cleverly for him."

"Maybe he might decide not to buy it at all, and simply wait until it runs out."

"Wait five years? Not a chance! He'll build the corner now or never. . . . What is that Johnny's got in his mouth?"

"A cherry off my hat," said Mrs. Pennefether irritatedly, prying the inedible fruit from the child's pharynx. Johnny winked his watering blue eyes, gulped and ran off to try again. "Positively, that child is going to be the death of me," she said, frowning after him. "I don't know whether I'm standing on my head or my heels while he's up and about. Oh, listen, Pete, I forgot to tell you what he said this morning—the sweetest thing ——"

In the afternoon Pete went to see Mr. Crumpton, the lessee of the Rapp house. Crumpton was a stout and rosy old gentleman who was dozing in a quiet law office on Broadway in the lower Sixties. Pete explained his mission.

"I don't care to sell the lease, Mr. Pennefether," said Crumpton.

"We can make it worth your while," said Pete. "My client is anxious to get that particular house. I don't know why he should want that particular house, but he does. You know how people are who are not familiar with real estate; they set their hearts on one piece of property. He told me that he wants to make a present of the house to his niece who is getting married. I shouldn't be surprised if he would give you six or seven hundred dollars to give up your lease, if you take him up quick before his fancy changes. And it will be all clear profit, you know."

"But I don't care to sell, really. I don't need the money. You see, I took the house at three thousand a year, and I furnished it and sublet it furnished at five thousand. The furniture didn't cost me over two thousand—I bought it *en bloc* in an auction room—and twelve hundred of that is a chattel mortgage. So I've only eight hundred dollars in the house, and I'm taking out a thousand net, besides paying down the chattel mortgage. That's a nice little investment and I think I'll let it stay."

"Put a price on it," said Pete. "I'll find you another house. By the way, you can cancel that sublease, can't you?"

"Sixty days. Oh, I suppose if somebody wanted to force me out, I'd sell. If somebody wanted to give me twenty-five thousand dollars for my lease ——"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars!" gasped Pete. "Why, man, you're raving!"

"I told you that I didn't care to sell, Mr. Pennefether," said Crumpton stiffly.

"That's so, too, and I beg your pardon. But you gave me a start. I suppose you're open to an offer."

"I shan't reject one without hearing it. Good day, Mr. Pennefether. But just a moment—pardon me—did you by any chance marry a Mrs. Heilprin? The Mrs. Heilprin I refer to was a widow who was—ah—in business when I knew her. I heard she'd married; and your name is not a common one."

"That's the present Mrs. Pennefether."

"Ah! Tell her that you saw me, won't you? I knew her years ago, and had the highest respect and admiration for her. A charming woman, Mr. Pennefether, and a very good business woman too. I'm glad to have met you, Mr. Pennefether. Let me hear from you if your client cares to pursue the matter."

Pete called up Harry Flasher.

"Take a good hold on your chair, Harry," he said, "because this is going to hurt a little bit. All set? The tenant of the Rapp house wants twenty-five thousand dollars for his lease. What's that? No, you heard me right. I said twenty-five thousand—not hundred. Sure, he's crazy. I told him so. You'll be a sucker if you talk to him any more, Harry. Did I offer him—what? I offered him seven hundred dollars. Go back and offer him seven thousand? I will if you say so, Harry. Seven thousand, eh? All right."

IV

MRS. PENNEFETHER flew to the door to welcome Pete when he came home for his lunch several days later.

"I've got a surprise!" she cried, hugging him.

"Molasses cake?" asked Pete, sniffing hopefully.

"Better!"

"Johnny growing a second row of teeth?" he guessed, less eagerly, but cheerily still.

"Oh, very much better!"

Pete lost all semblance of pleasurable anticipation; she was too confident that he wouldn't be able to guess what was in store for him. He felt sure now that he wouldn't like it when he got it. She had surprised him less than agreeably a number of times; it had not occurred to Mrs. Pennefether as likely that when a young man of fifty-four has not got some small item of personalty it is because he doesn't want it. Pete had no use for jewelry and pocket-filling conveniences, but he was gradually becoming as handsomely appointed as a ringleted and perfumed Asiatic. Mrs. Pennefether had surprised him with a leather cigar case, and with a cast-silver cigarette case that weighed almost a pound, and with a match safe, and with a cigar lighter that fired with gasoline and rope, and with a beautiful stickpin and a glittering tie clasp, and with a refillable pencil of sterling silver, with a seal ring, with a key ring to which were attached a pocket knife and nail clippers and a cigar cutter, with a pocketbook and bill fold. These among others, and she was still studying him. When Pete walked abroad with her gifts thick upon him he almost hated himself. So now his pulse did not bound; rather he looked gloomy and careworn as he walked ahead of her into the living room. He stopped abruptly in the doorway.

"Look, Martha! Come quick!"

Johnny had got one of the five books down from between the bronzed book ends and he was lying on the floor with his chubby elbows resting on the opened book. He seemed to be reading it; but on second glance Pete saw that he was illustrating it, editing it. He had a blue pencil and he was earnestly crossing the pages as he turned them.

"That dreadful child!" cried Mrs. Pennefether, rushing to the rescue of the book. Johnny, bewildered, threatened to cry; Pete picked him up and comforted him.

"Spoil him!" said Mrs. Pennefether jealously. "That's right—spoil him! Give me that child!"

"Wouldn't it be great, Martha," said Pete as he reached for his napkin, "if we had a little fellow like that?"

"Children are a care," said Mrs. Pennefether.

"Yes; but, you know, things have been different somehow around here since Johnny came. He sort of fills the place up. He's really a remarkable child, Martha. Look how big he is for his age, and sturdy and good-looking! Bright, too. Yes, indeed, he's a child in a hundred—a child in two hundred! You'd pick over a bushel of children before you found one like Johnny. Don't you wish he was ours?"

"It's no use wishing," said Mrs. Pennefether. "But you know I do, Pete."

"His father will be back any day now."

"I hate to think of it!" said Mrs. Pennefether, laughing, with sudden tears in her eyes. "I'm the silliest thing."

"Talking about easy money," said Pete hastily, "do you know how much Harry Flasher had to pay to get that lease from Crumpton? Twenty thousand dollars!

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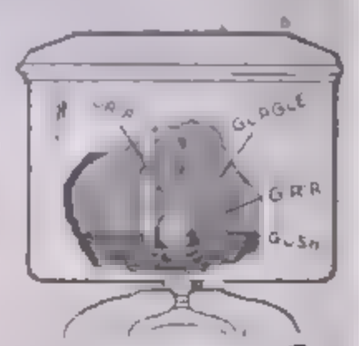

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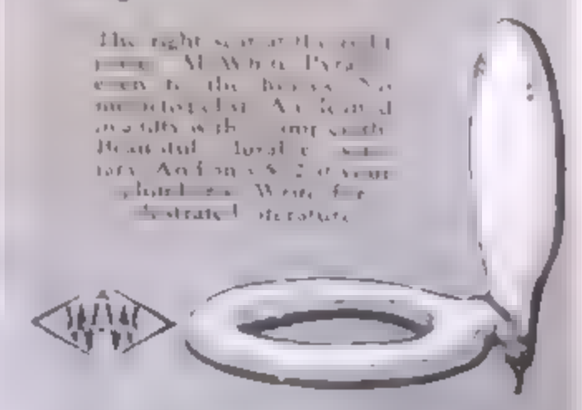

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"Drink your tea," she said. "You know I've got a surprise for you, Pete."

"That's so, too," he said, emitting a hollow chuckle. "I'll bet it's the very thing I've been wishing for too. It's wonderful how you can think of things I want, Martha!"

She seated him in the mohair chair and held a match for his pipe. When he smoked in the evenings she always brought him his handsome smoking jacket and helped him into it so that he should be entirely comfortable; but she waived the smoking jacket during the lunch hour. She sat on the arm of the chair and put a legal document into his hand.

"There's the contract," she said.

He opened the document.

"Why, this is Crumpton's contract!" he said. "This is the contract that Harry Flasher signed last night to take over Crumpton's lease! How did you come by it, Martha?"

"It's mine!" she cried. "Oh, Pete, we've got money—twenty thousand dollars!"

"How—how is this, Martha?"

"You remember one day you came home and you told me about this house being for rent—and I was telling you that I wanted to go out and do something to earn money? Well, this is what I did, Pete: I took the money I had saved up and I got Mr. Crumpton to take a lease of this house—he's an old boarder of mine, years ago—and I furnished it and sublet it. You know I ought to understand about those things, Pete, after my experience in letting rooms. But everything was in Mr. Crumpton's name. And then you came home yourself, and you told me how much Mr. Flasher ought to pay me, and I called up Mr. Crumpton straight off ——"

"How is it you never told me anything about this, Martha?"

"But you didn't want me to do anything, Pete. First off, I was going to furnish the house and run it myself through a housekeeper; but I knew you'd find me out, and so I sublet it. Why, Pete, aren't you glad?"

"But listen, Martha! I'm awfully sorry, but you know we can't take this money. We simply can't take it, Martha."

"Why not? The idea!"

"It would be a kind of a fraud on Flasher. It looks like it anyway. I'm acting as broker here, in a confidential capacity, and I give you information that enables you to hold up my principal. Don't you see, Martha, that we can't take this money? It's simply out of the question."

"But, Pete, what should we do?"

"Give Harry Flasher back his contract," said Pete decidedly. "Let me take it with me, Martha."

"Have we really got to do that?"

"Absolutely!"

She had taken the contract from him as though to defend it. But now her hand opened and let the paper slide onto his lap. She rose and turned away and walked slowly toward her room.

"Martha!" he called; but she shook her head and shut the door behind her.

Pete put the contract into his pocket and smoked his pipe out with a semblance of calm. Then he arose, sighed loudly and went for his coat and hat. When he was dressed for the street he returned to the living room and beckoned enticingly to Johnny. He led the baby to the door of Mrs. Pennefether's room, knocked and stole away down the hall. Johnny, so deserted, raised a loud and heart-wringing wail. The door of Mrs. Pennefether's room opened and she drew the little fellow in.

Pete met Harry Flasher in Hopper's office during the afternoon.

"I told you I got that lease, didn't I?" said Flasher. "Signed him up last night. I told Hopper to tell you."

"You paid enough for it," said Pete.

"What's that? You think I paid too much, do you? Why, say, I got it cheap as dirt! If that fellow Crumpton had any brains he could have squeezed me for twice as much—forty thousand I would give! Oh, they got to come clever to fool your Uncle Harry—I'll say so. Say, Pete, I got a loan of a million and a half for a fifteen-story a hundred and fifty thousand to cover, but I'll get it back in the rents—and I'm going to start to tear down in ten days."

"Here's twenty thousand more for you," said Pete, handing him the contract.

"What's this?"

"I find that Crumpton was acting for my wife, and naturally I can't take your money." And he told Flasher the story.

"Well, Pete," said Flasher, "I think that's a very proper way for you to feel. It does you credit, Pete. Shake! I'm proud to shake hands with a man feels like you do. So you won't let her take the money, hey? Here, have a cigar. Here, take two, and you can smoke one after dinner."

Pete took a cigar.

"And now let's see," said Flasher, rolling the cigar in his mouth. "What ought I allow Mrs. Pennefether for her lease? I want to do the right thing, Pete. What do you think about two hundred and fifty dollars? That would pay her moving expenses into another house and give her a bill or two for herself. What do you think?"

"But, Harry, Mrs. Pennefether isn't going to sell the lease to you at all. Under the circumstances ——"

"What?" cried the builder, flushing angrily. He flung the contract onto Pete's desk. "What kind of a game is this? Trying to give me my contract back, are you? I don't take it! You may be clever, Pete Pennefether, but I'm cleverer—see? There's your contract, and I'm going to hold you to it! I'll have my lawyer write you a letter this afternoon and tell you where you get off. I'm surprised at you, Pete. No, I won't talk to you! I got nothing to say! Not a word! There's your contract!"

He pulled his derby hat down over his ears and stalked out of the office, belching smoke at every step and looking like a small clap of thunder made visible.

Pete watched him go, and then picked up the contract and brought it into Old Man Hopper's private room to seek the counsel of the head of the firm. It was five o'clock, and closing time, when Pete emerged.

He was going to advise Mrs. Pennefether that she might accept the benefit of the contract now. It would be pleasant to tell her that—to tell her that they were no longer at the mercy of a salary check. That twenty thousand dollars, invested cleverly in some strategically situated house as Pete would know how to invest it, would make his mind easy as to the future; nothing could happen to Martha.

And Pete was thinking of somebody else, too, as he sat weighing the contract in his hand in the darkening office; somebody who had brought memories of springtime to two people for whom even summer was past. Pete had meditated profoundly before bringing Johnny Branley home. He had perceived that Martha and he were leading a narrowing life, were heading into a corner. Their interests were constricting. They were clever but unimaginative people, primarily concerned all their lives with the business of getting a living; hearty and matter-of-fact people. But now they were inevitably drawing in, breaking connections, disengaging themselves, concentrating on their home; they had had no fresh and vigorous interest in the world to keep them alive to it. But now they had found one; and the money would help there, too, greatly. Pete picked up the telephone.

"The West Side Orphan Home? This is Peter Pennefether. You remember I took one of your boys some time ago on probation? Peter Pennefether is the name. The boy's name was John Branley—a little fellow three years old. Yes, that's the one. Well, say, I'm going to keep him. Yes, Mrs. Pennefether wouldn't give him up now for a cage of performing monkeys! You're positive that both his father and mother are dead, are you? I'll be around tomorrow some time with Mrs. Pennefether and we'll see about the necessary papers. Adopt him, yes!

"Financial statement? We-e-ell, I imagine that my name and standing will be good enough. I was told something to that effect when I took the boy originally; but still, I don't object to giving you any assurance you may ask for. Suppose I show you a bank balance of twenty thousand dollars. Pardon me? Oh, I understand that perfectly, and it's a very nice of you, but you're quite right to be careful. Oh, but I shall insist on it, sir, now that you have mentioned it—permit me. Yes, with Mrs. Pennefether. Good-by."

THIS HAPPENED TO MRS. T. G. T. on a trip over the Wyoming Divide. Lucky for her and her family that the car was equipped with Philco Retainer-type Battery. Here's the experience Mrs. T. G. T. had from battery failure!

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THE UNITED STATES TODAY

Continued from Page 8

to take a more active and more responsible part in contributing to the problems of Europe are those which will or might arise from agricultural pressure in the field of politics.

To sum up my conclusions upon this branch of the subject. The material advancement of the United States is stupendous. I can assign no limits to it. Not even the embarrassing possession of nearly all the gold of all the world is impeding or clogging the wheel of progress. I do not think that American economists and financiers have succeeded in exploiting to the full the extraordinary world opportunities which the postwar situation placed within their grasp; the explanation of this is in my judgment to be found in the fact that with all their shrewdness they lack something of the sophistication and age-long sagacity of Threadneedle Street. But no system of protection will hold this people back from their onward advance in the race of ever-growing prosperity. They will or may intervene in European politics—a topic to be hereafter examined—when they judge it in their interest so to do, but the only great field of national industry which affords a prospect that this conception may procure adoption is to be found in the precarious situation of the great national business of agriculture.

The Negro Problem

THIS problem is admitted by most enlightened men in the United States of America to present one of the gravest which confront their future. And indeed it is both historically strange and politically formidable. The white migration into this rich and unpeopled area wore down in days long since past the softness of the indigenous Indian. And having done so it was driven, having regard to the poverty of the available white population, to call in aid a servile population. And so resulted the slave trade. A new, virile, ineffaceable and very remarkable population became gradually established upon the American continent. It brought with it for a long time in servile conditions very extraordinary qualities. It was superficially adaptable; it was physically immensely strong, resistant and resilient; and, what was to be even more important, it was attended by immense procreative fecundity. The problem, though difficult, was not unmanageable as long as the moral ideals of the United States tolerated the existence in its midst of a servile class. How long it could have been tolerated, how far it was ever tolerable, must be left to the historians of the United States to determine. Those who still vindicate, if any such still survive, the cause of the South may at least be permitted to make the claim that whatever concessions it was necessary to make in terms of morality in the excuse of their own system, they at least perfectly appreciated the ethical and social problems which must follow upon a substituted and more civilized conception.

Today the United States appear to be confronted by this problem—that more attractive industrial and social conditions are more and more tempting the negro population of the South to migrate northward. The South had methods, right or wrong, which enabled it, even after the abolition of slavery, to cope with its negro problem. I am not at all satisfied that the North, to whom this problem is novel, has either assimilated its realities or prepared itself to deal with the social consequences of its invasion. Almost like a horde of locusts the negroes of the South are invading city after city of the rich and indiscriminating North. A whole area of Chicago—and not a disreputable one, fifteen years ago inhabited exclusively by a white population—has now been handed over in undisputed possession to the dark invader. And a large dealer in real estate who has spent his life carrying on that business in Chicago informed me that he could at present discern no limit to the invasion or to the encroachments involved in it over the adjacent tenements and streets of Chicago.

No one who has traveled much in the United States of America will ever speak unfavorably of the colored population, taken as a whole. It has indeed many amiable, admirable and attractive qualities. All such travelers have in their minds grateful recollections of the friendly and courteous service, the unaffected cheerfulness of the colored attendants in railway cars. But the clear appreciation of the many attractive qualities of this cheerful and friendly people cannot blind one to the unbridgeable wall which the inscrutable purposes of Nature have placed between them and their white neighbors; and to the gravity and prominence of the problem which exists and must continue, when a strain so populous, so virile, so self-productive and so unassimilable, coexists on a continent, however vast, side by side with a white civilization which in many of these respects, however superior in others, cannot support its competition.

America and Europe

UPON this disputable subject it is necessary to write with reserve and to avoid generalizations. For opinion in the United States upon the present political situation in Europe is fluid and, if one may be allowed a homely expression, streaky. A large section of opinion unquestionably distrusts what it looks upon as French aggressiveness; and does not even hesitate to allege that one menace to the peace of Europe has been succeeded by another hardly less formidable. Others, on the contrary, take the view that Germany has systematically ever since the treaty been avoiding her financial obligations thereunder, partly by deliberate deflation, partly by the wholesale transfer of securities to the United States and to other parts of the world. This school of thought holds that no method except such a one as that of M. Poincaré could bring the Germans to their senses, that Mr. Lloyd George was sentimental and ineffective in this matter, and that nothing but the iron hand would effectively secure such liquidation of German indebtedness as is actually practicable. I am inclined to think that these schools of thought would be equally balanced in the States were it not that the airy indifference of France in the matter of her indebtedness had greatly prejudiced the general French position in the United States.

It is, however, possible to make certain broad statements with some confidence. In the first place the citizens of the United States are now as always ready to support with generous warmth, upon however large a scale, private charities in relief of the sufferings of Europe. And indeed in this matter their noble exertions in Russia and their continued efforts to assist the victims of Turkish misrule fill shining pages in the history of international philanthropy. Nor indeed can any apparent limit be assigned to the readiness of this generous and wealthy people to contribute in the field of private charities to the necessities of a stricken world.

But it must in the second place be made quite plain that Americans as a whole look upon the continued instability of European conditions with uneasiness, with distrust, and not without the attribution of a good deal of blame. The disordered conditions which they see existing everywhere in Europe lead them, in my judgment, more and more to congratulate themselves upon the immense national majority which repudiated the policy of President Wilson. And here we touch at once the very heart of the American attitude. President Wilson undertook responsibilities and made commitments the like of which no former President of the United States has ever attempted. He pledged the support of the United States of America to a League of Nations which possessed some measure of supersovereignty. He did this without the slightest real indication that the American nation was behind him in this attempt, and with many striking danger signals that it was not.

When I visited the United States in 1918 I incurred much censure by emphasizing in an address delivered to the New York Bar Association and afterward reprinted in My American Visit, the points which led me very greatly to doubt whether the American nation ever would, or indeed ever ought to, accept the League of Nations in the shape conceived by President Wilson. I was immediately assailed by the shrill idealists of two continents. I was told—quite untruthfully—that I was attacking President Wilson and his policy. I was told that I was an unimaginative materialist, and that I had done more harm by this one speech than good—if any—by all the other speeches I delivered in the United States of America. I can afford to dwell with some complacency upon this incident; for, so far as I am aware, I was the only Englishman holding any public position who quite plainly discerned from the first that there was not the slightest prospect that the United States, when consulted, would accept the League of Nations. I made this speech very deliberately and after careful preparation; for I was very anxious to direct the attention of the people of America to the implications which were involved in the proposals of the President. For even then I saw quite plainly what an unfortunate situation would result if the President involved the world in a treaty which the Senate refused to ratify.

I did not attack—I never have attacked—the general conceptions which underlie the scheme of the League of Nations. But I analyzed with great care some of the more patent difficulties from the American point of view; and asked plainly and with some intentional cruelty whether this was the kind of league which American opinion was prepared to accept. I may add that I was completely undismayed by the stream of criticism which an address, the prescience of which has since been admitted by nearly all the leading papers of the United States of America, elicited among the sentimentalists of that day. And naturally I have never blamed the United States of America for rejecting these proposals the moment an opportunity for pronouncing upon them was afforded to the general body of citizens. But at the same time I must carefully guard myself from the criticism that I exonerate the people of America from a grave measure of responsibility for our present misfortunes. They are not themselves, for the reasons I have given, blameful for having rejected the Treaty of Versailles. In rejecting that treaty they acted within the undoubted rights of a free people legally and even ethically. Had I myself possessed a vote in America I should certainly have recorded it against President Wilson. Their responsibility springs from quite another source, and it is a very deep one. They are the authors of their Constitution, responsible for it, and to be judged by international misfortunes which are caused by its imperfections. Under that Constitution the President of the United States of America was legally empowered to go to Europe as the representative of the American people, armed with prestige, power and rank to which no other negotiator could lay claim. For the President of the United States of America is during the period of his office armed with prerogative powers wielded by no other potentate or minister in the world today. It is idle to say that Europe had plain warning of the rumblings of discontent already audible in his own country. It was absolutely impossible to ask that they should make themselves the judges of future political developments in America. They were not only entitled—they were bound—to accept President Wilson as the authoritative exponent of American views and American wishes. A whisper even which could have been construed as disrespectful to this great man in the very zenith of his career would have been generally and rightly resented all over the States. We must throw our minds back. This was the period of victorious intoxication. It was the day of the triumphant processions in London, in Paris and in Rome. Europe had no choice but to accept the workings and the implications of the American Constitution. And however vivid may have been the apprehensions from time to time entertained by those who negotiated with President Wilson—and they were very vivid—upon the ultimate outcome, they could not, without risk of causing the gravest offense in America, treat him in any capacity except that of an exalted plenipotentiary.

And so the long-drawn drama was played out. The United States were pledged to become a member of the League of Nations and to all the obligations which membership involved. They were equally pledged, jointly with Great Britain, to the pact of mutual defense for the protection of France. Looking back, it is easy to see now how wholly alien both these obligations or sets of obligations were to the traditional foreign policy of the United States. But the confidence expressed by the President, in language so sonorous and so splendid, influenced even the most skeptical of his colleagues. And even those who still doubted realized the impossibility and even the indecency of challenging his credentials. It is not possible even now to judge how many of the misfortunes of Europe were directly due to this tragic and irrational optimism. The League of Nations has ever since been truncated. The pact of protection influenced and deflected much of the policy of Clemenceau; so that no one could state with confidence how far the whole Ruhr complication was produced by conditions which would never have arisen had the French been permitted to explore avenues which they reluctantly abandoned in exchange for the pact.

This and this alone is the claim which Europe has upon American help. It is a very real claim. But I did not myself think it useful, in the speeches which I delivered in the United States, to make appeals *in misericordiam* founded upon general claims of sentiment. The American nation is very just. The claims founded upon the considerations which I have just examined are unanswerable. It is to the more general realization of these indisputable truths in America that we must look as the best hope of American national cooperation. But we should be blinding our eyes to indisputable facts if we did not recognize that the general policy of the United States is as clearly as it has ever been one of nonintervention in European affairs, except so far as unquestioned American interests render such intervention imperative. And the very impracticability of President Wilson's proposals and the political hurricane which submerged them have made it infinitely more difficult for a reversal of that decision to be attempted by any political party. The subject has become one of the great historic contentions between parties which sometimes find it a little difficult to raise clear and intelligibly defined issues. I see no sign that the Democratic Party has the slightest intention of compromising its electioneering prospects by any real reversion to the proposals of President Wilson. And the Republican Party, which won so remarkable a victory upon this issue, is showing considerable nervousness even in relation to the proposed International Court, modest as that proposal seems to those who formerly ranged themselves for and against schemes so grandiose.

My conclusion therefore upon this branch of the subject is that the proposals of President Wilson and any comparable proposals have been not only decisively but for all time rejected by the American people. That people will never adhere to any League of Nations which imposes upon it not merely the degree but even the kind of responsibility which the President recommended. Nor will it ever pledge itself to any international undertaking resembling in the slightest degree the pact of protection which President Wilson believed himself authorized to offer to France.

The United States will, in other words, continue to pursue their traditional policy. That policy is founded upon the conviction that the first duty of a nation is to its own nationals; that peace is better than war, that the geographical aloofness of the United States of America affords the Government of that country exceptional opportunities of protecting its citizens from the horrors of war; and that it is the duty of every American Government to mitigate the risks of international complications in every situation which does not directly menace a primary American interest.

But this people is as conscientious as it is cool in measuring the extent of any of its national responsibilities, and I am certain that there exists already a great body of opinion, likely to become stronger rather than weaker, which, in virtue of the considerations which I have attempted to urge, will more and more insist that the United States do labor under a great responsibility to Europe, and ought to contribute to its salvage by any methods which do not conflict with the principle of foreign policy which they regard as axiomatic.

America and Great Britain

THIS branch of the subject again requires to be examined with care and treated with delicacy. For here again generalizations are extremely misleading. It would

(Continued on Page 109)

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Sun Oil Company,
Philadelphia, Pa.

November 22, 1925.

Gentlemen:

It may interest you to know that I recently drove my Studebaker Special Six Stock Touring Car from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles in twenty-three hours, forty-three minutes, elapsed time, breaking all previous rail or auto records between these two cities for the eight hundred and fifty-four miles. Though radiator was sealed throughout entire run, engine did not show over normal heat, even when pulling through heavy sand in the Mojave Desert. After thirty-five hundred miles engine was torn down to prove it a stock model and motor was found to be free from carbon. I have never taken a shim out of any of the bearings though this engine has now been driven over ten thousand miles.

I may add that this motor was broken in with Sunoco and no other brand of oil has ever been used in it.

After this proof of the lubricating qualities of Sunoco, I certainly shall use no other oil as long as I can get it, and I say this after using most all the leading brands on the market.

Sincerely yours,

D. A. Jenkins

P. S.

I might add that the above car has run 7200 miles since we have last examined the car has run 10693 miles & both the motor is quiet and running perfect

Who Jenkins Is

Mr. D. A. Jenkins is a Salt Lake City building contractor, busy as can be, because he knows how to build good houses.

He is 39 years old and married.

His hobby used to be bicycle racing, later motorcycle racing, and he held most of the amateur records up to 1910.

Then fast automobile driving thrilled him and he gets most of his recreation these days in lowering some record. In fact, he holds today *all* the inter-mountain cross-country records.

His last feat in not only lowering the automobile record from Salt Lake to Los Angeles, but actually beating the time of the fastest train between these points, is a remarkable achievement.

His route was not over an undulating concrete roadway, but over tortuous mountain roads rising to elevations of 7,000 feet and then through miles of desert land and sand.

His record speaks much for the car he drove, but quite as much for the oil which kept his motor lubricated and cool.

Mr. Jenkins didn't take anyone's word on that very important point; he had used most all the best known oils and knew what he was about when he put "Sunoco" in the crankcase and let them seal the radiator, which wasn't touched until he reached Los Angeles, 854 miles away.

Studebaker + Sunoco
A Remarkable Achievement

HERE'S a business man—not a professional racer—who after actual tests *knows* what "Sunoco" will do. He's not subsidized by any automobile, tire or oil company, and he finds that breaking long distance records gives him all the "kick" and fun he needs.

Ever since Sunoco has been on the market—a matter of only four years—many letters like the above have been reaching us.

They come from car owners, dealers, tractor owners, automotive engineers, owners of fleets of trucks, aviators—in fact, from all kinds of people.

They are all alike in stating the excellence of Sunoco's performance, and in specifically mentioning the *lack* of carbon troubles.

The reason why "Sunoco" is a distinctive motor oil is that every type is distilled—not a drop of cylinder stock is added to it.

"Cylinder stock" is the principal cause of hard carbon deposits. It should not be used in the manufacture of motor oils.

We have perfected a distinctive distilling process whereby Sunoco Motor Oil is as pure as distilled water.

Experiences like Mr. Jenkins' are helpful and convincing to other motorists. What Mr. Jenkins has found by actual trial is proof of the benefit you, too, will derive, if you see to it that Sunoco of the proper type [our chart will tell you which] is put into your crankcase and kept there.

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SUN OIL COMPANY, Limited, MONTREAL
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HART SCHAFFNER

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"LIFETIME" PENS

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, Fort Madison, Iowa

Makers of Quality Writing Instruments

(Continued from Page 104)

be altogether wrong to underrate the appeal which British descent makes to a great section of the American people. In that strange amalgam of confluent populations, which has not yet made, though it will one day make, a homogeneous people, a certain satisfaction and even a certain pride is felt, not only by those millions whose teeming ancestors sailed in the Mayflower but also by those whose grandfathers or fathers have left in the last hundred years Liverpool or Birmingham or Manchester, to seek new fortunes in a new world. Englishmen visiting the States are frequently touched by the numbers who come to them claiming that their grandfather was a Liverpool man or that their grandmother was from Somersetshire.

We must not therefore ignore, though we must be careful not to exaggerate, the effect in America of an ancestry which those who possess it greatly, and rightly, value. Why indeed should we be guilty of the affectation of pretending that it is not a distinction to be sprung from the loins of these tiny islands, which for nearly a thousand years have flung their intellectual and political influence into the farthest corners of such a world as was known to each generation of its countrymen? But it is none the less true that every sentimental appeal has its reactions. None of the other European powers which have largely contributed to the population of the United States has in American eyes the unfortunate historical record of the British people. The disastrous effects produced by King George III and Lord North are even now—incredible as it may appear—hardly exhausted. Indeed, much of the sympathy of the United States with Ireland sprang from a vague conviction that Ireland had for centuries been treated much as Lord North tried to treat the American Colonies. The influence of historical textbooks in the public schools of America has frequently in this connection been explained. Their authors talk much and quite justifiably of Lord North and the King. They give less prominence to the noble and generous eloquence of Lord Chatham and Mr. Burke.

The folly of which those were guilty who were at that time unhappily in control of the destinies of Great Britain ought not to blind our eyes to the fact that even in that tragic quarrel there were two sides. The main burden of the defense of the American Colonies, so far as those colonies were menaced—as they constantly were—by European powers, fell upon Great Britain. It was unquestionably right that those colonies should make some contribution to an imperial expenditure without which they must incontestably have fallen the victims of a European power which would certainly not have treated them better than Great Britain. But the difficulty was that the colonies never could agree, and never would agree, upon the proportion which they ought to pay. "No representation, no taxation," has a noble sound; but the consequences are less noble when you really mean that you do not desire representation, and cannot agree among yourselves to contribute anything to the taxation. This nevertheless was the historical truth of the crisis which produced the struggle for independence. These considerations do not, of course, involve any defense of the tactless blundering and unstatesmanlike handling of the situation by the British Government. A larger vision, more sympathetic imagination and more generous patience would undoubtedly have afforded the means of an accommodation with men who at that time were almost all of our own blood, were in the main reasonable and capable of compromise, and who certainly did not desire to carry an unhappy quarrel to extremities. But the controversy is now so old, and it has become so completely a matter for the historian, that an Englishman is entitled to pray in aid of the complete and repeatedly expressed inability of the colonies to agree either upon the formula or substance of their contribution to the imperial expenditure. Almost everyone at that time blundered. We blundered most of all. The most unfortunate element in ancient historical quarrels is that among peoples of tenacious memories their consequences last so long. And it would in my judgment be a mistake even today to imagine that this age-long bitterness has exhausted its capacity for mischief.

But it must at the same time be realized that there is much in our temperament, our civilization and our history which is deeply admired in the United States. Our general outlook upon the politics of the world and upon the greatest problems of contemporary humanity is the same. We each have so much that neither wants any more. The deepest interests of both countries require peace and tranquillity. Neither is in any circumstances capable of an aggressive war. In both countries there exist noble humanitarian forces which imperial Germany never could have understood, and which no statesman or military caste could ever control, inflexibly opposed to bloodshed if bloodshed can be avoided without disloyalty to national safety and national existence. And it may therefore be proudly claimed that however powerful at a given moment may be the forces which cherish no special liking for Great Britain, there will always be found in balanced equipoise great sections of the population which either from heredity or from political or intellectual sympathy earnestly desire to maintain friendly and even cordial relations with Great Britain.

This subject cannot be dismissed without noticing the numerical strength with which the present population of the United States has been recruited from the rest of the world.

Such a survey makes it plain how obsolete is the talk that blood is thicker than water. Indeed, without incurring the charges of snobbishness, we may perhaps make it plain that we have little claim to pose as the cousins of that great family which enjoys today the hegemony in the New York directory.

The conditions of our friendship with the United States of America may be summarized rather in a different way:

Many of their citizens have inherited our blood and share the traditions of the England of Shakspere and Milton. Many others are in broad agreement with our outlook upon world affairs. Almost all educated Americans, whether our friends or not, have a generous admiration for the history, achievement and traditions of a country so small, of which the population during that achievement has been relatively so inconsiderable. But these, and these alone, are the considerations which we must treat as actual; and, as ever in human affairs, that which is actual is, on the whole, more important than that which is sentimental.

The United States and Ireland

THE greatest triumph which British statesmanship has achieved during the last hundred years in its diplomatic relations with the United States is unquestionably to be found in the Irish settlement. The emigration from Ireland to America during the last hundred years has been astounding in its exuberance. And nearly all that emigration has proceeded, not from the North, but from the South. The result has been that ninety per cent of Irish emigration to America has consisted of the bitterest enemies of Great Britain. The Irishman has many qualities, some very attractive, some less attractive. But no one has ever disputed that if he inherits a quarrel which passionately engages his feelings, he will transmit it more tenaciously from father to son than any other islander has ever succeeded in doing since the happiest days of Corsica. And by universal consent, Irishmen possess, if not the highest form of political cleverness, at least political adaptability and resources of a very unusual character.

Thus it came about for many years that a powerful section of the population of the United States of America capable of discipline, willing to undertake the labors without which successful political organization is impossible, was bitterly and irreconcilably opposed to the interests of Great Britain. And being ourselves human and not altogether inexperienced in politics, we must take note of the reactions of this state of affairs upon American politics. The Irish vote, perfectly organized, never vacillating, sure of itself, became at recurrent intervals of great and even of decisive importance in American politics. So those who in these islands desired a warm and friendly relationship with America found themselves in this difficult situation, that a great, active and very vocal section in American political life was utterly irreconcilable and would vote for any party which encouraged them to ventilate grievances ancient and bitter, but by no means always unjust, against Great Britain.

We were often exhorted in old days by true American friends to set our house in order. Our advisers had not always studied the strange and tragic history of Ireland. Had that country been a single and homogeneous community, no difficulty could or would have arisen. But unhappily for its solution, our ancestors, hundreds of years ago, had as a matter of deliberate policy planted Scotch and English settlers in the North of Ireland. For hundreds of years these men had afforded an equipoise, relied upon by an unbroken series of British Governments, against repeated attempts in the direction of secession. They preserved their dour and individual character as jealously as did the wholly different population of the South. The differences between the two populations were intensified by religious cleavages which were exceedingly tenacious. It was as certain as anything in the world has ever been certain that the attempt compulsorily to place the North of Ireland under the South, as numerically they must have been in a parliament sitting at Dublin, would have produced a bloody civil war. Home Rule, therefore, as presented by Mr. Gladstone and his successors, was impracticable and never could have succeeded, because it drew no distinction between the evidently separable conditions of the North and of the South. I admit most fully that I myself proceeded with Lord Carson to great lengths—and would even have proceeded to greater—in order to prevent the forcible inclusion of the northern provinces in a parliament sitting at Dublin.

But it is not necessary to attempt a lengthy argument for the justification of that which was then said and done. For four successive prime ministers—Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Baldwin—have concurred in the view which we then formed, and which was the justification of our actions, that Ulster could never be coerced even if she might ultimately be persuaded to become part of a larger Irish polity. And it may be added with some confidence that it is extremely unlikely that the fifth prime minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, will take a different view. It is therefore sufficient for us in our justification to make it plain that that against which we contended is now universally admitted to have been wrong and impracticable; it is not disputed that if actually attempted it would have led to civil war; we on our part are content to state our case in the terms that an extreme measure of resistance in speech and even in act may be justified in the case of those who were resisting a policy now universally admitted to have been unfair, impracticable and certainly productive of civil war.

But it was hardly reasonable to expect that the subtler sides of this controversy should have been completely understood in the United States, where indeed all the missionary talk was upon one side. And therefore it happened that for fifty or sixty years the relations between Great Britain and America were embittered by an open sore. Many complaints were made in 1914 of the slowness of the United States to appreciate the ethical aspects of the Allied cause. But he was indeed an optimist who expected that the cultivated opinion of the West, the generous friendship of those who still felt themselves to be of our kin, could sweep away, within a short period of time, forces at once so powerful and so impervious to reason and to sentiment.

The first glimmer of hope in this matter was disclosed when there succeeded to the campaign of destruction and assassination the hope of a settlement by conference. Nor in the early stages was the hope either considerable or generally entertained by those who took part in that conference. But as its discussion proceeded it became plain that Ireland was represented by two remarkable though very widely different men. I had myself gone into the conference without any real hope that it could be brought to a successful conclusion. But the personalities of Mr. Arthur Griffith and Mr. Mike Collins gradually and almost insensibly altered my view, and so, painfully, uncertainly, doubtfully we groped our way to a solution which I believe beyond doubt will be pronounced by history to be the greatest effort of statescraft in the whole history of the relations, first between Great Britain and Ireland, and secondly between Great Britain and the United States.

Of this at least I satisfied myself by constant inquiry in almost every center of population in America which I visited. There is no longer an Irish Party, which is important so long as it depends upon any Irish grievances. As between President Cosgrave and Mr. De Valera, the latter is almost without an adherent. You cannot in

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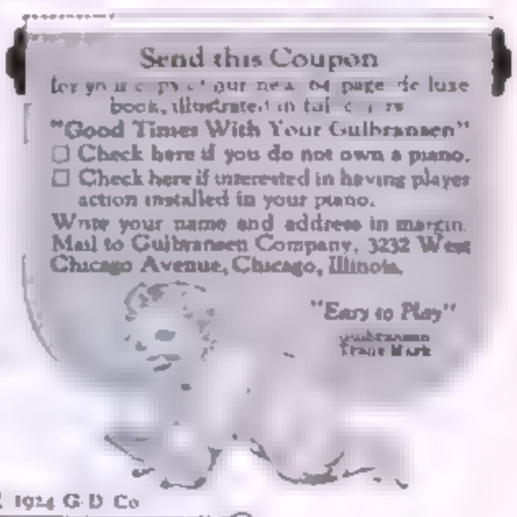
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A FIFTY-YEAR CRISIS IN AGRICULTURE

(Continued from Page 4)

produces less than 60 per cent of what is eaten there, and in North Dakota alone the average farm buys more than half that is eaten on its own table; and this runs up to 100 per cent, the farm in that case producing no food at all for its own table—nothing but cash wheat to be hauled away to the elevator. Thus farmyard drudgery is avoided—no milking, no slopping the pigs, no hoeing, no chores at all, and only ninety or a hundred days' work in the year.

Well, if such is the American idea and it tends to be realized, then what is the problem? Is it that progress is not rapid enough? Are we impatient? No.

The problem has many aspects. Totally it derives from the fact that this type of agriculture is always in trouble. It passes from one crisis to another and is chronically in need of being saved. Just now it is proposed, among other things, that the Government shall lend money to those farmers in the Northwest who have failed to raise their own food—money with which they shall buy milch cows, pigs and chickens in order that they may get in the way of feeding themselves. This measure is obviously false to the idea, and is justified only on the ground of emergency. It is what might be called a step backward toward peasantry. Indeed, many of those proposed to be helped regard it in that light. They do not want to milk cows and slop pigs. All they want is a high price for wheat.

So the problem is complicated. And there is endless confusion from the fact that nobody wants to give up the idea. Nobody wants to admit that it tends to defeat itself. This it does in an inevitable manner.

The Great Land Boom

Exploiting new lands faster than they are needed has this result, that there is always a potential food surplus. In that case, with agriculture on a money-crop basis, what is bound to happen? A profit is killed in the rush to seize it. Millions of farmers with an uncontrollable impulse increase their production of the cash crop that happens to be profitable. Then the potential surplus becomes actual and everybody is left in the lurch.

Such being the case, or, if it is true, as all professors of farm economics prove by their figures, that agriculture under the American idea does not pay, then what keeps it going? Roughly, the answer is that what floats it and has floated it all these years is the increase in the value of land.

How now? A riddle. If there is no profit in agriculture why does the land increase in value?

The explanation is not simple. To begin, when the professors of farm economics, either those of the Government or those of the states, demonstrate by statistics the absence of profit in agriculture—nay, the actual loss in it—they take this year or last year alone. Land values, interest, taxes, rents, all as they are, it is true—agriculture does not pay. The farmer is lucky to make wages. But if land values, interest, taxes and rent were still what they were fifteen or twenty years ago there would be a profit. This means that the profits of agriculture are to a very great extent absorbed by the increase in the value of the land; or, to say it another way, the earning power of the land is capitalized in advance, just as a Wall Street stock that pays no dividend may rise in anticipation of one, and then stop rising, even decline a little when the dividend is declared. There is no gain from buying it afterward; there is only a small return on the investment, and the risk, besides, that the dividend will be discontinued. That is what happens to land. In special years, with high prices, its earning power runs up; then it is valued accordingly and people excitedly buy it. Then prices fall and its earning power declines; so also its value.

There is always the expectation of this. Land booms come and come again. They are not at all confined to new experimental lands.

In 1918 and 1919, after the Armistice, there was the wildest boom in Western farm land that has occurred since the raw prairie days. It represented the capitalization in land values of the high wartime prices for agricultural produce. Iowa land values had been for a generation the first example in stability. In 1900 it could be said that they had once doubled in thirty years. Nothing mercurial there. They doubled again in the next ten years with the rise in the average price of all crops; and that had already made them rather dear—so dear that one of the oldest mortgage-loan companies in Chicago pulled out of Iowa and went into Texas lands. Then suddenly between 1910 and 1919 they doubled again. People lost their heads. They dealt in farms as in blue-sky mining stocks, selling them, buying them back, selling them again. A man in Lincoln township sold his farm at $250 an acre, bought it back at $270, and sold it again at $425. Those Iowa farmers who sold out in 1919 at values calculated on the basis of two-dollar wheat and twenty-cent hogs, got the profit—not from the preceding ten years but from the next ten years of Iowa agriculture.

And there are yet other reasons why the value of land rises faster than the profits of agriculture. One is that innate earth hunger of people which has the strength of instinct. Another is the certainty that people will continue to multiply until the bowl is full and running over.

Anyhow it is a fact that in proportion as the American idea of specialized money cropping is realized agriculture becomes an extra-hazardous occupation, chronically somewhere in trouble. It is a fact, also, that so long as the land continues to be exploited in the characteristic Western manner the only natural restraint upon overproduction will be loss.

This means that as you have marginal railroads, marginal mines, marginal factories, so you will have marginal farms and marginal farmers. The marginal producer is one whose costs are high, whose efficiency is low, and whose placement in the scheme is perhaps disadvantageous. In good times he makes a little money, in fair times he exists, in worse times he loses or goes bankrupt.

As applied to agriculture this cold-blooded thought is shocking. We almost cannot accept it. As to a coal mine or a railroad it is all right. There economics may rule. In the state of Illinois there are above a hundred marginal coal mines. When prices are high they open up and add their production to the total, thereby limiting everybody's profits; when prices fall they shut up again. We do not care. The spectacle of an idle coal mine does not move us sentimentally. We regard it, indeed, with satisfaction. It represents insurance against extortion. Yet the spectacle of an idle farm saddens us. We react emotionally. It is a human tragedy. Here someone has tried to get a living from the soil and failed. Conclusion: There is something wrong in a country where one cannot get a living from the soil.

The Wheat-Raising Machinist

"Here is a case," says a Montana banker. "A man came to me only the other day saying he didn't believe he could stick it out. He had not been able to make a living for his family. He was running behind. Another poor year would finish him. Then he would have to go back to his job in Minneapolis, where he was making eight dollars a day at his trade. He was a machinist. Now what are you going to do? If something isn't done right away that man will have to abandon his farm; and there are hundreds, thousands like him."

But now consider what this case represents. It is one of numerous cases, fairly typical. A machinist is a product of technical training. He applies his skill to steel. The result is a machine, and machines are in great demand. The world cannot get enough of them. Only a few nations can produce them. If we are thinking to produce a surplus of anything for sale abroad, then let it be a surplus of machines, for they command a high price—the price of high craft skill. What has this machinist done? He has deserted the task of machine making and gone to Montana to raise wheat. There is already too much wheat. It is produced in surplus by the least rewarded, the least developed labor in the world—in Egypt, in India, in Argentina, in thirty-eight different countries, in all of which wages and standards of living are lower than they are here. Now fancy an American machinist, a man of his technical skill, worth eight, ten, maybe fifteen dollars a day, putting himself into competition with that kind of labor! In doing so he adds his moiety to the world's surplus of wheat and then complains that he cannot make a living. He is really not interested in any of this. He was not a farmer to begin with; he is not a farmer now. What moved him was the thought of getting a farm for nothing—a wheat ranch in Montana that would make him rich. If you tell him there is a sure way to get a living for himself and family on the farm, that he needs a garden, some fruit trees, milch cows, pigs and chickens, he will say: "Oh! That isn't what I came out here to do. That means work every day in the year. I'd rather go back to my trade."

Yet even a banker asks what shall be done to keep this man on the land, thereby thinking, as most of us do, without reflection, that if he has to abandon his farm it will be a tragedy, and that many such tragedies portend a social disaster. Most of that thinking, or feeling, is great nonsense. Nevertheless, it is very general and its consequences are amazing.

For more than fifty years our political life has been tormented by the effort to put profit into agriculture—to do it by edict or economic stratagem—notwithstanding the two facts already developed—namely, that the ceaseless exploitation of land creates the potentiality of a ruinous surplus and that the only natural restraint upon overproduction is loss.

Panaceas of the Past

In the last year of the Civil War wheat was $3.50 a bushel, other things in proportion. High prices held for another year, just as they did through 1919, and land values increased in the same way, everybody going into debt to buy more of it, as if the laws of gravity and reaction had been suspended forever. In the next year the collapse began, and agricultural commodities declined for nearly thirty years. So did the products of industry in a parallel manner, and for the same reason—namely, excessive and uncontrolled production; but it is agriculture we now speak of.

The first two or three years of the fall were the worst, because that was the most violent part of it and because also it caught the farmers heavily in debt for land the earning power and value of which had been calculated on war prices. In the decade from 1870 to 1880 the production of wheat more than doubled. That would seem a fairly obvious reason for its decline in price. But that cause was disregarded; every other reason was imagined—many reasons that did not exist. There followed in order the Grange movement, the Farmers' Alliance, the Populist Party and Bryanism. The means whereby it was proposed to restore a profit to agriculture, excessive production notwithstanding, were mainly these:

Cooperative selling;
Coöperative buying;
Low freight rates;
Fiat money;
Free silver.

Cooperation was tried on a very extensive scale. There was something in it if it could be well managed, but it seldom was; and the most there was in it was only the middleman's profit, and that was not enough to make agriculture profitable. Railroad rates were reduced by law in the agricultural states and the principle of state regulation of railways was established. Nor did that make agriculture profitable. It made hardly any difference at all, except to the railroads. The consumer, not the producer, pays the freight in general. What the producer pays is a geographical penalty, governed by his distance from the point of consumption. Fiat money and free silver were never tried. Both proposals were abandoned, not that the farmers believed in them less but for the reason that all at once agricultural-commodity prices stopped falling and began to rise.

This happened between 1895 and 1900. Why it happened need not be discussed. It will be enough to say that the products of both agriculture and industry, having fallen together for nearly thirty years, stopped falling together and began rising together. The causes were general over the whole world. The universal evil of low prices, which international commissions had been investigating in a futile manner, suddenly vanished. Wants enormously increased.

(Continued on Page 116)

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33 x 4	34 x 4.95	31 x 5.25
32 x 4½	35 x 5.77	32 x 6.20
33 x 4½	34 x 5.77	33 x 6.20
34 x 4½	35 x 5.77	33 x 6.20
33 x 5	35 x 6.40	33 x 6.60 or 33 x [illegible]

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GOODYEAR

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That's why if you are interested in balloon tires you should see your nearest Goodyear Dealer; he is equipped and ready to answer all your questions promptly and with authority.

Today as in the years past, on balloon tires as on all other types, the name Goodyear stands for supreme quality and dependability

"BALLOONS"

An Example of Big-Scale Methods in the Northwest

(Continued from Page 113)

Demand began to catch up. And if the products of industry advanced faster than the products of agriculture in the next twenty years, which apparently was the case, that was owing to the fact that basic industry stopped exploiting its resources in the pioneer spirit and found ways to rationalize production, as agriculture never did.

It was no act of Congress that saved American agriculture through all that heartbreaking decline in prices that began in 1868 and continued for nearly thirty years. Nor did low freight rates save it. Nor would fiat money have saved it. It was saved by its own way with necessity.

That which has been called the American idea of agriculture was not so strong then; it had not been developed. What there was of it was put aside. Those farmers who could paid off their debts; those who couldn't were foreclosed upon; then they started again on deflated land. They grappled with the soil. They produced their own food, dressed it themselves, and supplied the village demand. They bought nothing they could make or produce for themselves, or do without. On this long curve of falling prices came into being a generation of farmers who would sooner want than borrow, who regarded debts with terror, who thought signing a note was a step with the sheriff. They never could understand what they saw on the rising price curve where the next generation lived.

Borrowing in Falling Markets

They were right and sound in their feeling about debts. On falling prices it is disastrous to borrow. It takes always more and more to pay back, until at last you are ruined. If when wheat is a dollar a bushel you borrow a thousand dollars, that represents a debt of a thousand bushels of wheat. But if wheat falls to fifty cents the debt is doubled. You need two thousand bushels to pay it off.

Precisely the opposite is true in a time of rising prices. Then it takes less and less of your labor and produce to pay back what you borrow. If when wheat is a dollar a bushel you borrow a thousand dollars, that again represents a thousand bushels of wheat. But if wheat rises to two dollars a bushel the debt is halved. You need only five hundred bushels to pay it off.

Between 1895 and 1900 prices began to rise, and they rose for more than twenty years, not uninterruptedly, of course, but as the tide rises. Old farmers whose wisdom was that of the falling price curve saw the young men going into debt, and prophesied their ruin. But the young men escaped. They borrowed more and more; they bought land with borrowed money and gave their notes at the bank for working capital. Their land increased in value and their notes did not worry them. If they could not pay them off one year they renewed them and waited for a better crop or better prices.

Now suddenly a great discovery occurs. The perfect solution is at hand. The way to put profit in agriculture is to give it credit, plenty of credit—credit such as any other business gets. The farmer shall be financed. He shall do business at the bank. He shall have banks specially adapted to his uses and needs.

Cooperative marketing is not forgotten. It is all the better. The reason why it never succeeded is that it never was properly financed. It wanted credit. The master key is credit—credit to buy land with, credit to buy implements with, credit to sow and harvest with, credit with which to hold one's crops for a fair price instead of selling them away to the speculator.

This became of a sudden the ruling theme. For fifteen years no man spoke sympathetically to the farmer's case without saying that above all else what he needed was credit—cheap credit, long-time credit, short-time credit, honorable credit, special forms of credit determined by the special problems of his industry.

Consent was unanimous. Never had human contradiction hit upon a more seductive panacea. There was plenty of it. It was cheaply dispensed. The patient clamored for it.

So the farmer was financed. Yea, how he was financed!

The amount of credit that has been placed at the call of agriculture in the last ten years cannot be definitely calculated. There is no figure to express it. Nobody knows how much it is. A former Secretary of the Treasury estimated that the amount provided for by Federal legislation alone by that only—was five billion dollars.

First of the credit agencies under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government came the Federal Reserve System with twelve regional banks. The functions of these twelve regional Federal Reserve Banks were mainly two—to mobilize the gold resources of the country, and to make credit more elastic, more equitably accessible to everybody by lending money out of one great reservoir, through those twelve Federal Reserve Banks, to private banks, which in turn should lend it to private borrowers. For the farmer it worked like this: If he went with his note to the small-town bank and asked to borrow on it and the small-town bank had no money of its own to lend, it could still take the farmer's note, send it to the nearest one of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks and get the money.

Farmers Killed by Credit Kindness

But that was not enough. It was soon found that the rules under which the notes of merchants and manufacturers were taken at the Federal Reserve Banks were too narrow for the farmer. Therefore the rules were relaxed in his favor, so that a farmer's note had more time and grace at a Federal Reserve Bank than any other.

And that was not enough. The farmer needed credit for what he was doing—yes And he could get it. But he needed credit also for what he was going to do. So Congress created the Federal Farm Loan System, with twelve regional Federal Land Banks to be launched where necessary, with government credit; and the purpose of these banks was to lend money to national farm-loan associations, which in turn should lend it to farmers for the purchase of agricultural land, for the equipment and improvement of the land and to pay off old mortgages. Any ten or more natural persons could form a national farm-loan association; more than forty-four hundred have been formed. The same law authorized the creation by private persons of joint-stock land banks, under the supervision of the Government, such banks to sell debentures up to fifteen times the amount of their capital, and lend the money on land.

Still not enough. In March, 1923, Congress passed the great Agricultural Credits Act, creating twelve Federal Intermediate Credit Banks, to be established "alongside of but organically independent of the twelve Federal Land Banks," each with a capital of five million dollars provided by the United States Government. These intermediate credit banks lend money for "agricultural purposes" for periods of six months to three years.

The same act provided also for national agricultural credit corporations to lend money for "agricultural purposes" direct to farmers, and national agricultural rediscount corporations to take over from private banks loans that have already been made for "agricultural purposes."

These are the agencies created by Federal legislation:

Federal Reserve Banks;
Federal Land Banks;
Joint-stock land banks;
National farm-loan associations;
Federal Intermediate Credit Banks;
National agricultural credit corporations;
National agricultural rediscount corporations.

These agencies have placed in the last ten years, by an estimate of a former Secretary of the Treasury, five billion dollars of new credit at the disposal of agriculture.

And this is by no means all. The War Finance Corporation, a banking concern set up during the war to finance war activities—owned by the Government and furnished with government capital—has been converted into an agency for extending government credit direct to agriculture.

(Continued on Page 121)

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Also makers of the well known PURITAN short chimney oil stove.

NEW PERFECTION

Oil Cook Stoves and Ranges

(Continued from Page 116)

In addition to what the Federal Government has done, the states have been at the same time dispensing credit to agriculture. They, too, have created farm-loan systems and farm-credit boards; they have sold tax-exempt bonds on the public credit and loaned the money to farmers at low rates of interest.

And above everything else there occurred a wild multiplication of private banks in the agricultural districts, under both national and state charters, whose principal business was to lend money to farmers on their notes and who competed with one another for the privilege of doing so. Any few natural persons with a little money could start a bank. In the Northwest area, called the Ninth Federal Reserve District, more than fifty national banks were chartered by the Comptroller of the Currency at Washington over the protest of the Federal Reserve Bank at Minneapolis. There were already too many new and inexperienced banks, as the Federal Reserve Bank at Minneapolis knew; but the man then Comptroller of the Currency at Washington said that if people wanted banks they should have them. So farmers became their own bankers; they could give credit to themselves.

Never since credit was invented had agriculture so much of it. Never before in all the history of banking was the farmer so much financed. And with what results?

There is again an acute crisis in agriculture. It is the worst that has occurred in this generation. Farmers by the tens of thousands—the Department of Agriculture says by the hundreds of thousands—are losing or have already lost their property, their lands and chattels, by forfeiture to creditors and by the foreclosure of mortgages. In the Northwest area alone—Minnesota, Montana, North Dakota and South Dakota—where occurred an expansion of credit perhaps greater in a relative sense than anywhere else, more than five hundred banks are shut up because the farmers cannot pay their notes. The War Finance Corporation has been dispatched to the scene with more credit. An extraordinary credit corporation has been formed by private bankers of the East and the Middle West, at the instance of the Government, to go to the relief of the Northwestern banks.

There is still no lack of credit. That is not the trouble. The difficulty is to find anything suitable upon which to grant credit. Farms, livestock, chattels, commodities in storage are already mortgaged for more than they are worth.

Mortgaged to the Hilt

And you have this spectacle to ponder: Those bankrupt money croppers of the Northwest, with neither means of their own nor credit at the bank with which to buy the chickens, pigs and milch cows they need in order to be able to feed themselves, are to have money out of the United States Treasury for this purpose, and at the same time a large mortgage-loan company in Minneapolis, having bought and sold Northwestern farm mortgages until the bag burst, makes a street-window display of Imperial Japanese Government 6½ per cent bonds. There is a good demand for them. They are selling. Is the word of the Japanese Government then better security than Northwestern farms and chattels? No. The explanation is simply that the Northwestern farmers, who desperately need the money that Minneapolis investors are putting into Japanese bonds, have nothing left to pledge. They have borrowed more on their farms and chattels than those farms and chattels would bring if put up for sale at auction.

Here now an interruption. We shall be reminded that this crisis in agriculture is owing to the headlong fall in prices. Yes. The fall in prices was a cause. But it was the last cause. If the farmers had not been extravagant with credit before, if they had not mortgaged their property above its ears in the days of exuberance, if in North Dakota they had not used it to hold wheat for three dollars and fifty cents a bushel when they might have been selling it for two dollars, if they had not behaved as if the day of payment had been abolished by edict, there would still have been a crisis, no doubt, but not the kind of crisis it is. There would have come losses, disappointments, hard times, but no avalanche of bankruptcy, pulling down banks by the hundreds. Credit is a thing you can use only once. Having already used it they could not use it again to ease themselves down as prices fell away. Not only that. Just when they began to need credit for reasons beyond their control, and when they had nothing left to pledge or mortgage, the day of payment arrived. What they already owed was due and payable.

The farmers say they were deflated in a brutal manner by the banks. Particularly do they say this in the Northwest, where now the consequences are most acute. To this the failure of more than five hundred banks in Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota and Montana is a fairly convincing answer. Banks that are brutal save themselves. These did not. First they loaned too freely; then they did not demand payment in time. They are not denounced for having loaned too freely, nor for having renewed farmers' notes beyond prudence instead of requiring them to be paid; they are denounced for having demanded payment at all. Borrowing human nature will always blame more the banker who demands to be paid than the one who refused in the first place to lend.

Danger Signals Unheeded

For a long time before the fall in prices began it was notorious that much of the credit at the call of agriculture was being improperly used. There seemed no way to stop it. A great deal of it was by indirection. Individual farmers tied up their own money in golden affairs of the imagination, especially in land speculation, and relied upon the banks for money with which to carry on farming operations. Thus, less and less the farmer financed himself with his own means; more and more of his own capital was left free for adventure. The local banks, unable to take care of him, and having a great deal of their capital also tied up in speculation or in bad loans, passed him on, or, rather, they passed his notes on, to the nearest Federal Reserve Bank. The notes were all regular enough. They were for agricultural purposes, according to law. They were therefore eligible for rediscount—that is to say, they were properly purchasable under the rules; yet every Federal Reserve Bank knew what the situation was.

In December, 1919, the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis said:

"It is quite evident that through the extravagances of individuals and the indiscriminate extension of credit by certain banks for investment and speculative purchases the reserves held by the Federal Reserve Banks have been used through an indirect process for purposes other than those intended and authorized by law. The extension of credit for speculative purposes is not confined to stocks and bonds alone; but substantial advances have been made to encourage the movement of land and for speculation in commodities. The Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis has used every precaution to eliminate such use of its facilities, but indirectly these credits have been extended, with the result that an unwarranted overextension of credit exists. If this condition is permitted to continue it will in time work a severe hardship upon everyone."

No matter. The inverted pyramid of bank loans continued to grow. It grew until it fell; after that it grew lying down. "Following the collapse of prices in 1920," says the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis, speaking of the Northwest, "banking, Federal Reserve and War Finance credits underwent an acute secondary inflation, for the obvious reason that farmers caught in the collapse could not continue without immediately available resources. No funds were available for current operations, or to meet maturing indebtedness, except by borrowing from the banks."

In 1921 the War Finance Corporation came with its bag of emergency credit. It is there still.

How strange! The Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis says one cause was too much credit. Yet a block away is the temporary office of the War Finance Corporation, with an organization made on the spot, dispensing more credit. However, the part of the War Finance Corporation is somewhat like that of the physician with the violent drug addict. He must believe he will continue to get it, and at the same time he must be tapered off.

The true index to what agriculture has done to itself with credit is a statistical curve representing the rise in the farmer's annual interest charges and taxes. His interest and taxes together in 1923 were threefold what they were in 1913. Threefold!

The increase in his interest represents what he borrowed as an individual. Farm mortgages more than doubled in ten years.

"The great increase in mortgage indebtedness," says the Howard-Moorhouse Agricultural Business Service, "came in 1919, as a result of land speculation after the Armistice. The total amount on January 1, 1920, has been estimated at eight billion dollars, which was more than twice the amount of ten years previous. Since 1920 there has been a further increase of one billion dollars, due to the funding of current obligations incurred during and just previous to the depression."

After the Armistice. During and just previous to the depression.

This is not unsympathetic testimony. The Howard-Moorhouse Agricultural Business Service is conducted by James R. Howard, first president of the American Farm Bureau Federation; N. C. Murray, formerly chief statistician of the Bureau of Crop Estimates; Lloyd M. Graves, formerly statistician of the American Farm Bureau Federation, and H. W. Moorhouse, formerly dean of the School of Commerce of the Oklahoma State College.

It is obvious that what agriculture did with credit was to capitalize war prices in the value of the land.

The increase in the farmer's taxes represents, not altogether, but principally, his group borrowing. In his political capacity he adopted the universal example and sold enormous amounts of state, county, township and school-district bonds. He used the money to improve his social environment, saying: "Why are we not entitled to have these things too? Why shall our children not have schools as fine as those the city people's children have?"

There is no simple answer to that question. It perhaps cannot be answered separately at all. It ties up with the whole problem of American agriculture. The machinist who leaves his job in Minneapolis to get a free wheat ranch in Montana not only thinks he is entitled to a profitable price for his wheat; he thinks he is entitled to have, out there on what was yesterday a cattle range covered with buffalo grass, a school for his children like the school in Minneapolis. And he thinks this without reference to the fact that in choosing to raise wheat instead of making machines he has put himself into competition with the low-paid wheat-producing labor of Argentina, Egypt, India and thirty-five other countries.

Building on Credit

But the farmers asked the question in a rhetorical manner only. They did not wait for the answer. The credit was handy and they used it. They did not build country schools. They built city schools, with baths, gymnasiums and all. You can understand it.

You can understand also the disgust of the roundheaded banker, whose bank has never failed and never will, who started in life with one calf and one horse, when he says, "Over here's a town of five hundred people that's just built a school that cost fifty-three thousand dollars. They put in one of them gymnasium things. Now they will hire somebody to teach their kids basketball because they've got nothing better to do."

Product: Taxes.

Farm taxes per acre, taking the country at large, were in 1923 about 2½ times what they were in 1913. Commenting upon this the Department of Agriculture says: "In 1913 taxes consumed a little less than one-tenth of the farmer's net income. In 1923 they consumed nearly one-third of it." Then it adds:

"Between 80 and 90 per cent of the taxes paid by the farmer is for expense within the county, the larger items being schools and roads. Such taxes, therefore, are within the control of a majority of the people of the county."

That is merely to say, the farmer did it to himself. A very great portion of his taxes is now beyond control, since it represents interest on money borrowed—interest on county, township and district bonds sold to outside investors.

In reduction, the great solution solved nothing; it produced instead many lamentable effects which were not intended. It will take years to efface them.

So now the sacred credit myth is in decline. If there were symbols of this fetish on which farmers could inflict their wrath you would find them lying in the Western ditches ignominiously, like those pagan rain

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gods the heathen were used to hurl into the dry fields so they might see for themselves how bad the drought was, and perhaps repent.

You cannot put profit into agriculture by giving it credit. That is settled.

Farmers themselves now say, "We don't want any more credit. That one thing has nearly ruined us. What we want is better prices."

Many of them indeed are suspicious of further experiments with credit, even such as lending Northwestern wheat croppers money out of the United States Treasury to stock their farmyards with chickens, pigs and milch cows; they suspect that the Government thereby begs the issue and postpones consideration of the true solution. For there is a new solution. Everything else has been tried; therefore this is bound to work.

The name of the new solution is the McNary Bill. The name stands for an idea. The idea is price control by government edict. But it must not be so stated. To say baldly what it is would perhaps defeat it. There is already too much prejudice against the thought of price fixing. And because it must not be referred to as a scheme for controlling prices by edict the exposition of it by its friends becomes extremely involved.

The McNary Bill Analyzed

It begins with a declaration of the thing to be done—namely, to make basic agricultural commodities worth as much as industrial commodities when by reason of overproduction or a surplus above domestic needs they are selling for less. The means by which this is to be accomplished are as follows:

First, the United States Agricultural Commission to notify the President that there is a surplus of wheat, flour, corn, cotton, wool, cattle, sheep, swine or any food product of cattle, sheep or swine, and that the domestic price is too low. The President thereupon by proclamation declares an emergency to exist in respect of that commodity.

Second, the United States Agricultural Commission determines what the domestic price of that commodity ought to be. This it does by means of a statistical index number comparing agricultural products with industrial products. The price so determined is called the ratio price, and it is proclaimed as the price that by right should and in fact shall thereafter prevail.

Third, the United States Agricultural Export Corporation, now for the first time named, begins to operate. This is a merchandising concern, to be owned by the Government, with two hundred million dollars capital out of the Treasury. At the ratio price proclaimed by the commission the United States Agricultural Export Corporation will buy up all the surplus, or any amount necessary, of wheat or corn or cattle, or whatever the commodity is, in order to make the ratio price effective; and then the surplus over domestic needs it shall dump in foreign markets for what it can get. Both the amount that will have to be sold abroad and the loss thereon—meaning by loss the difference between the domestic price and the world price outside—will be estimated beforehand. Say the commodity is wheat; and it is estimated that one-tenth of the wheat crop will have to be sold abroad at twenty-five cents a bushel less than the official domestic price. In that case every farmer when he sells his wheat will get the full official domestic price, except that as to the one-tenth which is exportable surplus he shall receive the last twenty-five cents per bushel in the form of scrip. If the loss on what is exported turns out to be less than twenty-five cents a bushel he may get something for his scrip; if the loss turns out to be more he lets the Government worry. The scrip, you will understand, is bought for cash at any post office, like stamps, and the post offices turn the money in to the United States Agricultural Export Corporation. If you are a buyer of wheat you are obliged to have scrip with which to pay the last twenty-five cents on every tenth bushel. It is compulsory.

Unless one is interested in the McNary Bill curiously, as a piece of experimental mechanism, all that one needs to know about it is this: It is a proposal to employ the power and credit of the Government to lift the average price of basic agricultural products. If it is not meant to do that it has no point whatever; if it were not meant to do that nobody would be for it.

It is an undertaking to put profit into agriculture in spite of excessive production, in spite of the fact that the exploitation of land in the characteristic American manner creates the potentiality of surplus in the first place, in spite of the fact that the only natural restraint upon overproduction is loss.

Even more. One comes at last to the complete contradiction that the average price of agricultural products must be lifted because there is overproduction.

The bill contains its own argument. All these things proposed to be done are necessary because "there exists a general emergency in respect of agricultural commodities." And then it declares—the bill declares—that the general emergency is owing to "the existence of surpluses available for export" and to "the economic impracticability of immediately preventing the continued production of such surpluses."

Thought of limiting production is resentfully rejected by all concerned, for three reasons: First, it is too simple; second, it is impracticable; third, it is impossible. That is to say, agricultural production must not be subject to that restraint which regulates every other kind of production—namely, the restraint of loss.

In North Dakota the true problem is how to diversify agriculture—how to induce wheat growers to bother with pigs and chickens, milch cows and bees, in order to feed themselves. Necessity is the only inducement to which they have responded. One crop for money—that is what they want.

Farmers are united for the McNary Bill. The Department of Agriculture is for it. All the agricultural minds of Congress are behind it. Many more Western business men, even bankers, than you might suppose are for it, on the ground that if it helps agriculture, no matter how, it will help them too. The bill includes the hated millers and the horned packers. It had to do this, for obviously they could not buy grain and cattle from the farmers at the high ratio price and sell flour and meat products abroad at the world price; and if they could not do this they would not buy from farmers more than enough to supply the domestic demand. So it is provided that the millers and packers may buy at the high ratio price and then sell their exportable surplus of flour, hams, sausages, bacon, lard, and so on, to the United States Agricultural Export Corporation.

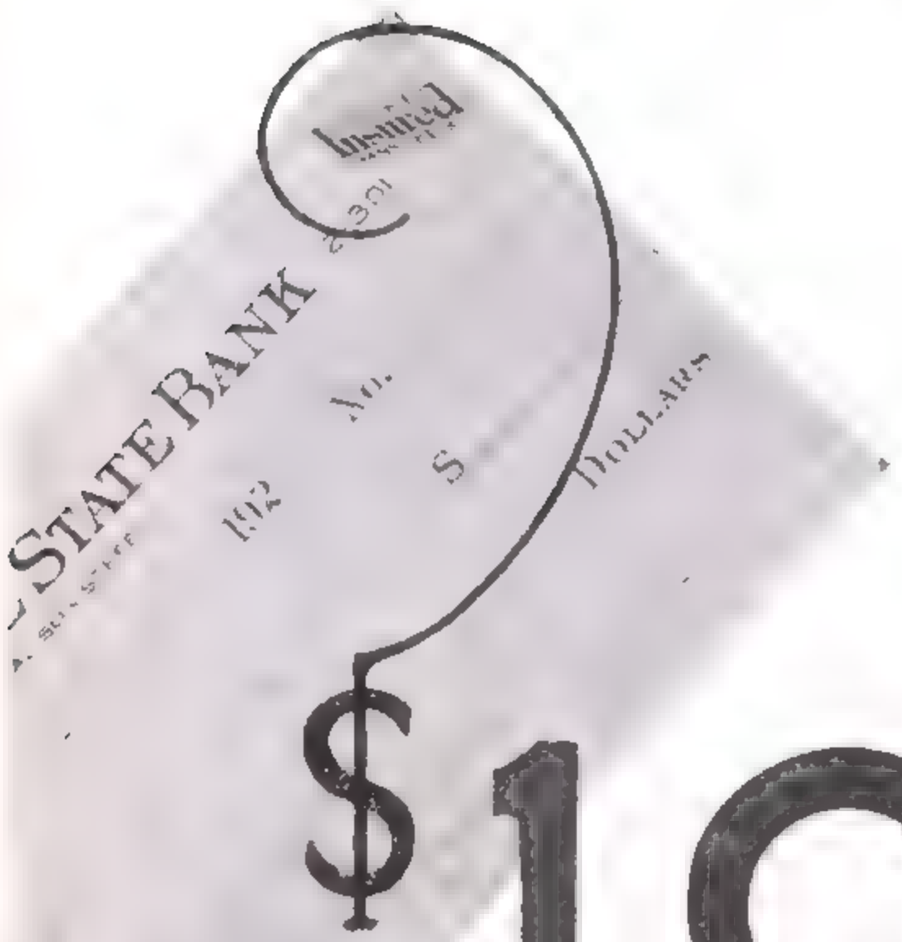
Are We Farmers at Heart?

And what the farmers are for is not the McNary Bill as such. They are for the doctrine it embodies. A bill by any other name that went much further with the same doctrine would be more acceptable. The doctrine is that agriculture, as it has been and is and wants to be without change, shall be made to pay as a matter of public policy. The marginal farm and the marginal farmer shall be saved for the sake of all that structure of exploited land values, and at the same time the farmer shall be saved from drudgery and boredom in virtue of the great money-crop idea.

The farmer is not alone to blame. He is perhaps the least to blame. His relation to the soil, wherein it is uneconomic, is an effect, not a cause.

The United States Government through the Department of Agriculture, and the states through their agricultural colleges, have spent vast sums of money to propagate the thought of money cropping, of specialization, of industrial methods as applied to agriculture, all the emphasis on production, with a shabby imitation of city culture at the end. The one thing that has not been sold to the farmer is farming—the agricultural life for its spiritual satisfaction, as a manner of living. Do you say it has not these satisfactions? Then at heart we are not farmers. That may be it. And yet, half of us are on the farm. Of that half of us, only about 20 per cent are in serious trouble. All the commotion relates to that 20 per cent. They are the marginal people. Their costs are high, their efficiency is low, they have planter notions under a high wage system, and they make the surplus. There is about that same percentage of marginal people in shopkeeping, in manufacturing, in any field of human activity. Only in agriculture is the question of their survival a political issue. One wonders what would happen to American agriculture if only it were let alone.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Garrett. The next will appear in an early issue.



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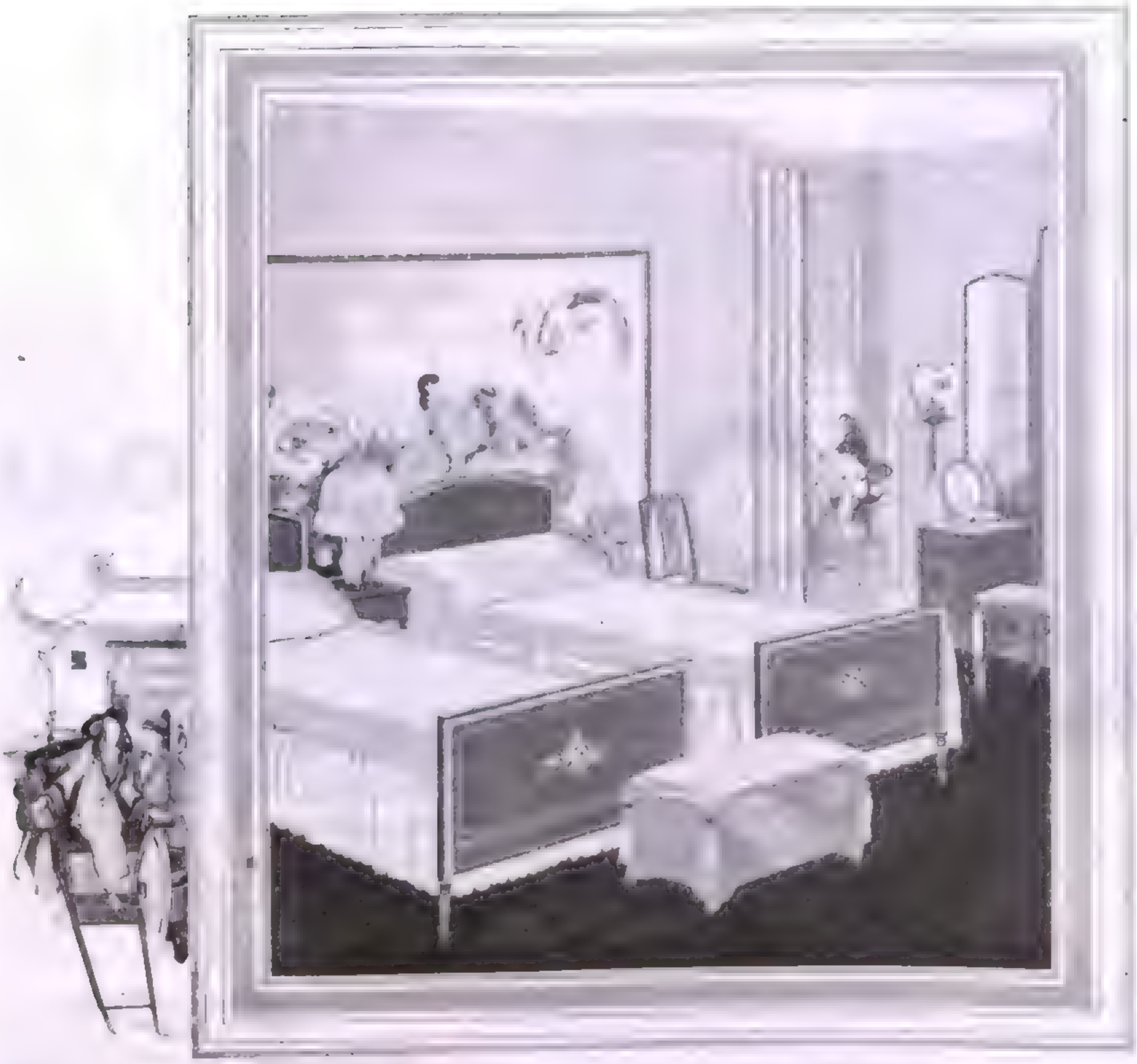

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From the six panel Chinese screen of painted silk behind the beds, the color scheme of this effective chamber is derived. The orchid tint that bloom on the screen are repeated in the [illegible] hangings, the lamp shade and the cushions of the [illegible] box and bench. The bed covers are of Shantung silk in rose pompon, with flounces recalling the gray blues of the screen. They could be made of either silk or mercerized cotton poplin or taffeta. Carpet is Chinese blue. Slipper box in lacquer red and gold. Base lamp is Chinese pottery. Walls are tinted soft gray-green. Beds, vanity, dressing bench, chair and bench are from a complete new suite of Simmons furniture, upholstered in jade green and other [illegible] and in finishes representing the beauty of walnut and mahogany. Bedspread Design 1906. For nine other schemes of decoration, ask for "Restful Bedroom" to The Simmons Company, 1347 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, or to Simmons Limited, 400 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

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Beds · Mattresses · Springs: Built for Sleep

and BEDROOM FURNITURE

THE RATIONAL HIND

(Continued from Page 27)

He could not eat; the eggs were tasteless; he mumbled them without knowing what he was about, swallowed them involuntarily. The scorching hot coffee had a bite to it which he found grateful, however; and he drained two cups. Then Leon made him bring fresh wood for the stove. It was raining harder than ever, and the wind blew searchingly, so that little streams of water whipped in around the window sashes and trickled spurting down. The light out of doors became sufficient so that they extinguished the lamp; but the resultant gloom in the kitchen was so depressing that Leon lighted it again, burning his hands in the process of removing the hot chimney.

About eight o'clock Doctor Crapo came out, wiping his hands, and the sweat was streaming down his face. He was shaking with exhaustion.

"You can come in and see her now, Sam," he said mildly. "Can't stay but a minute, and don't make her talk. She'll probably want you to kiss her; then you come right out again."

So Sam went in and saw Annie lying in the bed; and he thought she was so small. She smiled faintly at him and patted his cheek with her hand when he kissed her. The boy was numb, felt no anguish of sorrow or pain; but he was quite sure that she was dying and that he would never see her again alive. He turned to go blindly back to the kitchen; but Jennie spoke from across the room.

"Don't you want to see the baby?" she asked.

And Sam stared at her for a moment, and saw that she bent above a roll of blankets on the table there; and he crossed the room on tiptoe. He perceived now that sounds emerged from this bundle of blankets; and a moment later he looked for the first time upon the withered and contorted countenance of his son.

Jennie put her arm around him and took him out to the kitchen and assured him that Annie would be all right now. And when he was convinced of this, Sam's sandy countenance spread itself in a slow grin. He could not stand still. He went out into the barn and began with enormous energy to do the chores.

Fergus would have gone to help him, but Leon called him back.

"Esther and Caleb will be anxious to hear," he told his son. "You run over and carry them the news."

XXIX

THE return of Leon and Jennie to old Fergus Weir's farm had wrapped Esther in a mantle of isolation. This was her own doing; for though she had written to Leon to warn him of Sam's affair with Annie Maclure, she very soon let him understand that she was not disposed to forget old scores. He came once to the house, came again; each time she sat in stony silence while he talked at lame length with Caleb.

In the end Leon came no more, nor did Jennie ever come to see her; for Leon would not permit this. Only the children occasionally stopped at the old Dillard homestead. Esther liked Sam until he married Annie Maclure, she was cold to him for a while thereafter, but melted at last and liked to see him and went to the length of asking Annie and Sam to Sunday dinner one day in early spring. Young Fergus was forever about the place; he had a sweet tooth, to which she catered. He stood in no awe of his formidable aunt, and teased her or derided her as he chose. Caleb at first waited in some concern for the outbreak he thought must follow; but at last he came to understand that in Esther's eye Fergus could do no wrong. Caleb's namesake, who was by this time fifteen years old and taller than his father, with a countenance ridiculously like that of old Fergus Weir, was more serious-minded than his older brothers; he stayed at home and worked stolidly about the farm and felt a rancor against Esther which he imparted to thirteen-year-old Dora. The fact that Esther always had fresh cookies or homemade sweets waiting for them led these two to go to the house occasionally; but they were never at ease there, and never forgot that Esther hated their father and their mother. Leon and Jennie, of course, regarded Esther's contumacy without anger. Jennie assured her husband that his sister must melt at last, but Leon professed a doubt of this.

"Esther was always one to stick to her word," he was accustomed to say regretfully. "I don't look for anything from her."

So Caleb and Esther lived alone together. They did their daily round of tasks, and at night they lighted their lamps and read for a while, then went upstairs to bed. Caleb had become more silent as he grew older; he seldom ventured an opinion of his own nowadays. Since the sale of Marshall's Meadows he had worn at times the aspect of an old and broken man; and Esther understood that he felt a personal guilt in that connection, and had tried in vain to persuade him to a more philosophic point of view. He would listen patiently enough but always came back to the same conclusion.

"Spite of all a person can say, Esther, the place was here for me to handle, and I couldn't make it go, and you can't go back of that anyhow."

About a year before Sam's baby was born, Caleb had had a spell of sickness, an intangible ailment that sent him to bed and kept him there for a considerable time. It had come at the height of the haying season, and he worried because the work would not be done, till young Fergus assured him that the hay was cut and cured and in the barn. Thereafter he mended and was able to help with the apple picking, and to do the chores about the place; but in the winter he fell sick again, and Esther had to tend him.

She did so slavishly, ministering to his wants before they were expressed, lavishing her strength on him in a fashion fairly desperate, as though she clung to him and feared that he would slip away from her. It might have been expected that under these circumstances the brother and sister would draw more closely together; but this was not the case. Caleb was so penitently conscious of the extra burden of work which he laid on Esther's shoulders that he was constrained and ill at ease; Esther was so worried about him that she became irritable, and scolded at him even while she tended him most tenderly. Thus they were both miserable and alone; the only bright moments in their lives were those when Leon's children came for a little while to the house.

Fergus had, since Caleb's present illness, fallen into the habit of coming to the farm morning, noon and night to do the chores. This morning, bringing the news of the birth of Sam's son, he tried the kitchen door and found it unlocked and went in, the rain streaming from his heavy coat, and mud puddling about his high rubber shoes. Esther had a fire going and was cooking breakfast.

She saw his entrance and cried irascibly, "There now, Fergus! You stand right where you are and take off that coat, and those boots. I'm not going to have my floor all wet and muddied."

"I'm not coming in, Aunt Esther," he assured her cheerfully. "I just came over to tell you that the baby was born a little while ago."

She sniffed impatiently. "Well, babies have been born before. You didn't have to come traipsing into my kitchen."

"It's a boy," Fergus told her, disregarding her ill humor.

"I don't care if it's two boys," she assured him; but he read a softening beneath the harshness of her words, and smiled again.

"How's Uncle Caleb?" he asked.

"He had kind of a bad night," Esther replied. "I declare, I wish Caleb could manage not to get me up all hours. Oh, he's patient enough, but I lie awake listening for a sound from him, and then of course I have to go in and see what the matter is."

"I'll milk the cows and get things started, and then I'll go up and see him," Fergus decided.

"Well, you'll have to take off those boots if you do," she warned him, and as he opened the door cried: "Now don't stand there letting it blow the rain in. Go along."

Fergus went to the barn and busied himself there for half an hour, coming to the shed door of the kitchen once to fetch the milk pail. When he was through, Esther made him sit down and drink some hot coffee; and then she did ask more about Sam's baby, and how Annie was. She was pleased that the baby was a boy.

"Sam told me last week if it was a boy they'd name it Nathan," she reminded Fergus. "That was my great-grandfather's name. The first Dillard that took up land here and made this farm."

"Sam wants it to be Nathan," Fergus assented. "Mother kind of wanted they should name it Dave, after Annie's father; but I expect Annie'll want the same as Sam."

"I don't know what's wrong with the name of Nathan Dillard," Esther remarked. Her tongue had sharpened during the loneliness of the last three years; her voice was not always so mild as it had used to be. "But I wouldn't expect your mother to know that," she added.

Fergus grinned cheerfully. He was always frankly amused at the continuing ill feeling between Aunt Esther and his parents; and sometimes he joked Esther about it, but more often he retaliated in a fashion he had found always made her furious. He was at this time eighteen years old, and inclined to be shy; he had never paid the least attention to any girl. But he liked to boast to Aunt Esther of his conquests, because it made her so angry.

He said casually now: "They had a good picture in town last Monday. I'd have taken you in if I hadn't been taking a girl."

Aunt Esther sniffed. "You're likely to run around with any girl! Who was it?"

"Oh, she's spending the summer over in North Fraternity. Mighty pretty too. You wouldn't know her name."

"You'll learn, time you're grown up, that you can't lie to me, Fergus. I don't believe you ever spoke to a girl."

"I kissed her good night last Monday night," Fergus asserted casually; and he persisted in the fable till in spite of her incredulity Esther was disturbed and angry and lectured him. He said cheerfully: "I'm going to get a pencil and paper sometime, Aunt Esther, and take down what you say, so's to remember it. Then I'll know what to say to you when these young men come hanging around you."

"I'd like to see one of them try it!" Esther retorted. She was sixty-two years old; but she was so thin and spry and healthy-looking that she seemed younger.

"Well, that was a nice-looking man I saw talking to you last fall," Fergus reminded her. He had once discovered her in conference with an itinerant peddler of kitchenware and had never let her forget the incident. "What did you do to him to send him packing so?"

After a while she bade him go upstairs and see Caleb while she washed the dishes; and Fergus went up to his uncle's room. Esther had already carried Caleb the news of the birth of Sam's boy; there had always been a close bond between Sam and Caleb, and the sick man was hungry for details now. He asked questions, listened in sober and thoughtful fashion to Fergus' replies, and then lay with eyes half closed in long thought before putting new inquiries. Fergus, uneasy as young people are apt to be in the presence of sickness, sat beside the bed and watched his uncle's countenance with furtive eyes.

He thought Caleb looked much worse than when he had seen him last, a week before, but when they had exhausted the topic of Sam's boy and he rose to go he said slowly, "You're looking better, Uncle Caleb."

Caleb turned slow eyes toward him and smiled a little; but he made no direct reply. Only he said, "You ask your father to come see me, the first time he gets a chance, will you?"

Fergus promised that he would do so. Below stairs, Esther gave him a packet well wrapped in heavy paper.

"There's a little jacket I knitted for Sam's baby," she said. "You take it over. Tell them I'll be over the first good day."

Fergus accepted the commission, and she made him stow the bundle under his coat to keep it dry. On the way to Sam's house Fergus took pains to protect it; but he found his thoughts returning with some foreboding to his Uncle Caleb.

XXX

JENNIE was for a few days very much engrossed with her grandson. It was her first grandson; for though Mary and Mahlon Hull had two babies, they both were girls. The name Nathan was already accepted in the family, and Jennie was pleased; she had suggested that the boy, if

(Continued on Page 129)

"Haven't had a puncture yet"

"Neither have I—" "These rugged cord tires—" "I know. My hose is made the same way."

"Can't be—only the best tires are made with cord jackets. Hose doesn't puncture, anyway. It kinks—that's what makes it split and leak.

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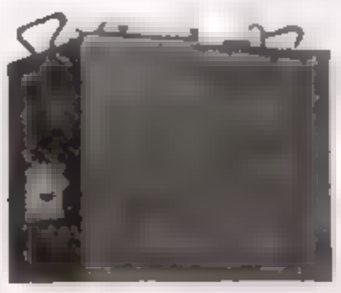

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[Regular size]

VIKO

The Popular Aluminum

(Continued from Page 125)

it should be a boy, bear the name of Annie's father, simply because she thought Annie would like that. But Annie herself put the suggestion aside. "He's the first Dillard in the new generation," she reminded her mother-in-law. "I want him to wear a Dillard name."

"Esther'd love hearing you say that," Jennie said good-naturedly. "It's just the sort of thing Esther would say if she ever let on there was such a thing as babies at all."

"She does admit it," Annie insisted. "He's got on the very jacket she knitted, right now."

So the baby wore from his first hours the ancient name; and his mother called him Nathan, and so did Leon. Sam was more apt to call his son "it"; or if his mood was jocular, to speak to the infant as "old-timer." Young Fergus always addressed his nephew as Nate. Jennie hung above the little crib bed from morning till night, neglecting her affairs at home, her own two-year-old tottering gravely at her heels. Once Annie, from where she lay watching, saw that Jennie was crying, and spoke to her.

And Jennie said in a soft voice, "Seems to me he looks the way little Ethan used to look."

Then the two women wept in each other's arms till Jennie wiped her eyes and said she should be ashamed of herself to bother Annie so.

Jennie stayed at the house for a week, coming over in time to get Sam's breakfast and going home after supper. When Annie was able to sit up and be about a little she relaxed her attentions, and Dora, who, though she was only thirteen, could do as much as most people, took her place. On the first Sunday Mary and Mahlon drove down to see the first grandson; and Arthur Tuck and Aunt Dora came out from East Harbor. Jennie cooked a big Sunday dinner for them all; and afterwards they sat in the dining room—the day was rainy—and talked endlessly, going over and over pleasantly familiar ground.

Once Dora said, "I wish Caleb and Esther could be here," and Jennie assented with a glance.

Leon said slowly, "I've got to get over to see Caleb pretty soon. He told Fergus he wanted to see me."

"We're going to stop in on the way home," Dora explained.

"I begged Aunt Esther to come," Annie said, through the open door that led to her bedroom. "She was here yesterday, and I begged her to come over; but she said she had to take care of Uncle Caleb."

"One of the young ones could have gone over," Jennie argued; but they all seemed to feel this would have had no result, and no one took the trouble to reply.

Only Leon said again, "I've got to get over to see him."

A week later Dora and Arthur came again; and this time they stopped to see Caleb on the way out.

After dinner Dora said to Leon, "Caleb told me to ask you to come over today."

Leon—they had drawn apart from the others—nodded ruefully. "I've meant to get over," he told her. "I have, for a fact. But I've been kind of busy. And, Dora, Esther's always there."

Dora touched his arm. "I'll take Arthur, pretty soon, and we'll go and take Esther for a ride. Or I'll make Arthur take her while I stay with Caleb. You come while she's gone."

"I haven't seen him for a month now," Leon confessed.

"He's right poorly, Leon," Dora told him. "I can see a difference, just since last Sunday. Doctor Crapo was there this morning, and he as much as told me Caleb was pretty sick." She spoke evenly enough—Dora had a painfully acquired poise—but Leon saw her eyes abruptly fill with great tears which flowed down her cheeks. "I'm awful worried about Caleb, Leon," she said in that squeaky voice which emotion always lent her.

"I asked the doctor what was the matter with him, last week," Leon replied. "I thought maybe it'd do Caleb good to get away. He told me it wouldn't do a bit of good. Then I offered to get a doctor out from town; but he just said there wasn't a bit of use. He said Caleb had eat fried doughnuts and soda biscuits and baked beans too long." He hesitated, then looked at his sister with grieving eyes. "I kind of thought he meant maybe Caleb was going to die," he said plainly.

Dora hastily shook her head, dabbing at her eyes. "Caleb'll outlive the lot of us," she insisted. "But he wants to see you. He wants you should come over."

"I'll come," Leon promised gravely. "I'll surely come."

The little conspiracy was carried through that afternoon. Arthur and Dora left early; and Leon walked after them along the road till he could see the kitchen door of the great house that had been his boyhood home. He felt ridiculously furtive; when a car or two passed him he shrank among the alders out of sight and wondered what they thought he was about. But by and by he saw Arthur help Esther into the car and drive away with her toward East Harbor; and he struck rapidly toward the house. Dora had been watching from Caleb's window and came downstairs to meet him in the kitchen.

She whispered, "Now you cheer him up, Leon. He needs that as much as anything." Leon promised, and they went upstairs.

Caleb said, to Leon's question, that he was feeling better. "Yes, sir," he insisted. "Better than I have for a month. I was out of bed for a spell this morning. Kind of weak, of course, but it seemed good." There was an unaccustomed volubility about him which they found alarming. "I thought I'd get up and sit while you were here, Leon."

They helped him out of bed and wrapped a quilt about him and set him in a great chair by the window. Caleb wore a night-shirt which came down only to his knees; and Leon saw how thin his legs were and how flabby and soft the calves had become. He felt a sick helplessness. In the chair and warmly wrapped, Caleb smiled at them as though he wished to reassure his brother and sister; and Dora, hovering about him, patted his shoulder and cried, "There, you ought to sit up a while every day, Caleb. Just staying abed is enough to make you sick."

Caleb nodded. "Yes, that's right, Dora," he agreed. "Yes, I'll have to do that. Of course, some days I don't feel so well as I do today. It's perked me up to see you, Leon."

Leon said miserably, "I've a notion to come over every day. But Esther would take on, Caleb. You know she's just the same."

"She pretends to be," Caleb replied. "Esther don't give in easy, Leon. But she just wants somebody to make her. Esther's getting old and crotchety. She scolds at the youngsters when they come over; and Esther was never one to scold, Leon. She always talked so soft and quiet."

"That's right," Leon agreed.

"I expect if you just came over and didn't pay any attention to her she'd come around," Caleb urged. "Just come over as though you'd always been coming, and treat her the same as if you'd seen her every day."

"I'd do pretty near anything. It's not very comfortable, living the way we do. When she wrote me about Sam I thought maybe she was ready to let up a little, else I'd never have come back here to live. But she's just like she always was."

"You come over and try it," Caleb begged. His eyes were full of pleading. "I kind of hate to think of you and Esther still mad at each other."

"Lord!" Leon exclaimed. "You know better than that, Caleb."

"Well, her holding out against you then."

He was silent, and his eyes closed for a moment, and Dora asked, "You tired, Caleb? You want to go back to bed?"

He shook his head. "How are things going, Leon?" he asked at last. "With me laid up."

Leon laughed. "Why, with my boys around with nothing to do there's plenty of hands to run things all right. They're keeping everything smooth."

"Esther needs someone. I can't do a thing."

"They do what needs doing."

"That's one reason I wish you could fix it up with her," Caleb explained wistfully. "Of course I know I'm pretty sick. I have some pains sometimes that pretty near wrench me to pieces. Esther might need someone to take care of her right along, if she didn't have me." His voice was quite steady.

"Now, Caleb, don't you talk so," Dora urged. "You know you'll outlive the lot of us. You're the kind that does."

"Why, I expect I will," Caleb agreed complaisantly. "That would be kind of funny, wouldn't it? But, Leon, I just want

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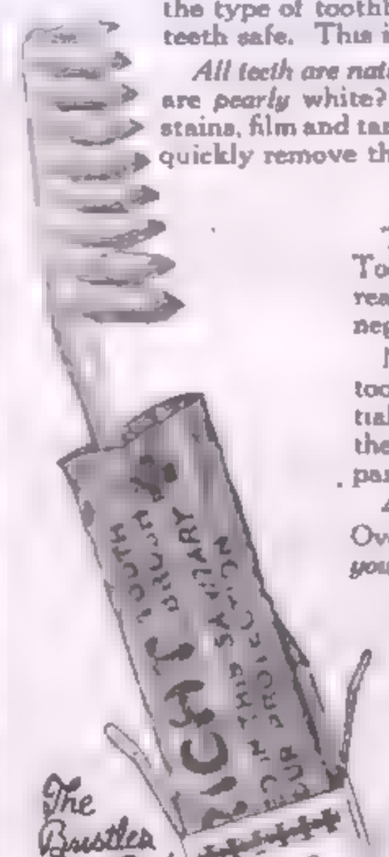

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to know that Esther'll be taken care of if she don't have me—if she needs it any time. Oh, I know I don't amount to much. The work I did never hardly mattered. I could have held on to the Meadows. But she'll have to have someone."

"You stop worrying yourself," Leon insisted, his voice uneven. "You've always done all right, Caleb. Nobody says any different, or thinks it. I guess we've all done as well as we knew how."

"I know," Caleb slowly assented. "Yes, I can't see that I can blame myself for any one thing. Oh, I've thought back over the years since father died. I've worked as hard as I could, Leon. But I might have known how to work harder."

"You did well to sell off the Meadows," Leon insisted. "They needed a lot of fixing up that you couldn't give them."

"I kind of hoped Lee Motley would put them in shape," Caleb explained apologetically. "I kind of thought it would be nice to see them all covered with a stout crop of hay, even if they weren't ours. But Lee hasn't done much. Not the way I hoped he would."

"You're worrying yourself too much, Caleb," Dora pleaded. "I wish you could take things easier in your mind."

"Well, I get to thinking about Esther needing somebody," he explained humbly. "That's all there is, you see."

They perceived after a little longer that he was growing weary, and they put him back to bed and Dora made him comfortable.

When it was time for Leon to go Caleb called to him, "I wish you'd just try coming over, Leon. Just natural and easy. It would be nice if you could get along with her."

Leon said uncertainly, "Why, Caleb, I'll do what a man can." He bore away with him the memory of the pleasure which his words brought into Caleb's eyes.

Three or four days later he did indeed try the experiment. He was helping Sam in one of the fields on the Mason farm nearest the Dillard homestead; and he took the occasion to walk across the lower meadow to the house. Esther had not perceived his coming till he stood in the kitchen door with his hat in his hand. It was a dull, drizzly day with a little light rain falling and his garments were damp and smelled of the barn. He thought her nostrils wrinkled faintly as though he offended them.

"Morning, Esther," he said, in a tone that he strove to make matter of fact. She did not reply; and he said uncertainly, "Thought I'd say hello to Caleb."

She stood quite still, a cooking dish in her hands, a towel dangling. He took off his coat and hat and wiped his feet painstakingly. "Guess I'll go up and see him," he said.

Esther was like a statue; he passed her by with no glance nor other word and went up the back stairs to Caleb's room.

Caleb's eyes lighted at sight of him. "Leon!" the sick man exclaimed. "Why, it's mighty nice to see you."

Leon nodded. "I told you I'd come," he reminded Caleb, and his voice unconsciously fell to a low tone.

"Did you see Esther?" Caleb asked.

"Yes. Downstairs. She didn't say anything. Just stood there."

"She'll get used to it," Caleb insisted. "She'll be all right when you've come two or three times."

"I don't know," Leon replied uncertainly. He stood near the window; and Caleb saw that his eyes were fixed on something outside.

The sick man asked, "Who is it, Leon?"

Leon said slowly, "Esther. She's going down toward the road." A little silence held them, and Caleb's eyes clouded and Leon added, "Well, it's kind of raining. I can't keep her out there. I'll have to go."

"You come again," Caleb begged. "She's been bothered this morning."

But Leon would make no new promise. In the kitchen he donned his outer garments; outside he turned toward the road. Esther, rigid and immovable, sat on that bowlder where she had seated herself more than twenty years before, on the day when he brought Jennie home as his bride.

He went toward her, his eyes sorrowful; and when he came near where she sat he said, "Esther!" She did not stir. "Esther, Caleb is mighty sick. It'd make him better, I think, if he thought you'd—if he thought you had forgiven me." She paid him no heed. "You must see I had some right on my side, Esther." No sign. "You like the children," he reminded her. But when still her posture remained unchanged he gave up the attempt and with a gesture of resignation moved aside.

"Go back to the house, Esther," he directed her coldly. "I won't bother you again."

She rose without haste and without looking at him; rose and gathered her black skirts—draggled by the rain—about her thin legs, and passed him and went up toward the kitchen door. He watched her till she disappeared within doors. The rain came on a little more heavily; he brushed the hanging drops from the brim of his hat with a gesture of weariness and turned soberly toward his son's farm.

XXXI

BABIES are born and old men die, for that is the cycle through which all life forever moves. Four weeks to a day after Sam's son came to wear the name of Nathan Dillard, Caleb Dillard died.

His death was, at the end, peaceful and serene. It did not come upon them without warning. He had some pain, an increasing weakness, a moment or two of anguish, followed by periods of senselessness. Esther had lived long enough to recognize the approach of death, and Doctor Crapo confirmed her in her certainty.

She sent for Dora and Arthur Tuck and they came out from East Harbor and stood by Caleb's bed. He knew them, and smiled at them; and Dora saw he wished to speak with her, and bent above his lips. She heard Esther's name, and Leon's; and then Esther's again and again, in beseeching tones; and with her tears dropping upon his face she sought to reassure him.

"We'll take care of Esther," she whispered. "We'll take care of her, Caleb dear."

A little later he murmured, so softly they could hardly hear: "I'd like to have kept the Meadows!"

Esther said in her firm positive tones: "Now, Caleb, you did all right. Don't you worry any."

He looked at her, and he replied surprisingly, "I've been sorry for you, Esther."

She put this aside with an impatient exclamation, scornful of any tenderness; but when he fumbled for her hand she gave it to him, and Dora saw that she was weeping.

A little after that, coma infolded Caleb and he lay still and stark. Dora looked at Doctor Crapo, hesitated, then said to her sister, "I'm going to send for Leon." Esther seemed not to hear; and Dora, with a lift of her head, went downstairs to the telephone. By and by she came back upstairs, and a little later Leon and Jennie drove into the yard below. She descended to admit them and bring them to Caleb's room. Esther stood jealously by the head of the bed, would yield no ground at all; but she kept her head bent and her eyes on Caleb's countenance.

Their vigil, in the event, was a long one. Caleb lay for hours that lengthened into a day and a night and another day; and Doctor Crapo went away and returned and went away and returned again. There was, he assured Leon, nothing to be done. Nothing but wait. Esther had accepted a chair which Arthur Tuck brought her; she kept her post by Caleb's side. Dora, flesh overriding spirit, had to sleep; and she caught brief snatches of slumber in the adjoining room. Jennie went home, where there were so many calls upon her, while Leon and Arthur Tuck took turn and turn, resting when they must, returning when they could.

They did not know when he died. Doctor Crapo returned from an hour's absence and told them he was gone. Then at last Esther rose and went with Dora into her own room; and the two sisters did not reappear. Leon went home across the pasture and up the ridge, and his weary feet stumbled over every inequality of the ground.

Jennie met him at the door, and he nodded briefly and said, "Yes, he's gone."

She put him to bed, wrapping him warmly; and he drank a great cup of chocolate which she made for him, and then slept for hours on end, a troubled and uneasy slumber. Once or twice he cried out in his sleep; and she hurried to touch his head and quiet him.

For a day the old Dillard house was dominated by the presence of Gorfinkle, whose function it was to do what needed doing for that which Caleb had become. There was the horror of the funeral, when muffled sobs and broken whispers filled the

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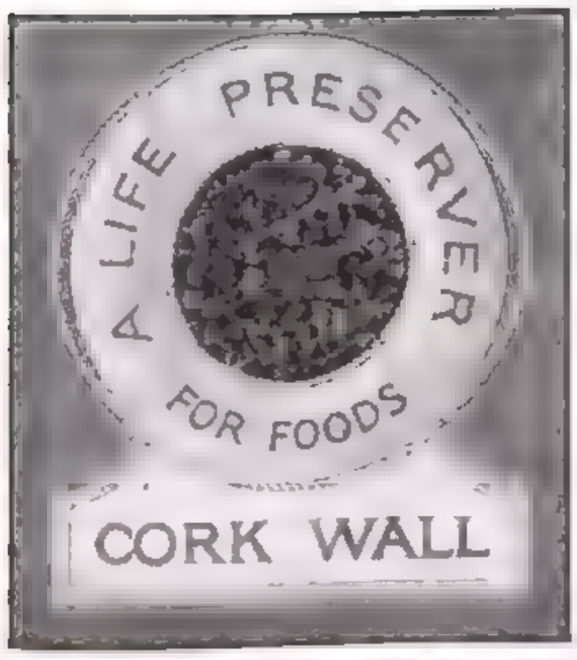

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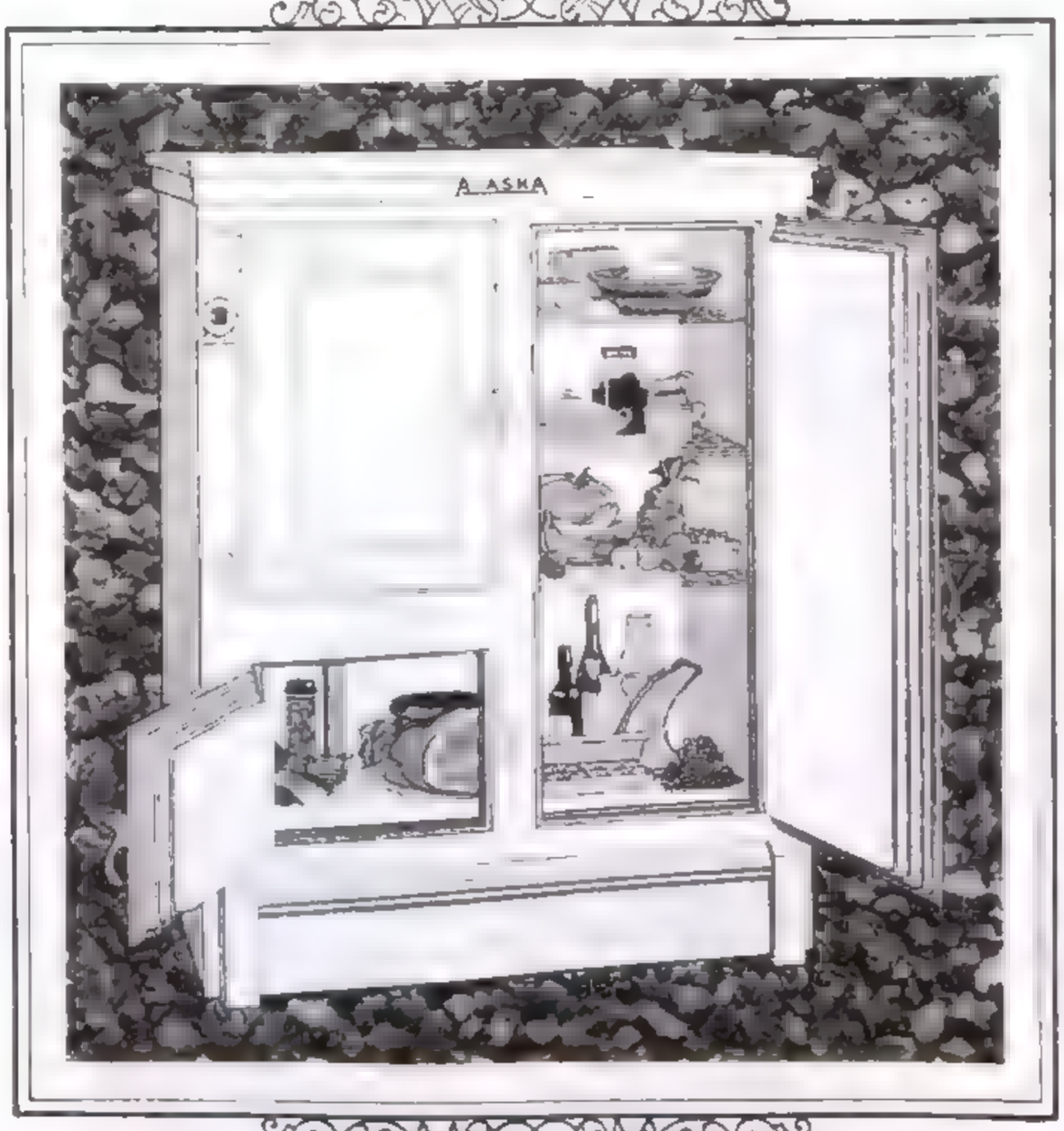

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If you are not yet supplying the demand for these better-built, ice-conserving refrigerators in your community, write us for complete information.

(Continued from Page 130)

darkened rooms of the old house; then a service at the little church in Fraternity village, where many came to bear witness to the regard they had always had for Caleb. He was a man without enemies as he was without intimate friends—a man whom no one could dislike—a man whom the village had been inclined to pity even while they respected the name he bore.

Afterward the little journey up the hill to the spot overlooking the pond on one side, and on the other looking toward the broad lands where Dillards had always dwelt. The afternoon was sunny and fair and fine, and the sun shone, and the distant hills were richly clad in deep purple as though they wore mourning robes.

Dora and Arthur Tuck drove home with Esther; Jennie took Leon home, and the tall boys in their unaccustomed and somber garb sat uncomfortably about while she got supper. When they were all abed Jennie had to hold Leon for a long time in her arms. There were so many things, long unsaid, he wished he might say to Caleb now. But after a while, comforted, he slept beside her; and her love hovered over him protectingly.

XXXII

THE day after Caleb's funeral Arthur had to return to town; but Dora stayed on with her sister. Esther had been so strangely silent and contained that both Dora and Arthur thought her in need of some companionship. So Dora tried to be cheerful; she talked constantly and gayly and reassuringly, and avoided every reference to Caleb. But it was hard, since Esther remained entirely unresponsive. The two sisters rose in the morning and prepared breakfast, Dora loquacious, Esther speaking in the briefest fashion when she spoke at all; they did the chamber work together and Esther's countenance was as still as though it had been graved in stone. Dora clung to her sister, would not leave her, tried in every way she could discover to break through the wall of reserve which Esther had reared between them.

She did not for a long time venture to speak of any material matter; but at length Esther's very silence forced Dora to the point. It was Friday evening and the dishes done; Arthur would come early next morning to take Dora home to East Harbor for her day of baking.

"We'll both come back tomorrow night," Dora promised. "So you won't have to be alone. And I'll stay into next week."

Esther did not even reply. This was while they were putting the dishes away. When the last tasks were done they sat down by the kitchen table with its red cover, somewhat patched and faded now, which had done duty for so many years. Dora's eyes were failing her of late years. She could do little in the evening that put any strain upon them; but Esther picked up her darning bag and went to work upon its contents, as her long habit was. Dora, watching her, saw that she was darning one of Caleb's socks; and she tried to keep silent and refrain from interfering, but when she saw tears in Esther's eyes at last it was too much for her.

"You oughtn't to do that, Esther," she cried. "There's no sense in working yourself all up so. Why don't you put his things away?"

"I always kept his clothes in order," Esther replied, a faint edge in her voice.

"I know you did," Dora agreed. "You always did. But that doesn't mean darning them now."

"They have to be mended before I can put them away," Esther insisted, and her eyes met those of her sister for an instant. They were full of such bleak and awful sorrow that Dora was silenced, could no longer urge the point. But a little later, the bonds of silence broken by the fact that she had mentioned Caleb at all, she went further.

"Esther," she asked, "have you thought any what you meant to do now?" Esther did not lift her head; seemed not to hear; and Dora argued the case for her. "You can't run the place alone, without any man to help you," she urged. "You know that, well as I do, Esther. You were never one to work outdoors. You couldn't even milk the cows. You'd have to have someone. And there isn't any man you can hire."

Esther agreed mildly, "No, there's no one to hire."

"Of course," Dora suggested, "Fergus and young Caleb have been doing things around while Caleb was sick; and I expect they'll go right on doing them. So maybe you could manage that way."

"I didn't mind their helping Caleb out," Esther said sharply. "That was between him and them. It was his work." She broke off and bent a little over her work.

"I know they'd be mighty glad to do it," Dora remarked. "They're an awful willing pair."

"That's no reason they should support me," Esther reminded her.

The sisters remained without speaking for a while, and Dora weighed what Esther had said, and came to an understanding of what was in her sister's mind. She knew Esther's pride. To permit the boys to do Caleb's work was one thing; to permit them to do the work when Caleb was gone was another. The distinction might seem casuistry; nevertheless Dora understood that it would have weight with Esther. But if Esther was not to have this help what would she do? Dora could see only one solution. She said slowly, "You better just come and live with us, Esther."

When Dora and Arthur Had Started for East Harbor, Esther Put All to Rights and Sat Down in the Kitchen to Await Leon's Coming

Esther did not at first reply; and Dora waited in some perturbation for her to speak. She was loyally fond of Esther; but she remembered the unhappiness of their old life together well enough to dread coming in daily contact with her sister now. Esther was hard to get along with, she thought; and her mind was busy with the details of her régime in the little house at East Harbor, wondering how Esther would fit in, even while she waited for her sister to reply.

Esther must have guessed something of this, for she looked at Dora very gently before she spoke; and when she spoke it was to say: "You're nice to me, Dora."

At this hint of refusal Dora's secret relief made her seek to win Esther to assent. "You'd better come," she insisted. "You'd like in town, Esther. So many things to see, and people to talk to. It's just the sensible thing to do."

Esther said slowly, "I have to stay here."

Dora knew that this was final; she understood the unspoken portion of her sister's reply. Esther had lived all her life in this old house; when she ceased to live there her life would also end. This did not necessarily mean that she would die; but she was not to be summarily uprooted; apart from these well-loved surroundings existence would be desolate and dreary. No, Esther must stay here; and in the end Dora accepted this fact, yet still wondered what Esther would do; wondered with a very curiosity whether she would become reconciled with Leon. This was a question she dared not ask. They went to bed, and Dora lay for a while, busy with conjecture, before she slept at last.

Esther did not sleep so readily. Dora had forced upon her consideration the question she had now to face; and for her to face it was torture. Pride would always be the dominant note in Esther: pride of family, pride of place and personal pride. This pride might be stubborn and senseless and blind; nevertheless it was a part of Esther and she could not uproot it from her heart. The easiest way now would have been for her to remain silent; to permit Fergus and young Caleb to do the chores and keep the farm in order, as she knew they would do without word from her. All might go on as it had in the past months. She would see Sam and Annie and the baby, would see all Leon's children, but she need not see her brother or his wife. This was the temptation: to permit the boys to care for her, to accept their help without seeming to be conscious of it. But—to do so would be to surrender, and Esther was too proud to surrender without announcing the fact. If circumstances had forced her at last to appeal to Leon, then Leon was entitled to weigh her appeal, to do with her as he chose to do. She was too proud, too honest to cheat him of this satisfaction. Her surrender was in character; it was a manifestation of her pride.

The thing itself was easily done. When young Caleb came in the morning to do the chores Esther found opportunity to speak with him apart from Dora. She bade him ask Leon to come to see her at his first convenience that day. And after breakfast, when Dora and Arthur had started for East Harbor, she put all to rights and sat down in the kitchen to await his coming. Her hands were folded across her waist with all their old precision; but if she had unclasped them her fingers must have trembled, and there were tears gathering in her eyes. The day was fine; the sun shone warmly, and Esther liked a warm day. Her old blood was cold. She watched the patch of sunlight on the scrubbed floor where the sun struck through one of the small windows.

By and by Leon knocked upon the door. Esther wished to rise and admit him; but when she made the effort her knees were uncertain and she dared not trust them; so she settled in her chair again and called to him to come in. Leon opened the door. Even in that moment she observed with relief that he had on clean clothes and that his shoes were free of mud. At least he would not track up her kitchen floor.

He said from the doorway, "Caleb told me you wanted to see me, Esther."

"Come in," she assented. "Come in and shut the door."

He obeyed her and sat down in a straight chair across the table from her, leaning his arms upon the table. His hat was between his hands.

"I'd have come before if I'd thought you wanted me, Esther," he told her slowly.

She seemed to weigh this for a moment with bowed head; then she spoke in words well measured. "I wasn't ready to send for you, Leon. I was trying to see some other way; but there isn't any other way that I can see. I can't run the place alone, Leon. You'll have to take it and run it."

Her voice was hard, almost stern; he had not the understanding to perceive that if she had not been hard she must have wept.

Nevertheless the agony in her countenance made him pity her; and he said gently, "Why, you can get along, Esther. The boys will help you out."

"I didn't mind their doing while Caleb was sick," she replied. "But I don't aim they should support me now."

"They like doing for you, Esther."

"I've thought about it," she told him evenly. "It ain't a bit of good your going against me now." Her voice failed her, and she had to hesitate then begin again. "If I could get along I wouldn't have sent for you," she told him proudly. "But I can't get along, and the place has to be kept up. You'll just have to take it. You and Jennie. You could make something out of the farm. It needs a man; and I suppose father would want you to come here, now that Caleb's gone."

She paused, but Leon did not speak. He was no longer looking at her, and his face was grave and troubled.

After a while she spoke again, striving to hold her voice in check, fighting to hide from him the desperation of her need. "You'll have to come," she repeated. "You'll have to come."

She had said all she could bring herself to say; had asked nothing for herself, nor ever would. But she had intrusted the future of the Dillard place to him, put it in his hands, left it for him to dispose of it and of her as he would. She could humble herself no further; so now she waited, rocking precisely, her hands clasped across her waist, till he should be ready to reply.

Leon sat silent, thinking. He had hoped when her summons reached him to find some yielding in her; but he saw now this hope must be forever vain. Esther was as hard and as bitter as she had always been; there was no surrender of her spirit, there was only a submission to events outside her control. He had hoped she was ready to forgive the wrong he had never done; had been willing to accept any overture in an affectionate and welcoming spirit. The fact that she was still obdurate grieved him even while he felt a secret respect for the persistence and the courage which he saw in her.

But he did not know what to say to her now. She was right, of course; the Dillard place needed a man to develop it. But he knew that if he and Jennie came to live here Esther would never stay; and he could not evict his sister and leave her alone and forlorn. He sought some measure that would provide for her, considered ways and means; and he was silent for so long that Esther began to tremble uncontrollably and to stir in her chair till her movements drew him out of his abstraction. When he spoke at last it was with a slow and friendly smile.

"No, Esther," he said, shaking his head. "Jennie and me, we're too old to uproot ourselves again. It was a wrench for us to move back down here, even if it was like coming home. But we're settled now, and comfortable. No, I guess we'd better stay where we are. I'd hoped you'd have changed by this time, Esther, or I'd have stayed away from the old place. I was hoping to find you ready to come halfway today. But I guess we're both too old to change much. We can't live under one roof, Esther, you and me."

She said in a sharp tone that hid her terror: "You want I should give up the house to you?"

He shook his head. "You're best here, and we're all right where we are. But you

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do need a man. I'll tell you about that. Now you like Sam, and you get along with Annie. And I guess they've been married long enough so they can stand having older folks in the same house with them. Mahlon and Mary have got along with her folks. I guess Annie can get along with you. I'll talk to him. I expect he'd like to come and live here. You might put him in your will for the place when you're gone. I'd like Sam to have it. He's the oldest. I've given him the Mason place, so he'd have a good big farm, but he can handle it all right, and make it go."

He hesitated, and when she did not speak he added whimsically: "Then this baby of his will be growing up. He's got a good name. I'd like to see a Nathan Dillard settled here again. I guess you would too."

Esther said after a while, "It's for you to do as you like. I can't do different."

He took this as assent, yet wished to leave her a fragment of her pride. "Why, no," he urged. "The place is yours, Esther. I guess you could sell it for enough to keep you."

"Too much Dillard land has been sold already," she replied.

"Well, there's something to that too." He rose, fumbling at his hat. "I'll talk to Sam," he promised, and moved toward the door.

She let him go without a further word; but when the door had closed behind him the reaction swept her, and she buried her face in her arms, half kneeling, half lying against the table's edge. In the huge bare kitchen where so many generations of Dillards had come and gone, her spare, black-clad figure seemed pitifully small and terribly alone.

She realized now that she had hoped Leon would come home and live with her. He was at least of her own generation. With Sam and Annie and the baby here, she would be simply an old woman among young people. The estate is a lonely one.

XXXIII

IN SEPTEMBER Leon bought back Marshall's Meadows from Lee Motley, who was leaving Fraternity. Lee's health had failed, his plans had gone awry, he was glad to sell; Leon paid him principal and interest on the money he had put into the place, refusing to bargain.

"It's Dillard land," he told Lee courteously. "I'll like to figure you just kept it for us for a while."

After Jennie, Esther was the first person he told of the purchase. If anything could move her, he thought, this must; but Esther received the news without emotion. Sam and Annie and the baby were already established in the big house; and Leon and Esther perforce saw each other now and then, but their intercourse was always formal; she never addressed him unless it were necessary, and when he spoke to her her replies were short and to the point. She said now she was glad he had bought the Meadows.

"I hated to think of them going," he commented.

And she answered "Yes!"

Turning away, he said, "You tell Sam when he comes in from the orchard, will you?"

She promised to do so, then added, formally, "Sam and Annie want you all to come over to dinner tomorrow. Dora and Arthur will be out from town. Annie asked me to tell you."

He hesitated, then said, "All right, we'll come."

That Sunday dinner was, save for the absence of Mary, a reunion of the Dillards. Jennie and Esther and Dora and Annie all worked getting dinner and getting it upon the table, and Esther was silently efficient, effacing herself, speaking only when someone spoke to her. For a while her attitude did cast a cloud over the gathering; but even Esther's displeasure could not permanently hold the boys in check. Fergus and Caleb began to tease her, and the others watched a little fearfully for the explosion. Esther did not explode, but she did bid them be more quiet.

"Nathan's having his nap," she reminded them. "He's asleep right overhead. You want to keep quiet and let him sleep."

But Annie said, "Shoo! He's got to learn to have noise around. Sam and I are as noisy as anybody."

They were all at table by this time. There were baked fowls for dinner, for Sam had insisted on keeping chickens, and Esther had submitted with a humility which Leon found pitiable. Sam carved, and everyone ate heartily, and everyone talked at once.

Arthur Tuck asked Fergus how soon he would have a farm of his own; and Fergus replied that he was not going to be a farmer.

"Don't be a lawyer," Arthur advised.

Fergus laughed and said he did not intend to.

Jennie told them proudly, "I think he'll be a doctor. He likes talking to Doctor Crapo, and Doctor Crapo says he'll make one. He's going to the university next year, he says."

"Caleb thinks he'll raise apples," Leon told them, looking toward his younger son "I've still got an orchard up north that I didn't sell. About three hundred trees. And some good land, with a southerly cant on it. He wants I should go up with him next summer and put in some more trees. I don't know but I will. Apples will be a good crop before many years, and Caleb'll make an orchard man. He can put in a little tree and see it full of apples when it ain't any more than a switch stuck in the ground."

"That's good apple country up there," Arthur agreed.

And Caleb said slowly, "I'd rather put college money into apple trees."

Jennie commented, "It'd kind of please me to have one of the boys up there where we lived while they were youngsters. And of course it's home to them."

They spoke much during dinner of Marshall's Meadows and of the fact that they were back in the family once more. Leon said he planned to get to work that fall in his spare time, putting them in condition.

"They need a lot of going over," Leon admitted, "but there's no better hay land, and hay's the biggest crop we've got up here."

"It don't bring the money there is in apples," Caleb argued.

Leon smiled at his son. "Well, it brings in some every year if you've got enough hay land," he reminded the boy. "And in a bad year you get a good price to make up for it. That's more than an orchard will do."

He and Arthur discussed the details of the work to be done upon the Meadows, while Jennie and Annie brought fresh victuals from the kitchen; and Esther listened without seeming to listen. Her thoughts were weary ones. There had been a time when she was a girl and as full of plans as these young people were now; but to what a weary fruition her plans had come.

It was Annie who heard the baby's first cry.

She fled up the stairs, calling: "Mamma's coming, dear. Mamma's coming right up."

Jennie followed her, and the two did not return for a time. Esther and Dora cleared the table while they were gone, and brought on the pies and cut them. Then the two mothers came downstairs and Annie bore her baby in her arms and showed him to them. Dora wished to hold him and was permitted; she sat in a low chair, alternately hugging the little bundle to her breast and laying it across her knee so that they all might see what a wonder it was. Annie crooned over it and tried to make the baby call her "Mamma," while they all laughed at her and reminded her the child was scarcely two months old.

It was Arthur Tuck, looking down at the squirming thing with grave eyes, who put into words the thought they all had.

"Well," he said, "there's a Nathan Dillard, if his grown folks keep on, will have more of a farm around here forty years from now than the first Nathan Dillard ever had."

After a while Annie made Aunt Esther hold the baby, and Esther did it gingerly, and gave it back again with some relief, withdrawing into the silence she had worn like a garment all that day. It was as though she were not a member of the family at all; rather a stranger condemned to live among them without being one of them. Dora kissed her when she came to say good-by, and Esther felt the pity in that kiss and stiffened under it.

She would always be proud; but she would also always be very lonely.

XXXIV

TO GRUB out the alders and the young poplar and birch growth which had encroached upon the Meadows would be a labor best done in the spring, when the earth was soft with the thaw. "I'll put the tractor down there and yank them out," Leon said. "That part can wait. We'll do it as we get time."

Another part of his plans was to straighten the course of Marshall Brook where it meandered through the lowlands. "Take out the bends and maybe cut her a little deeper here and there and it'll make a lot of new land for us," he explained to Sam "That's a job we can get at right away."

They began where the brook disappeared into the Pond lot, now coming up to new growth. A marshy deadwater there was drained by putting a charge of dynamite into an ancient ledge; two or three wide bends disappeared when they cut ditches across the neck of land and threw the excavated earth into the old bed of the brook, leaving the water to scour out its own channel. Little by little, in the crisp fall days after the apples were picked and sold, they accomplished their end.

About a dozen rods below the bridge where the brook crossed the road, the course of the brook curved from an easterly direction toward the north; and on the inner side of this curve the bank had long ago fallen away, leaving an irregularly shaped pool. The current flowed along the outer curve; within an angle of the bank there was an ancient backwater, where little bits of wood and fragments of scum collected and moved slowly around and around upon the almost stagnant water. Sometimes a fragment of drift caught here revolved upon itself in a monotonous and dreary fashion until it became water-soaked and sank to the bottom, to become embedded in the oozy mold there and rot away.

Leon decided that by making two short cuts he could swing the main stream from a bend above through this deadwater, straightening its course over a distance of a hundred yards or so. He drove stakes to mark the cuts, and he and Sam and Fergus worked for a day or two, delving in the heavy soil. While they worked, the water downstream was turgid and yellow, but at last a final cut gave the current free passage into the backwater and it went scouring through, sweeping away the scum, the drift and the mold upon the bottom.

Watching the results of his labors, Leon said to his sons, "I'm glad that's done. The water in the backwater always looked kind of stagnant and unhealthy to me. I like to see a stream run straight and clean."

One on either side of him, they nodded in sober agreement. "Yes, sir," Sam assented. "It does look healthier now."

It was late afternoon, and they turned up toward the road. Sam went home to Annie and the baby and his supper; Leon took the longer way to where he knew Jennie would have a kiss for him, as she had always had, for more than twenty years. Behind them, the Meadows seemed already to feel the stir of newly awakening growth; beneath the dead brown grass of the last summer there was a yeasty turmoil in the earth, as though it prepared to take up a vigorous life again.

(THE END)

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Price contents

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

salesmen buncoed—takes her out ridin' each Sunday morning in a different demonstration car.

Well, what can you expect of a tomato can like that who lives at a cheap boarding house and writes on stationery of the Waldorf? His idea of economy is to smoke himself to death in order to get enough cigar coupons for a silver-back hairbrush set!

There he goes with that old joke of his again about the chicken crossin' the road to get on the other side where there's a speakeasy. He's got one more joke too. It's a wonder the Broadway musical comedy producers don't get after him. They could use the two!

Why don't you and I go into the show game, Babe? All we've got to do to get up a revue is a couple a specialty dances, a snappy jazz band, and a living curtain. Call it the Inspidilities of 1924, soak 'em ten dollars a head the opening night, and after you an' I can be spendin' our winters in Palm Beach and the summers in Monte Carload.

Comedy sketches? Don't make me laugh, Babe! All we need is a guy spinnin' a rope or doing tricks on a circus horse while he's crackin' wise about the newspaper headlines. Oh, sure we need a couple of good songs! But you don't have to worry much about that, Babe. Solly Davis can pick out a couple of old church hymns or opera areas and jazz them up for fox trots, and

Oh, look what's here, Babe? Polly Parvenu doin' a toe dance! That's the girl who's always bawlin' about the two seasons she put in at the Winter Garden. I guess she means Castle Garden! Did you ever see a truck horse like that before, Babe?

And those knees—just pipe those knees! No artist ever drew a better comic strip! And talk about grace, she's got as much grace as a rhinoceros on skates! Mr. Burnstone ought to——

Oh, there's Mr. Burnstone now! Hello there, Mr. Burnstone! I'm fine, thanks, how are you? That's good! Say, Mr. Burnstone, I got a swell idea for a new dance step I was just tellin' my girl friend, Miss La Maire, about. Just look at this, Mr. Burnstone, just look·

Yump-tee iddle iddle, *lump*-tee oh! *bump*-oh! *gazump*-tee oh! Don't you like that, Mr. Burnstone? Well I thought it was darn clever! But if you don't like that, how about this idea, Mr. B.? You know everybody's doin' the Wooden Soldiers dance now? Well how about doin' a Wooden Indian dance for a change? You see, the idea is this: Have a cigar-store exterior and outside of it a Wooden Indian. He suddenly comes to life and does a Tommyhawk dance and then in comes little Laughing Gas, the favorite daughter of Big Chief Pain-in-the-Neck, but the Big Chief wants his daughter only to marry a saxophone player and then the——

What's the matter, Mr. Burnstone, don't you like that one eyether? Aw, gee, you always squelch my pet ideas! Well, if you don't like this, here's a good idea for a comical sketch. Have a scene showin' the gold diggers of '49 and another one about the gold diggers of '24. There's a good chance for the comedian to spring a gag about those covered-wagon days of yesterday and the cover-charge days of today, and then you can also have—— —*Max Lief*

Mother Goose Up to Date

I

LITTLE POINCARÉ, sitting in the Ruhr,
Eating his Christmas pie,
He stuck in his thumb
And pulled out a bomb,
Said, "——! ——! ——! ——! ——!"
(What he said had better not be printed.)

II

Little Prince Frederick
Has lost crown and throne,
And cannot tell where to find 'em.
Leave him alone
And he'll come home
With a Hindenburg army behind him.

III

Little Uncle Sammy,
Come blow your "dough,"
The French are in the Ruhr,
The Russians on the go.
Where is Uncle Sammy
Who ought to pay the bill?
He's staying right at home,
Keeping mighty still.

—*C. Ballard.*

The Yankee Consul

(Song of the Consular Service)

THE Yankee consul is the man
Who lives a life of ease;
He dwells way down in Yucatan
Or in the Caribees;
He mingles with the mild Chinee,
Or savage Fuzzy-Wuzz;
He even goes to gay Paree,
And this is all he does:

CHORUS:

Bills of Health and Invoices,
Promotion of our trade,
Writing tons of letters
And giving timely aid;
Listing the commodities
His bailiwick imports,
And—when he's nothing else to do
He's writing on reports!

He shivers in Siberia
For many weary moons;
He sizzles in Liberia
And dances with the coons;
Where camel bells go ting-a-ling,
And Afric skeelers buzz,
Why, this is every blessed thing
The Yankee consul does:

(Continued on Page 141)

Gentleman, Occupying Niche in the Hall of Fame, Is Joined by the People Who Put Him There

The new model VICTOR

Standard Adding Machine

RETAINING the same satisfactory basic mechanism that has won the endorsement of over 50,000 users, this new model Victor introduces new refinements, new beauty and symmetry

The Victor Features:

Speed—new and improved handle action; high speed carrying mechanism; 25 to 50 strokes per minute faster than the ordinary machine. New keyboard, all celluloid keys. Separate sub-total key with indication. One-stroke total. Totals automatically printed in red. Automatic self-correction. Triple visibility: printing, adding dials, keyboard. Full size standard keyboard. Million dollar capacity. Non-add key with indication. Repeat and calculating key. Portability: weight 27 pounds.

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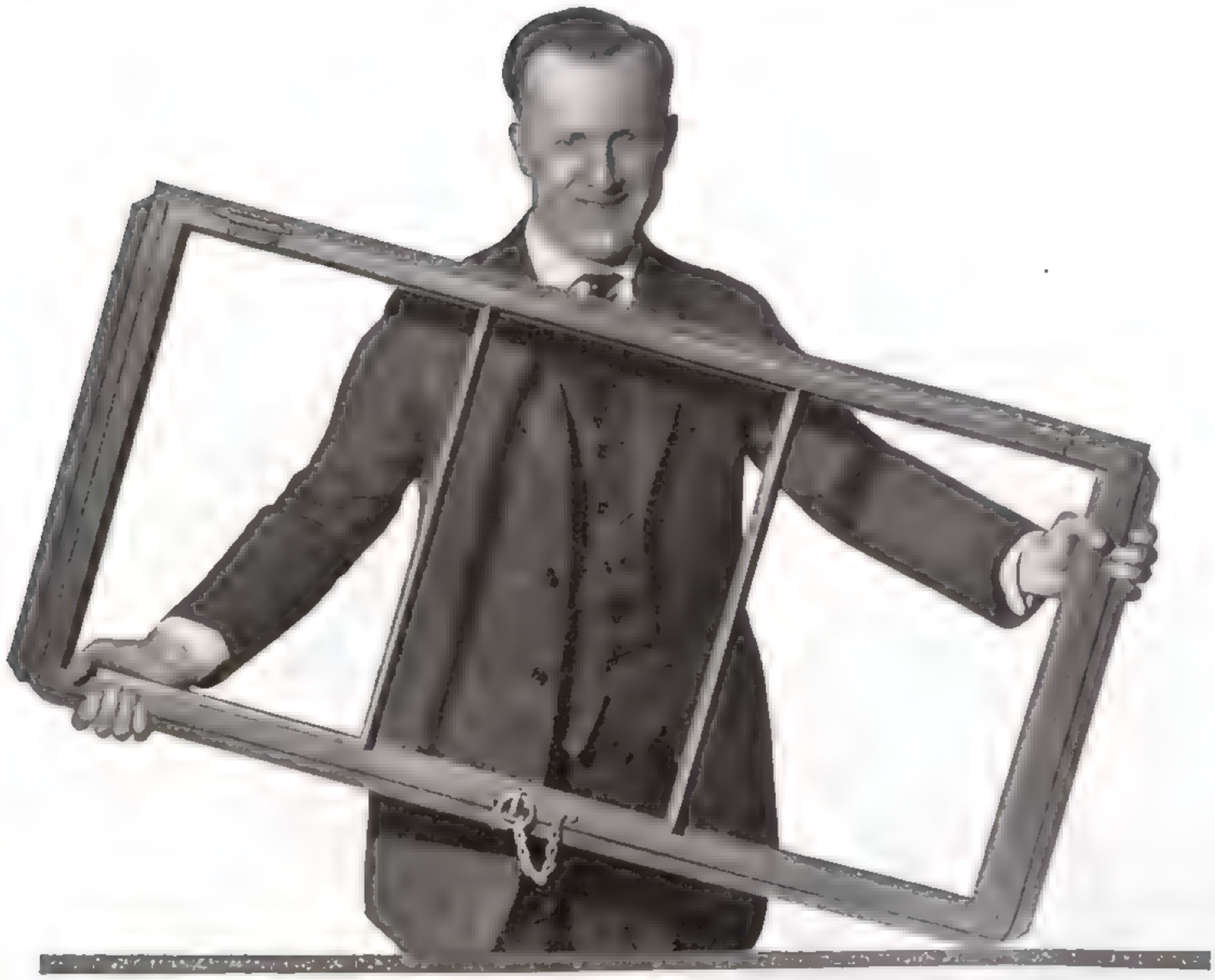

And Now, a Still Better Fenestra Basement Window

Here's the new Fenestra Basement Window, the greatest improvement since steel replaced the old-fashioned wood window in the basements of modern homes. It has 25 big advantages yet its cost is as low as before.

Now, more than ever, home buyers will demand brighter, more airy and more useful basements. Now, more than ever, investment builders will recognize the Fenestrated basement as an actual selling advantage.

Advantages for the Home Owner

(1) They admit 80% more light than a wood window of exactly the same dimensions. (2) Being made of steel, they never warp or stick. (3) They admit more air than wood windows thus giving better ventilation. (4) They provide better weather protection. (5) Naturally, they are non-inflammable and fire resisting. (6) They last longer than wood windows; never split, splinter nor decay. (7) They are easy to screen, screw holes being provided for that purpose. (8) They discourage prowlers and form a protection against rodents. (9) With all their advantages, their cost is little if any more than wood windows—in some places, actually less.

Advantages for Builders

(1) They come completely assembled—sash, frame and hardware all ready to install. (2) They are already painted one priming coat. (3) They are less bulky than wood windows—much easier to handle. (4) Installed by the mason alone. Wood windows require the work of a mason, a carpenter and a painter. (5) Can be installed much more quickly than wood windows—they save the builder's time. (6) Sash are interchangeable. (7) Made in four standard sizes. (8) They are adaptable to any type of construction—brick, concrete block, poured concrete, tile or field stone. (9) Local dealers all over the United States carry them in stock for immediate delivery

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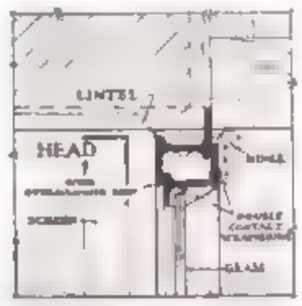
For Canada: Canadian Metal Window & Steel Products, Ltd., 160 River St., Toronto

Fenestra BASEMENT WINDOWS

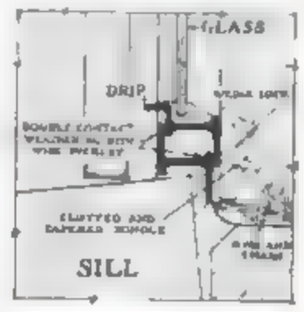
The New Fenestra Basement Window Has These Distinctive Advantages

1 Both frame and sash are of rolled solid steel casement sections. Jambs and sill of the frame are one continuous piece. Corners are true right angles rigid against distortion.



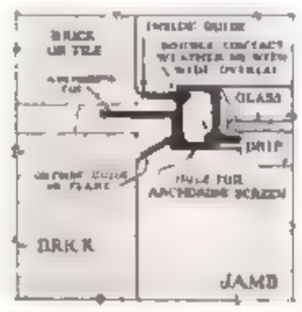
2 The sash closes against frame with double contact and wide, flat overlap all around the opening. In addition, special weathering is provided; —at the head the outside leg of the frame forms a long overhanging drip; —at the sill the outside leg of the sash is turned out and down as a water shed while the inner edge of the frame forms a protecting ridge.

3 Absolute anchorage at the jambs and air and water tight weathering between sash and masonry are secured by a projecting fin which imbeds in the wall. A long, down, standing leg protects the sill preventing seepage under the window frame.



4 Guides are provided at the jamb both inside and outside the window to aid the mason in laying up the wall. The outside guide takes the form of a flare, forming a neat finish between sash and masonry—another exclusive Fenestra feature.

5 The new Fenestra basement window is the only one that needs no glazing clips. The glass, inserted from the inside, rests in a bed of putty supported by the bars of the sash.



6 Hinges are accurately located and solidly riveted in place. By slipping out the two split hinge pins the sash may be removed from the frame for glazing.

7 The new Fenestra Basement Window has an exclusive feature in its automatically self centering lock This performs a triple service. It draws sash and frame tightly together; secures the window when closed; and furnishes a convenient means of holding it open.

An Opportunity for Dealers

The rapidly increasing use of Fenestra Basement Windows offers exceptional opportunity for up-to-date dealers—less money invested; smaller stocks; more rapid turn-over Write for details of our 100%—Dealer Proposition.

(Continued from Page 138)

CHORUS:

Bills of Health and Invoices,
Keeping many books,
Watching plagues and smallpox,
Looking out for crooks;
Services notarial,
Visaing passports,
And—when there's nothing else to do,
He's working on reports.

He hangs his shield above the door
In far-off Teheran,
He knows the Sultan of Jahore
And meets him man to man,
They send him in the early spring
From Nome to Timbuktu,
And this is every blessed thing
The consul has to do:

CHORUS:

Bills of Health and Invoices,
Settling up estates,
Wiring fluctuations
Of the customs rates;
Passport applications,
Holding sailors' courts;
And—when he's nothing else to do,
He's writing on reports.

And if he should forget to frame
The list of Tariff Fees
And on the wall to hang the same
He's set back ten degrees.
And when at last he lies in state
Beneath a coffin lid,
They ship him home and pay the freight,
For this is all he did:

CHORUS:

Bills of Health and Invoices,
Disinfecting rags,
Helping captains find their
Sailormen with jags;
Quelling nasty rows in
Oriental ports,
And—when he's nothing else to do,
He's working on reports.

—George Horton.

Chez La Guillotine

CHARON marveled at the resplendent procession that came to be ferried over the River Styx.

Clad in costly fabrics, elaborately coifed, glittering with priceless jewels, they crowded into his tiny boat until sometimes he despaired of making the further shore. A king, Louis XVI; his queen, Marie Antoinette; the courteous and profligate Duc d'Orléans; the stately Madame Roland, the frivolous Du Barry—it seemed that the stately parade had no termination.

He paused to dab wearily at his brow.

"What does it mean," he murmured—"all these fine people coming at once?"

"Well, I'll tell you," confidentially explained Madame Du Barry. "We've just been to a little necking party."

—Herbert J. Mangham.

The Prairie Dog

THE Gopher remarked to the Prairie Dog,
"Though widely reputed a scary dog,
You live in a room with a Rattlesnake,
A Burrowing Owl and a Cattle Snake.
Now, Burrowing Owls are lugubrious,
And Snakes I should term insalubrious;
I wonder, by all that's get-at-able,
If truly you find them compatible."
"Not wholly," responded the Prairie Dog
First looking behind him, the wary dog!
"My quarters are scarcely commodious,
The squatters you mention are odious,
But he that is prudent negotiates
With even unpleasant associates
Who might, at a pinch, overpower him,
Evict him, or maybe devour him;
And hence, with my wonted sagacity,
I satisfy all their rapacity
And hail those too palpable realists
As brothers and fellow idealists,
While justly they laud my sublimity
Of vision and great magnanimity.
There's need of a little hypocrisy
To make the world safe for democracy."

—Arthur Guiterman.

"There's a Party Sight for Ya, Pat"

Son—As Well As Father—Can Play This Delightful Instrument So Easily! The

Story & Clark Repro-Phraso

personal reproducing piano requires ***no special music rolls. You can insert any 88-note music roll*** in this beautiful piano, and by a simple, new and exclusively patented means play the music you like best.

No need for Dad to drum out chords or pick out an idle tune. No need for Sonny to hate practice time. They'll have great fun in playing their favorite tunes!

There is no other instrument like the Repro-Phraso. You must hear it, and see how easily it plays—just as though it were alive—to appreciate it truly. You will marvel at the beautiful expression you can obtain. And you will marvel when you hear the melody sing out with bell-like beauty against the whispering background of accompaniment.

Visit your nearest Story & Clark dealer. He will be glad to show you the Repro-Phraso, and from him you can purchase one on terms within your income. Your present piano will be accepted in part payment.

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General offices and factories at Marietta, Ohio
Agencies in 150 principal cities

"THE WORLD'S SAFEST SAFE"

A SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

(Continued from Page 40)

was arrowroot; it was an agreeable variation, therefore, to talk with someone who had been nourished on stronger meat, and had as a result preserved in later years a superior digestion and a more agreeable outlook on life in general.

Kaifulu did not confine himself to a single topic; he had a wide experience in other matters and often would talk about island devils, claiming personal acquaintance with several; also he talked of trade, of epidemics, of leprosy and earthquakes and love and all the other plagues and scourges of humanity. He knew the history of the island from its earliest beginning. He even hinted that there was hidden treasure upon it. He never told the same story twice, because, generally speaking, he invented them as he went along and it was easier to invent a new story than remember an old.

It was a long walk to the hut of Kaifulu, but Mary never noticed it. She went there eagerly and returned too full of amazement to be aware of distances.

In the course of these walks she would sometimes meet Henry Julius, a palette on his thumb, a fly whisk in one hand and a sable water-color brush in the other. Henry was busy making color notes and he treasured Mary's appreciation. As works of art the color notes were not of outstanding merit. For one thing, he could not draw a bit; but he saw with amazing fidelity and refinement, and his sense of values was exceptional. His poverty as a draftsman was in some measure balanced by his conversational abilities, for what he lacked in line he supplied in words.

His explanations of his sketches were probably their strongest feature. He worked very much as Max Beerbohm works, by combining clever drawing and clever descriptive sentences; but, whereas Max writes his sentences with an exquisitely sharpened pencil point, Henry Julius supplied enlightenment through the medium of spoken words and gestures.

"All this part to look as if insects are droning over it—see? A kind of gayness—a bloom—that's what I mean by that purply note. Color to suggest sound. Why not? Whistler did it—those rockets, you know—Cremorne. Now on beyond there, the surf—I've left it out—it beats me. The roar—impossible."

He would ramble on for ages like that, absorbed, obsessed, feeling like a god in the joy of creation. Then, "It's marvelous how you understand me—my ambitions—Miss Ottery—what I'm trying to get at—marvelous."

"I used not to understand you," she replied gravely; adding, with that new courage of hers, "I used to think you were a thoroughly disreputable person."

"Yes, perhaps—I don't know. I think sometimes there are dividing lines in my nature; the one leads to appreciation, the other to success."

Mary nodded.

"And just now you've left the line of success to take care of itself."

"Yes, I suppose. You see, Winslowe is looking after us in that direction, so I'm free to follow the other."

"You trust him?"

"More than I trust myself," came the sincere assurance. "Winslowe isn't the man to let anyone down."

"What I'd like to think," said Mary, "is that it wouldn't matter if he did—that all he promised has been given."

"Ye-es," replied Henry dubiously. "Still, we are on a treasure hunt, you know"

"Has it ever struck you why some of us have given up looking?"

"How do you mean, exactly?"

"Why, we've drifted away into the quiet places of ourselves."

"There's so much here that's new."

"I think it is," she went on, "because the lines of appreciation and the lines of success have met in most of us; and in you too—more than you imagine."

"I dare say—at least for the moment. There's no knowing, of course, where I may drop all this and go off again on a get-rich-quick stunt."

"Let's hope," said Mary, "it won't be at someone else's expense this time."

At which he laughed.

Mary did not approve of that laugh. It argued that the predatory strain, although dormant in his nature, was still unconquered by sudden contact with and sudden appreciation for real beauty. A sense of inanimate beauty is at best only skin deep. His eyes had been softened, but his heart was unchanged.

"Well, good-by," she said, and proceeded with her walk.

"Don't you get very lonely on these long marches all by yourself?" he called after her.

And she replied without turning round, "Good Lord, they're heaven!"

After which mighty digression let us return to the dialogue between Olive Banbury and Tommy Gates which inspired it.

"Why didn't you wear your coat this morning?"

"It'll be hot as blazes in an hour," he answered.

"Then you should have brought a hat."

"Sun never hurt anyone."

"Tommy, you are an ass," said she.

"Thank God, I'm a happy one. . . . Oh, Olive, ain't that sunrise marvelous?"

"Pretty good," she nodded.

He turned and looked at her thoughtfully.

"I can't make you out—why you won't let yourself go a bit more. Seems to me you are always on the edge of enjoying yourself, but won't take that one step forward."

"The answer's simple. I'm a practical woman and as such I mean to be dead sure how I stand before I let myself go."

"Stand?"

"Yes—I want to know, past misunderstanding, whether what I am living now is what I am going to keep or whether it is only an episode that's going to finish where it began—with a smell of iodoform."

"I see. Much the same here; but the future is on the knees of the gods, who are being pretty generous as to the present."

"Got any money, Tommy?"

"I used to be very well off. That's to say, I was well off when I only had three months to live; but now I've an extension of the time limit ——"

"Like that?"

"To quote from the immortal Rudyard, 'The meat is very near the bone.'"

She tapped her foot on the ground.

"S-s! That's what I was afraid of. It'll be such an infernal shame ——"

"Oh, come," said he. "I ought to be satisfied and I am satisfied. I exalt the name of Winslowe every night before I turn in. That fellow's filled my cup with gratitude, whatever bad luck may be waiting ahead. He's a genius."

"Yes, but I'd be a deal more grateful myself if his genius led him to that Needle Rock." And she looked steadily at the boy that she and Vernon Winslowe and the balm of the South Sea breezes had saved from dying. In the dawn light his face was rosy as a cherub's. He looked so fresh, so well, so deserving of life.

With sudden angry determination she swung the pick to her shoulder and tilted her head toward the bush.

"Come on, let's dig."

"Right-o! Here, give us your hand. It's rough going."

"I can manage."

"What's that matter?"

Hand in hand, they made their way through a path in the undergrowth.

XXXV

"HOW anyone expects a body to make vegetable soup without shallots is a question without an answer."

So said Kate Morgan, a ropy-looking carrot in one hand and a kitchen knife in the other. Before her crackled a wood fire, over which, from a tripod, hung a black pot from which issued a savory smell. Kate's sleeves were rolled up, revealing at her elbows two absurdly large dimples. She was sitting on a piece of rock, chipping the carrot into the trough of her apron.

Sprawling on the ground at her feet was Lydia, vulgarly employed removing the insides from a basketful of multicolored fish. Her face was brown as a chocolate bean, her hair was twisted up anyhow to keep it out of the way, and her clothes, which consisted of a man's tennis shirt and an old skirt, were in rather a pickle. She looked like one of Rossetti's girls who had flung away her robes and lilies and come down to facts. She looked splendid. The nature of her task had attracted a great many flies, which buzzed round her greedily.

"Oh, damn the flies!" she said; then quickly covered her mouth with the back of her hand and glanced over her shoulder.

"It's all right," said Kate; "he's not about "

"Who isn't?"

"Your William, to be sure. He's having his swim."

"H'm!" said Lydia. "Still, I promised to tell him if I swore, and I've done it eight times already today."

"Have you kept the count?"

"Yes. If I go over the ten, I'm for a ducking."

Kate shook with a curious form of suppressed laughter which she reserved for the most agreeable kind of jokes. Ordinarily speaking, she laughed right out.

"I'd like to see Joshua duck me!" she said.

Lydia sniffed.

"I don't mind a ducking now and then. I like it—I like anything determined."

Kate shook her head and smiled.

"You're a queer one, Lydia, so you are—a proper surprise packet and all."

"I don't see why."

"The manner of your change—it beats me to fathom it."

"This place has changed most of us. I'm not the only one."

Kate admitted the truth of this with a nod.

"Still, you had a long way to go, my dear. When I think of that first time I saw you—the dress you was wearing and your manner, and compare it with ——"

"Comparisons are rotten."

"I'm sorry," said Kate, and dropped a fat hand on Lydia's shoulder.

Lydia squeezed the hand and left it rather fishy as a result.

"You needn't be sorry," said she, splitting open a new fish whose scales embodied every color of the rainbow. "I know well enough the sort I was. . . . Oh, get away or be swatted"—this to a very persistent bluebottle. "Don't expect you met many of my sort before, that's all."

"Well, you see," Kate admitted, "I was ever too busy for goin' out much at night—and meeting people."

She hurriedly attached the last three words, being suddenly appalled by the significance of what had been intended as an innocent remark. Lydia laughed.

"I like you; you speak out of your heart, and it gets you in all sorts of difficulties, doesn't it?"

Kate, abashed and furiously red in the face, admitted her conversational shortcomings, and added, "It isn't that I want to say things; they just slip out."

"That's it, and don't I know it? We're a pair in that way, only it wasn't saying things—it was doing them with me."

"Eh?"

"Oh, we're just alike. Emotions rule the pair of us, only there was always plenty of sense to govern yours. That's upbringing perhaps—mine was rotten. Father drank because he was a failure and mother was always a coward when she ought to have been brave. Funny childhood, mine. I was educated on rows. Things were never told me any other way. So I got into the habit of having rows with myself instead of thinking things out quietly. What a muddle! Mother's weakness made me terribly frightened of being afraid. That's why I stole something one day—nothing much—a pair of cotton gloves from a haberdasher's. I sent 'em back."

"Stole?"

"U'm! You see, I was scared of doing it—so I did it. Ha, lots of things I used to be scared of until they became easy! Then, of course, I hated 'em—and myself. Once when I was about sixteen I stopped with some cousins—awfully pious cousins, they were. They left a Bible by my bedside and a candle for me to read it by. I started to read it for a joke, and then it ceased to be a joke and something tremendous happened inside me. Can't describe what—felt like glory. I remember I made a cross out of a shoehorn and an ivory comb, and I put the candle on the mantelpiece and prayed and prayed until it had gone out and dawn was breaking. Kind of religious fervor, I suppose."

"How do you mean, dear—fervor?"

"Same as any other kind of fervor—falling in love, for instance—the feeling is just the same."

"Getting religion."

"H'm!"

Kate turned her attention to a pail of potatoes that needed peeling.

"How did you come to lose it again?"

"I don't know. At least, I do know. I went and saw the vicar of the place next morning and told him I'd found the light. I couldn't help not knowing the words to use—said I wanted to serve the Lord. He was all right, I suppose, but he was fat and smug and too well fed. I don't think he was used to enthusiasts like me, for I'd have died at the stake that morning. He said, 'Excellent, excellent,' with a smile, and he pinched my cheek. That did it. I don't know why, but he pinched every scrap of religion out of me, like pinching out the burning wick of a candle. After that ——" But she changed her mind about going on with chronological details of her career and instead threw in a word of self-pity. "I don't think I was a bad lot at heart. It was never getting one's knuckles rapped, no discipline, no one to be afraid of—that and a temperament. Anything reacts on me, you know. If I go into a cathedral I want to cry; if I go into a cabaret I want to dance—and here in this island, with the clear sea and the sun, I want to be healthy."

Once again Kate's fat dimpled arm went out and this time encircled the girl's neck.

"I understand," she said. "And it seems to me, Lydia, you're like some lovely instrument no one yet has found the knack of playing on. But mark my words, dear, that someone isn't far off."

In a sudden impulse of confidence Lydia put her arms round Kate and clung to her tightly.

"Tell me!" she cried. "Tell me honestly, you do believe it's going to last, don't you?"

"What's going to last, dear?"

"This new me, this healthier me, this out-of-doors me that likes to laugh, to work, even to be bullied. Tell me it's going to last, because if I thought—if it happened that —— Oh, I just couldn't bear slipping back again to that old life with all the ugliness of it—the moods, the temper, the —— I've learned to laugh at myself now—to see myself. Why I can even like myself! But if all that is going to ——"

"Hush, dear," said Kate; "working yourself up like that!"

"But you don't know—you can't know—what it means to be able to laugh at yourself, because for the first time on record you've a right to take yourself seriously."

Kate Morgan missed that. Her answer was practical. "Depend upon it, what with excavations here, there and everywhere, and Captain Winslowe working his fingers to the bone on the haft of a spade, that treasure'll come to light; and then you'll be able to choose your own path, my dear, and follow it to journey's end."

Lydia nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes, I suppose it comes down to that. If we find the treasure, why then good enough; if not —— Lord, though, it's a damned poor confession to make. I've come out here to find something and I've found it. It's a damned rotten state of affairs if I can only reckon to keep it by finding something else." She stopped suddenly. "Did I use some language then?"

"Aye, dear; two damns."

"Two, and that makes ten."

She rose and covered the basket of fish with a handful of wet rushes.

"You don't want me for half an hour, do you?"

"Where are you off to?"

"To get what's coming to me—that's all."

"Oh, your ducking? See here, if you like I'll pretend I didn't catch them last two damns."

"No fear! I'm through with lies "

And sticking her hands in the pockets of her skirt, Lydia marched off to the lagoon.

William Carpenter, in a pair of blue dungaree breeches and nothing else, was sitting on a rock, baiting a line. His duty for the morning was to provide supplies, in which there was always considerable competition. Tommy Gates, whose job it had been the day before, had been surprisingly successful. The fish he had caught had been numerous, the birds he had shot had been excellent, and he had further distinguished himself by swapping with one of the natives a bead necklace of no merit whatsoever for a supply of fresh eggs. To rival this high percentage of successes, William's work was cut out.

"Hullo!" he said to Lydia. "I thought you were on kitchen fatigue."

"I was, but I've knocked off for a bit."

"Did you get your pass signed?"

William was a stickler for duty.

"Yes, she said I could go. I wanted to see you."

"If you want me to do anything you'll be unlucky. My time's full up. Stand clear a moment."

(Continued on Page 146)

Office Easy Chairs

60 Years of Progress in Office Efficiency

If, in 1859, the birth year of Sikes Chairs, anyone had talked of "easy chairs" for offices, his suggestion would have been treated as a joke.

But years ago we realized that a cramped, uncomfortable body makes a wearied, sluggish mind. We realized the need for an Office *Easy* Chair which would let the body *rest* and permit the brain to do a full day's productive work. Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs were born of this idea.

As more and more executives have realized the practical efficiency of a comfortable chair, Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs have become standard equipment among many of America's leading business organizations.

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There is a Sikes dealer near you. Write us for his name. He can show you Sikes Chairs in many models expensive chairs and inexpensive ones. But each chair will exhibit the highest degree of workmanship. Each will have a special design of back, arms and seat (curved to fit the natural curves of the body) which is characteristic of every Sikes Office *Easy* Chair

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Sikes office chairs are made in every conventional pattern and design. In Buffalo a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

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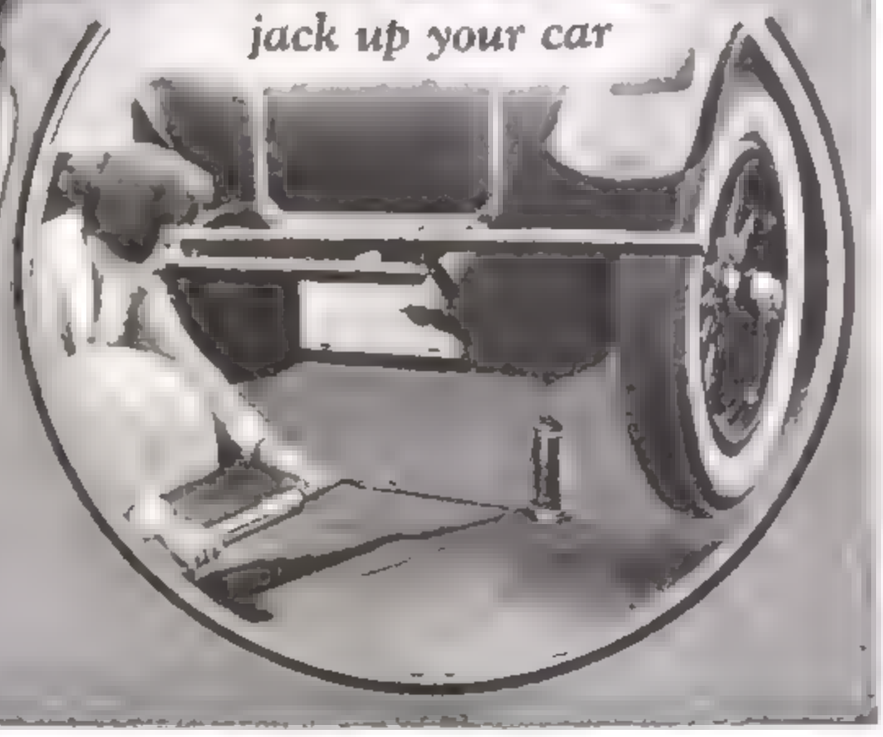

Steel Bottles filled with power

Refills at 50c

With this amazing invention you can do these things

Attach a Prest-Air Power Bottle to a small, cylindrical Prest-Air Jack, slip it under the axle, press a little valve-handle, and the heaviest car is lifted inside of ten seconds.

Attach it to a Prest-Air Automatic Grease Pistol. The Pistol fills itself with grease (leaving your hands clean) and the stored *power*, instead of your tired muscles, *shoots* the grease into the bearings.

Attach it to a flat or partially deflated tire. It inflates the tire to any desired pressure before you could get a pump ready to begin work.

If fire breaks out at any part of the car, point the Power Bottle at the flames, open the valve—and the car *is saved*.

Attach it to the beautiful polished metal Prest-Air Self-Charging Siphon, and it turns ordinary drinking water into delicious, sparkling water for any kind of fizzy drinks—as pure and luscious as the soda and expensive mineral waters served in the finest clubs—at a cost of about two cents a quart.

How can it do these things? Very naturally—not magically.

The steel bottle contains the purest kind of liquid Carbon Dioxide: non-injurious—the same high quality as used at the best soda fountains—non-explosive and non-combustible. This liquid expands the instant you release it by opening the valve. Carried into the Jack it forces up a piston, lifting great weights. Stored inside the Grease Pistol, it pushes a plunger, shooting the grease where you want it to go. Applied to flames, it deprives them of oxygen, and the fire dies instantly. Introduced into water, it forms an appetizing, snappy, sparkling mixture for refreshing drinks. Inside a tire, it acts to prevent oxidation—the tire lasts longer.

In the Prest-Air Power Bottle and its related convenient devices, modern science and engineering skill offer you the greatest advance in motoring comfort since the invention of the electric starter.

If your dealer cannot yet supply you, write to us.

Prest-Air

General Offices: Grand Central Terminal Building, New York

Bottle Outfits

More DEALERS Wanted

A great, new, active and non-competitive market opens immediately to those progressive dealers who secure the right to sell Prest-Air Automobile Outfits, Self-Charging Siphons and Power Bottle REFILLS.

This market and the profits for Prest-Air distributors exist in all parts of this country. The rural car-owner welcomes this labor-saving, economical method of jacking and greasing cars and inflating tires, as eagerly as the car-owner in a town or city.

The desire to entertain in a novel, luxurious way by serving cool, sparkling beverages is equally great in large and small communities.

And each Outfit and each Self-Charging Siphon sold, not only brings the dealer a profit, but also creates a continuing demand for Power Bottle Refills (in exchange for empty ones) *without sales effort.*

A nation-wide Prest-Air sales and service movement is already well under way. It is backed forcefully by advertising that reaches every town and city in the United States.

General Agents, supplying Prest-Air devices and Refills to nearby retail points are rapidly being installed, and assisted. Retail dealers are being equipped to create and fill the local demand for Automobile Outfits and Siphons.

Prest-Air devices are of superb mechanical quality. The steel Power Bottles are *seven times* as strong as the internal pressure of their power element which is non-explosive and non-inflammable—the U. S. Government admits them to mail and express shipment, the same as any other harmless product. Prest-Air devices are safe to use and safe to sell.

Write or wire us for full information—about Service Stations we are establishing in all States—our advertising and sales assistance for the dealer—net costs and all other details of this remarkable new market, and how you can promptly and largely profit.

Prest-Air
Self Charging
Siphon Outfit $12.75

Pleasure Car Jack Outfit $15.00
includes Prest-Air Jack
2 Power Bottles
Tire Gauge and Hose

Grease Pistol Outfit $17.50
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2 Power Bottles
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includes Prest Air Jack
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Truck owners will be especially interested in our Heavy Duty Jacks. Prices on application.

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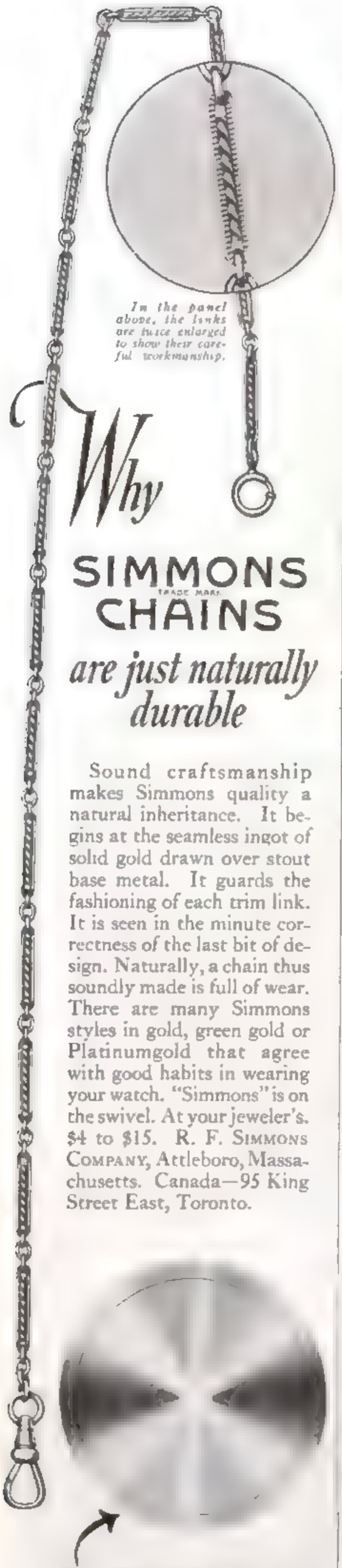


In the panel above, the links are twice enlarged to show their careful workmanship.

Why SIMMONS TRADE MARK CHAINS *are just naturally durable*

Sound craftsmanship makes Simmons quality a natural inheritance. It begins at the seamless ingot of solid gold drawn over stout base metal. It guards the fashioning of each trim link. It is seen in the minute correctness of the last bit of design. Naturally, a chain thus soundly made is full of wear. There are many Simmons styles in gold, green gold or Platinumgold that agree with good habits in wearing your watch. "Simmons" is on the swivel. At your jeweler's. $4 to $15. R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY, Attleboro, Massachusetts. Canada—95 King Street East, Toronto.

This substantial shell of solid gold

is drawn over a core of base metal in the making of every Simmons Chain. From the original ingot (illustrated actual size) until the smallest link has been wrought out, the ratio of solid gold to base metal is constant. With this special Simmons process durability and clean-cut design follow naturally.

The swivel says *it's a Simmons*

(Continued from Page 143)

He swung the plummet three times round his head and let go. The neatly coiled line sailed out in a beautiful parabola and the lead fell with a plunk far out into the lagoon

"They are biting badly, so I'm tryin g them with a bit of squid Look out you don't sit on it. Don't see what you want to sit down for at a.l."

"To talk to you."

"Well, talk away."

She said nothing for a moment: then, "I've been swearing again."

There was real penitence in her voice. She looked up to see how he accepted the news. He accepted it without any sign of sympathy.

"Who was there?"

"She was."

"Mrs. Morgan?"

Lydia nodded.

"I should have thought she'd be the last one you'd want to swear in front of."

"I didn't want to swear."

"That means you couldn't stop yourself?"

"Suppose it does."

William was silent the while he baited a new line with pieces cut from the squid. When he had finished he wiped his forefinger and thumb on the seat of his bags.

"That's a pretty poor confession—couldn't help yourself."

"I know it is."

"It isn't that I particularly mind your swearing. It's silly, but there's no great harm in a few damns."

"Look here," she retorted, "I don't want you to make excuses for me "

"I wasn't; I was going on to say what I do mind is the utter feebleness of not being able to stop when you want to."

"H'm! That's the way I'm made, I suppose." There was a touch of insurrection in the reply.

"You're best judge of that," he answered. "Still, I shouldn't boast about it."

"I wasn't boasting "

"Glad to hear it. Well, how many times did you swear?"

"All the lot."

"Ten?"

"Yes."

"And you've come for your ducking?"

"Yes."

There was an indefinable air of satisfaction about her. William noted that and frowned.

"This crime-and-punishment stuff is getting too regular," he said. "I think you want a change of diet. So you can go and duck yourself this morning, Lydia."

She looked at him resentfully; and seeing that, he became bitterly angry with her –with an anger inspired by a quick realization that in some subtle sense she derived a kind of gratification from the punishments he inflicted on her.

"For the future you can do your own ducking as well as your own swearing."

There was more than a touch of the old Lydia in the blaze of her eyes.

"All right. Yes; all right, I will."

"Do," he said, and slowly turned to cast his second line.

Somehow it got tangled with his foot and sagged badly. Stooping to clear the coil, he saw she was no longer beside him. She was lying on a flat shelf of rock a few yards away; her head was submerged in a pool which they called the ducking pool. He watched her for a while, then with sudden enlightenment leaped across the intervening space and picked her up in his arms. Her face was almost black and water ran from her mouth.

He began to work her arms fiercely. Also he hung her over his shoulder upside down and thumped her lungs.

When the salt water was out of her and she had begun to breathe normally, he propped her up against a rock, and kneeling opposite he stared at her in great amazement.

At last, "Lydia"—he said—"Lydia, are you mad? What were you thinking of to do that?"

But she only smiled, and it was a queerly innocent smile and a queerly satisfied smile and tremendously for him.

But even so, he did not kiss her. For one thing, she would not have let him.

XXXVI

NO CHILD believes in its heart that a perfect holiday will ever end. It is a realization that only comes when the sudden clangor of the school bell startles the birds into silence, and like a magnet draws unwilling feet from the green shade of forests and the sun-drenched expanses of yellow sand back to the wooden desks and benches of routine.

But Vernon knew; and knew, moreover, that, unless a kindly Providence led to the finding of the treasure, that end was drawing rapidly in view. Save for himself, Averil, Tommy Gates and Olive, the rest had been lulled by the balm of South Sea breezes into happy inactivity. While these four worked the others dreamed and the hastening weeks went by.

Of the original capital little now remained –barely enough for another month's stay on the island, and the provisioning of the yacht for the homeward journey.

If only Ralph Whitaker had replied to Vernon's appeal and succeeded in raising a few thousands on his uncle's will, the case would not have been so bad. But Ralph's silence—taken in conjunction with their failure to discover the old pirate's cache—was tormenting. It seemed that Vernon was to be denied even the chance to repay the original investments.

In that respect something would have to be done and done quickly.

The following day the yacht would be sailing for Honolulu. Accordingly, Vernon wrote a long letter to a firm of solicitors at that port, instructing them to act on his behalf in the matter of raising a reversion. This letter he gave to Mr. Isinglass with the request that it should be delivered personally in the event of there being no registered package awaiting him at the firm of MacAndrews, Ltd.

Mr. Isinglass frowned and cocked an eyebrow when asked to do this. He consented, however, without demur or question.

It had been arranged that Joshua Morgan should go with Mr. Isinglass on the trip, he of all the company having found life on the island a trifle irksome. Work with pick and shovel was not much in his line, nor were there any Bradford men with whom he could discuss Midland trade conditions over a mug of brown ale. His time had been spent idling and smoking too much. Faithful to original intention, he had made one or two attempts to walk out Kate beneath the moon and talk to her in the tones of a suitor, but these experiments were not a pronounced success. They found themselves too old for the job, and conversations erotically begun quickly reverted to the practical affairs of every day and not infrequently to a sharp exchange of rebukes. They talked about their children rather than themselves and seemed entirely unable to recapture a spark of a thirty-year-old romance.

As Joshua remarked, "It was a deal easier to talk to thee, Kate, when us used to go for them walks by the gas works and I was counter jumping at Harris' and you was helping your mother."

Then Kate would remember there were plates to wash up and would return to those humble duties, leaving Joshua to smoke a pipe on the dreary beaches.

So Joshua was granted leave of absence and a farewell supper was given on the night the Mascot was to sail. Rather a sad affair it proved, for with the imminence of his departure Kate cried in her plate and her gloom was reflected upon everyone else. There was about the affair a hint of a general break-up, as must be so when even insignificant units of a happy party are removed. Even Mr. Isinglass found it hard to preserve an air of gayety, though he chattered away in a light-hearted vein and prophesied on their return the treasure would have been found.

Probably William Carpenter was the most cheerful member of the circle. He had been happily employed throughout the day in fixing up an aërial and a wireless receiving station. It was fun to think that the Mascot would be in communication with the island and could send messages of love and hope from the vasty deep. Arrangements had been made that William should preside at the instrument for two separate half hours each day, between nine and 9:30 A. M and P. M. After so many years in a post office, it was not unnatural that William was acquainted with signal services. He was proud, however, of being in possession of a specialized talent, shared by no one else.

It was approaching midnight when they all filed down to the landing place to bid farewell to the voyagers.

With Midland heartiness, or possibly to conceal his emotions, Joshua Morgan kissed all the ladies, not once but many times. His wife he did not kiss particularly, but he hugged her a great deal, their two fat little bodies bouncing off each other on the release of the terrific pressure of each embrace. Then the little boat put out from the shore and diminishing farewells boomed to and fro across the glassy water. Fainter and fainter they grew, until at last Kate's voice cracked and she sat down abruptly on a hard rock and threw her apron over her head.

Vernon and Averil picked their way along the half circle of the coral reefs to watch the Mascot steam out of the mouth of the lagoon. Presently she came, dim and ghostly, surmounted by the gleam of her masthead lights.

They could hear the soft pulsing of her engines and the lap-lap from the wash of waves she set in motion. The night was dark and her passing was more a matter of feel than of sight. Like a mist upon the water, she drifted by within a hundred yards of where they stood.

"Au 'voir! Bon voyage!" called Averil. And "Good luck!" came trailing back.

The sound of the engines died away. The masthead lights became little stars.

And suddenly Vernon cried out, "We must make it a success, Averil! We must! We must!"

It was a *cri de cœur*, the first he had uttered in her presence. She slipped her arm through his and held it tight.

"We will," she said.

Then a silence. Then, "This seems all so much a part of it," he muttered. "Our standing close together, as if for me the treasure were found, Averil, by just this. And yet ——"

He felt her nod.

"I know what you would say. I feel that too."

"It's standing in the shadow and wanting ——"

He broke off and pointed to where something moved in the shoal waters by the head of the reef.

"What's that? There! D'you see?"

The dark object came nearer, stayed still, then rippled away into the obscurity of the night.

"I don't know," she said. "A porpoise?"

"May have been. Although —— It's late; we'd best get back now."

XXXVII

"COMING out?" said Tommy Gates, popping a head into Vernon's tent. "It's seven o'clock and I've got a notion."

"Yes, in half a jiffy."

Vernon dressed and shaved, and was standing irresolute, casting a roving eye round the appointments of his tent.

"You look like a man whose collar stud has given him the slip. Lost anything?"

"No—at least—Tommy, when we were out yesterday I had my rifle, didn't I?"

"—es, you were hoping to bag ——"

"I know. I leaned it against that rock when we were digging."

"That's so! Why?"

"I couldn't have left it there, could I?"

"No, I'm certain you brought it. Of course you did! You let off at an old shag on the way back, and I was in here when you cleaned it."

"Well, it's mighty funny."

"Has it gone?"

"Um-m—and a box of cartridges."

"One of the lads borrowed it."

"I dare say. Still —— Now where the blazes is my hat?"

Tommy pointed.

"No, the other one. Never mind, this'll do. Come on, what's the notion?"

It was the morning following the departure of the Mascot—a glorious morning of dazzling sunlight that turned the insects in the air into flying gems.

"May be nothing in it," said Tommy; "springs out of something Mary said as we were walking back last night."

"Well?"

"That old chap Kaifulu, or whatever he calls himself, was showing off his treasures to her, and among them was an old gold coin and a weapon, which, from her description, sounded to be like a cutlass of sorts. Seems Mary didn't ask any questions about them and only mentioned them to me by chance."

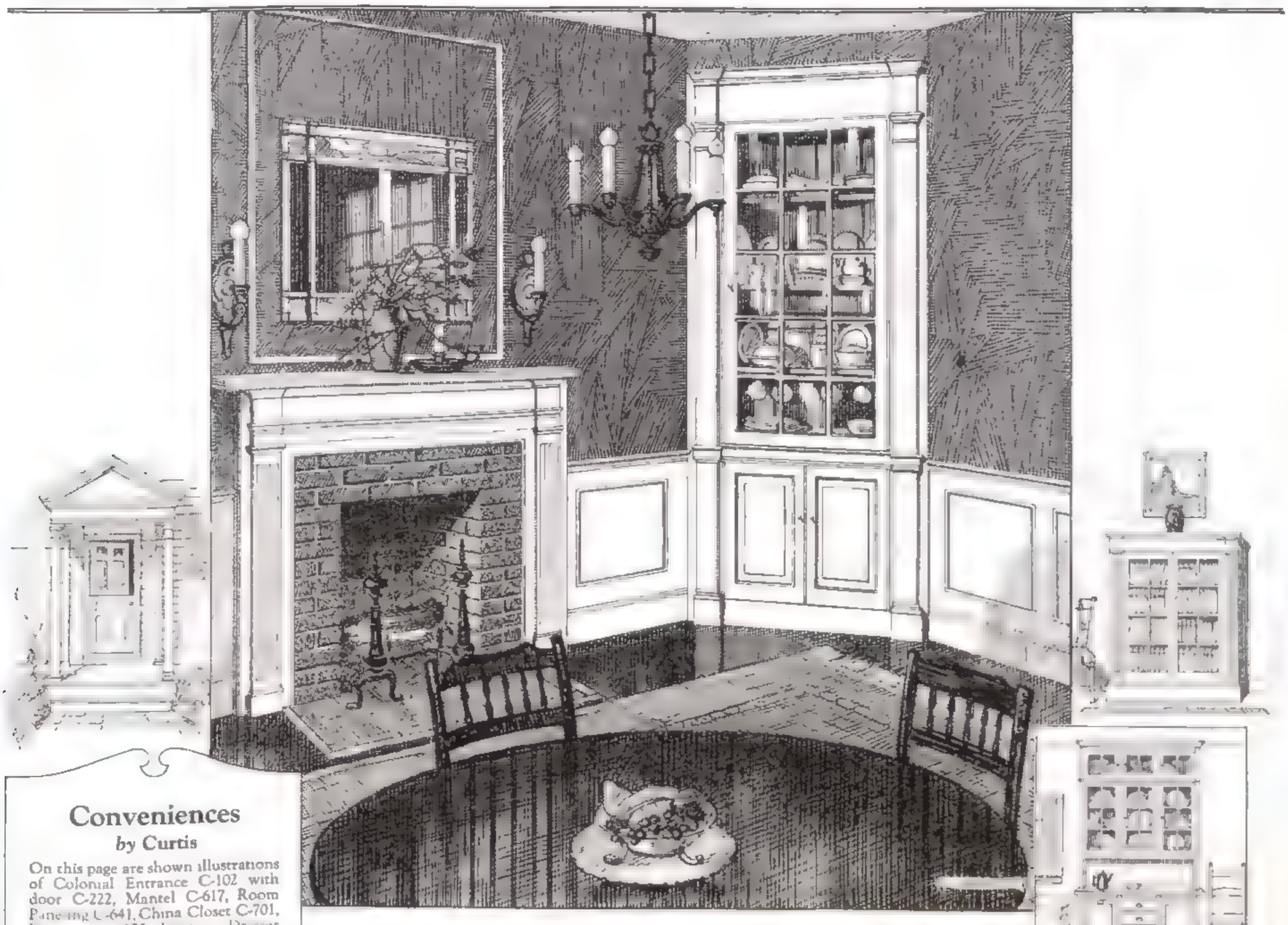
"You're thinking they possibly may be ——"

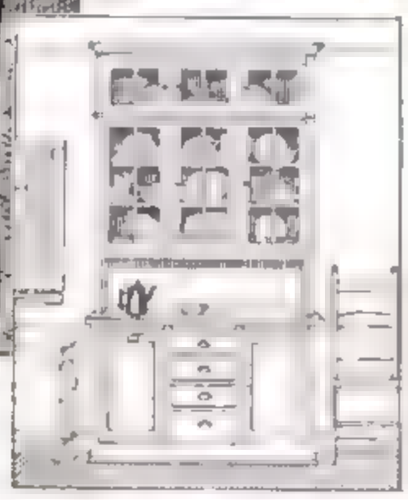
"Oh, I don't know; but it might be worth while to step over and have a look at the stuff. It would be interesting to know how he came by them."

Vernon nodded.

(Continued on Page 149)

CURTIS WOODWORK





Conveniences
by Curtis

On this page are shown illustrations of Colonial Entrance C-102 with door C-222, Mantel C-617, Room Paneling C-641, China Closet C-701, Bookcase C-575, Kitchen Dresser C-750, and Ironing Board C-770. All these, and many other conveniences, can be built into your home. And it is just such features as these that mark the home of today as thoroughly modern. Think of this when you think of making your home comfortable. And think of it again when you consider re-sale value.

Curtis Companies, Incorporated
Clinton, Iowa

Curtis Bros. & Co.
Clinton, Iowa

Curtis & Yale Co.
Wausau, Wis.

Curtis Sash & Door Co.
Sioux City, Iowa

Curtis, Towle & Paine Co.
Lincoln, Neb.

Curtis, Towle & Paine Co.
Topeka, Kans.

Curtis-Yale-Holland Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Curtis Door & Sash Co.
Chicago, Ill.

Curtis Detroit Co.
Detroit, Mich.

Sales Offices in
Pittsburgh New York Baltimore, Md.

Curtis Woodwork Helps Home Builders

The conveniences you will want in your new or remodeled home are worked out for you in Curtis Woodwork. Architects are utilizing Curtis Architectural Woodwork in standard sizes in large houses; and for modest homes, you will find that these modern built-in conveniences are ready for delivery in complete units.

And when Curtis Woodwork is delivered to the contractor it will be clean because of its careful packing, and beautifully sanded, ready for the painters.

Quick Installation Cuts Costs

Tell this to your contractor, and when he takes into account the saving of labor due to careful packing and sanding he will find that he can equip your home with Curtis Woodwork throughout at a cost no higher than that of woodwork without the Curtis trademark, without a national reputation for high quality and without a big, responsible concern behind it

The Curtis trademark alone on your woodwork is a valuable factor because it is dependable, tangible evidence that you will have installed in your home woodwork that is of the highest type in design, most skillfully made and with a reputation that you can be proud of. Protect yourself by looking for the trademark.

Insure Uniformity Throughout

Your house can be fully equipped with Curtis Woodwork. The line comprises practically everything classified as woodwork, including doors, windows, blinds, stairways, bookcases, mantels, china closets, dressing tables, kitchen dressers, ironing boards, dining alcoves, outside and inside moldings, wall paneling, entrances, window seats, hanging closets, tray cases—in fact everything of this description your home will require. Most of these features can be built in—a permanent, thought-out-in-advance part of the house.

Let a Curtis Dealer Help You

There are retail lumbermen nearly everywhere east of the Rockies who are Curtis dealers. Consult the nearest one. He will be able to offer helpful suggestions in the planning of your home and can obtain, without cost to you, literature that will be of real, practical value.

We cannot prevent imitators from copying our patterns and designs. The law, however, does prevent others from using our trademark. Make sure that the woodwork you buy—sash, doors, moldings, or interior woodwork—bears the trademark at the right

1866 CURTIS

Curtis Woodwork is sold by retail lumbermen east of the Rockies. The books of 5-6-7-8 room houses offered in the coupon were designed by Trowbridge & Ackerman, New York architects. These include examples of Colonial, English, Western and Southern architecture.

The Curtis Companies Service Bureau
244 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa.

Please send copies of your free book let checked below, showing

☐ Permanent Furniture

Enclosed find ($_____). Please send me Plan Books checked (at $1 each)

☐ Bungalows ☐ 1½ and 2 story houses ☐ 5 room ☐ 6 room ☐ 7 room ☐ 8 room houses.

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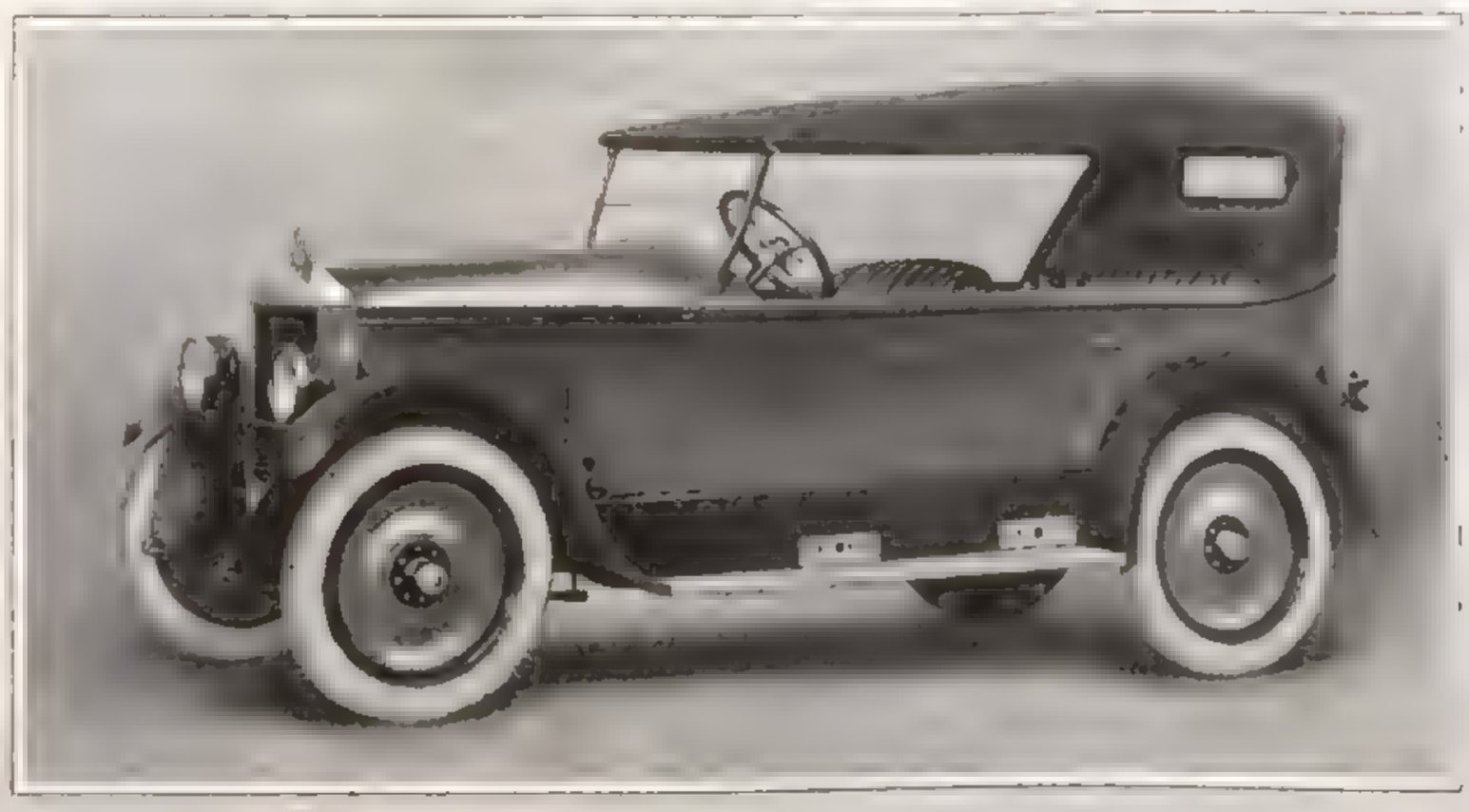
The Curtis dealer in your community can secure these books FREE if you present this COUPON.



Series "A"
Special
$1295
f. o. b. factory

WHY DOES HUMAN INSTINCT ALWAYS TURN TO THE SPECIALIST

THE veteran car buyer doesn't quite see what a salesman means when he talks about somebody's "assembled car."

To hear him point with pride to standard and well-known units in his own car and, in the next breath, speak of his competitor's as "assembled" is enough to confuse anyone.

The fact is that *every* car manufacturer today "assembles" into his car some *specialist-made* units—because they are better and more economical than he can make himself.

Note the words "*better and more economical.*"

They are most important in the light of the Moon production policy:

Article 1—A unified car, designed by Moon engineers on the basis of proven mechanical units made by the leading specialists.

Article 2—Have these *proven* mechanical units designed expressly to work together in the unified Moon Car by the specialist engineers working in collaboration with the Moon engineers.

Article 3—Let the Moon engineers develop *their specialty*—the fine skill and utmost care in constructing the finished car.

This is why the Moon is such a fine and true piece of building integrity through and through.

Special Moon-Continental Red Seal Motor.

Special Moon-Timken Axles—Front and Rear.

Special Moon-Delco Starting, Lighting and Ignition.

Special Moon-Warner Transmission.

Distinctive Moon-Pullman Body, not surpassed in thoroughbred appearance by any car here or abroad. If there were *better* units anywhere in America to-day Moon would have them.

• • •

We are building the Moon to give you every last dollar's worth there is in the automotive industry today.

Show this advertisement to any Moon dealer. Let him put a Moon Car at your disposal. Drive it yourself. It will *confirm* every word we have said.

Prices on Moon Cars accommodate a wide range of preference—all the way from the *Series "A" Touring* at $1095, to the *6-58 Petite Sedan* at $2685. All prices F.O.B. Factory.

MOON HAS ADOPTED HYDRAULIC FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES AND BALLOON TIRES.

MOON

FROM A THINKING AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURER
—TO THE THINKING AUTOMOBILE BUYER

MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A. FOUNDED 1907, BY JOSEPH W. MOON

Continued from Page 146

"We certainly will. Any idea what the cutlass looked like?"

"Mary'd know. Why?"

"We had a few relics of my disreputable ancestor at home."

"Then you'd be able to recognize it?"

"I've a fair idea of the type of weapon they used."

Tommy was tingling with excitement.

"Come on then, let's shout for breakfast and make a start."

There was no need to shout, for Kate had already prepared the meal.

"You haven't got what I intended to give you," she announced, "which was a lovely ham; but somehow or another, what with the fuss of poor Joshua's going away, I've mislaid it."

"But you can't mislay a ham," Lydia laughed.

"I don't propose to argue the point," said Kate. "There's a rare lot of stuff in storeroom, and maybe, after all, I never put it out as I intended."

"Bother the old ham," said Olive. "There's something much more important to talk about. Go on, Tommy, tell 'em."

Tommy told, and excitement, which will prosper on a very small excuse, ran high It ran higher still when Mary, who was a little late that morning, put in an appearance and proceeded to describe with faithful accuracy a sixteenth-century cutlass.

It ran so high that nothing would satisfy them but that the whole company, Kate excluded, should instantly set forth for the hut of Kaifulu.

"Although," said William, "on second thoughts, you, Lydia, had better stop here and mind Marconi House in case I'm a bit late."

"But I can't understand that silly buzzing," she protested.

"Of course, if you'd rather I stayed," said William in his best strong-and-silent style.

"Oh, go on then," said she. "I'll stay"

It was a very excited company that gathered at the door of Kaifulu's abode. The old cannibal came forth and offered them a great variety of greetings and resolutely refused to show them any of his treasures until many preliminary courtesies had been observed. His manners were charming if irritating, for he insisted on producing articles of no conceivable interest to his audience and withholding until the end the very things they had come to see. With each article was a history of prodigious length, and their patience was well-nigh exhausted when at last the cutlass and the coin were exhibited.

"Well?" said Tommy eagerly.

Henry Julius was examining the coin with a watchmaker's lens. He always had some odd thing like that in his pocket a trick lighter—a hook for removing stones from horses' hoofs—a corkscrew or a roll of lint.

"Early Spanish," he answered.

"And the cutlass?"

That was Vernon's province.

"Undoubtedly sixteenth century."

Tommy and William gasped in unison, and old Kaifulu was besieged with questions as to how he had come by them. In effect, his reply was the rather improbable statement that the earth opened and delivered them into the hands of his fathers, which, when analyzed, argued that these relics of a bygone age had been vomited out of their resting place as the result of an earthquake.

"And this would be?"

"When my grandfather was even smaller than the little ones who play yonder."

A very fine story he made of it—a story of a mighty storm that drove the sea to frenzy and swept canoes up the beach to hang like nests in the palm tops. Followed a great trembling of the earth, in which huts fell and many perished, and the sea ate up long stretches of what once was land. Many things were changed.

"Yes," said Henry Julius, "and ten to one that Needle Rock came tumbling down!"

After the storm the great-grandfather of Kaifulu went forth to take stock of the havoc and perchance to seek comfort from wreckage which had come ashore. And then it was beside a fresh-opened fissure in the ground he came across the coin and the cutlass in the midst of a tangle of crumbled bones, which turned to dust even as he stretched out a hand to touch them. The cutlass, the coin and a few buttons, since lost, were all he was able to bring away.

"Do you know where he found these bits?" Henry demanded.

Old Kaifulu shook his head.

"It was never told."

Throughout the length of this recital Vernon had never taken his eyes off the hilt of the cutlass. Something about it seemed to fascinate him.

"Kaifulu," he said, "will you trade this weapon with me? I would give many English pounds."

Kaifulu thought and stroked his chin.

"It has been long in my family, but——"

Henry touched Vernon's arm

"Shouldn't waste any money. We've learned all we can from the thing"

"Yes, but have we?" came the reply. "I don't know."

"Please yourself, of course."

A bargain was struck and the party started homeward. As they neared the camp William smote one hand against the other.

"Good Lord, if I haven't forgotten all about Marconi House!"

"It's too late to worry now," said Tommy Gates, glancing at his watch. "After all, there's not likely to be any news. By gad, that old chap's story was pretty thrilling! Wonder if it'll do us any good."

"You're a beauty!" said Lydia when they arrived. "That beastly thing's been buzzing away like a hornet's nest"

"Aye," added Kate Morgan, "and, if it isn't enough that you wasn't there to take down old Josh's love messages, I can't lay my hands on that missing ham nowhere."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Like a Japanese Print. Trees on the Coast of Mount Desert Island, Maine

How to Go to Sleep at Night

A Simple Way to Secure Sound Sleep and Energetic Days

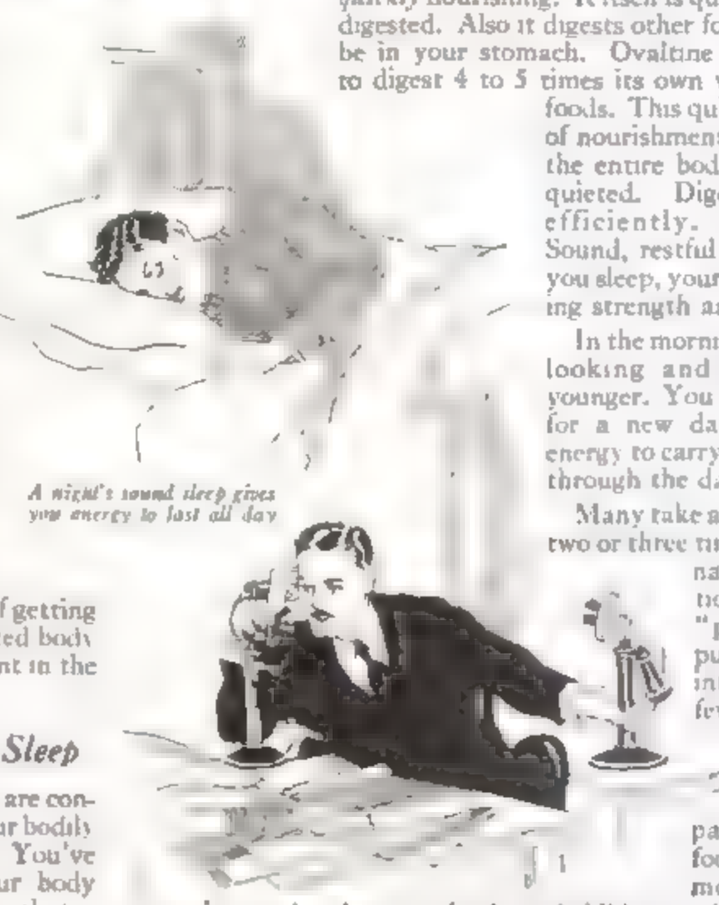
Most people spend seven or eight hours in bed each night. But how many get seven or eight hours real, sound, restful sleep?

Sleeplessness!

How common it is. What toll it takes. In health. In vitality. In appearance and energy.

Those logy mornings, those languid afternoons. Those laggard eyes and telltale wrinkles. They usually come from broken, fitful sleep.

And to what is sleeplessness due? Chiefly to overstrained nerves and digestive unrest. Yet both of those conditions in most cases are easily corrected. It's mainly a matter of getting into the work-exhausted body the proper nourishment in the proper form.

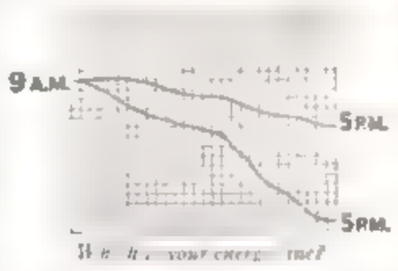


A night's sound sleep gives you energy to last all day

What to Eat to Sleep

During the day you are constantly drawing on your bodily strength and vitality. You've got to take into your body certain food-elements that are restoring and upbuilding.

Your diet as a worker should (1) have high energy value, (2) contain protein, carbohydrate, fat, vitamines and mineral elements of a certain kind and proportion, (3) be easily digested



Is it your energy curve?

"But," you will say, "How am I to know which foods contain these properties?" Admittedly, no layman can be expected to select his or her foods according to these elements. But—in this day no layman has to!

A Swiss discovery in foods makes it possible for everyone to get in the form of a single delicious beverage exactly the food-essentials the body requires.

A Swiss Food Discovery

The name of it is Ovaltine. It has been in use in Switzerland for 30 years. It is now in universal use in England and its colonies, and during the Great War was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers. Today Ovaltine is known to 20,000 physicians as well as hundreds of hospitals in this country.

Ovaltine is also a wonderful strength-building drink for tired women and backward children. It provides the food-essentials that the modern daily fare is lacking in

Ovaltine supplies what your modern daily fare lacks. It gives you several vital foods in the form of one. It is a highly concentrated extract of certain vitalizing and building-up foods converted by a secret Swiss process. One cup of Ovaltine contains more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

A cup at night (mixed with milk) brings sound sleep for the night, quickly and naturally. This is why: Ovaltine is both *highly* and *quickly* nourishing. It itself is quickly and easily digested. Also it digests other foods which may be in your stomach. Ovaltine has the power to digest 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods. This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Nerves are quieted. Digestion goes on efficiently. Sleep comes. Sound, restful sleep. And as you sleep, your body is gathering strength and energy.

In the morning you awaken, looking and feeling years younger. You are a new being for a new day. Alive with energy to carry you buoyantly through the day.

Many take a cup of Ovaltine two or three times a day for its natural stimulation. It's truly a "pick up" drink, putting new blood into your veins a few minutes after drinking.

Of course Ovaltine is a particularly fine food for nursing mothers, convalescents, backward children and the aged.

A Sample Sent Free

It is truly remarkable the difference Ovaltine makes in your sleep and daily energy. Just three nights' use will prove a revelation.

Ovaltine may be had in tins of 4 sizes at drug stores. The makers, however, offer a 3-day introductory package free to those who wish to try it. No cost or obligation. Just send your name and address to The Wander Company, 3 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois, Dept. 1419.

For 8 Hours Sound Sleep and a Full Day of Energy

"Picks You Up" While You Sleep

Bright, fresh mornings and energy that lasts all day! This requires nights of sound, restful sleep. A cup of Ovaltine (with milk) at bedtime brings sound sleep quickly, and in a [illegible] rich in food elements that [illegible] wrought nerves are quickly restored and soothed—which means peaceful slumber

A 3-Day Test Free

Ovaltine is a wonderful support not only for active workers, but for convalescents, invalids, nursing mothers and backward children. Ask for a tin of Ovaltine at your drug store or write us for 3-day introductory package

The Wander Co.

Dept. 1419, 37 S. Wabash Av.

Chicago Illinois

OVALTINE

Builds Brain, Nerve and Body

MACHINISTS' TOOL KIT

No. 597

For the man who wants to become a skilled machinist, this set of tools is a good start. Every tool is an essential tool. Handsome heavy case, canvas lined. Price, $o.

This kit is a fine example of the 1500 Good Tools made by Goodell-Pratt. Sold by good tool stores everywhere. Write for interesting booklet—"*Tools for the Toolmaker.*" It's free.

GOODELL-PRATT CO., GREENFIELD, MASS., U.S.A.

Toolsmiths

Makers of Mr. Punch

GOODELL-PRATT

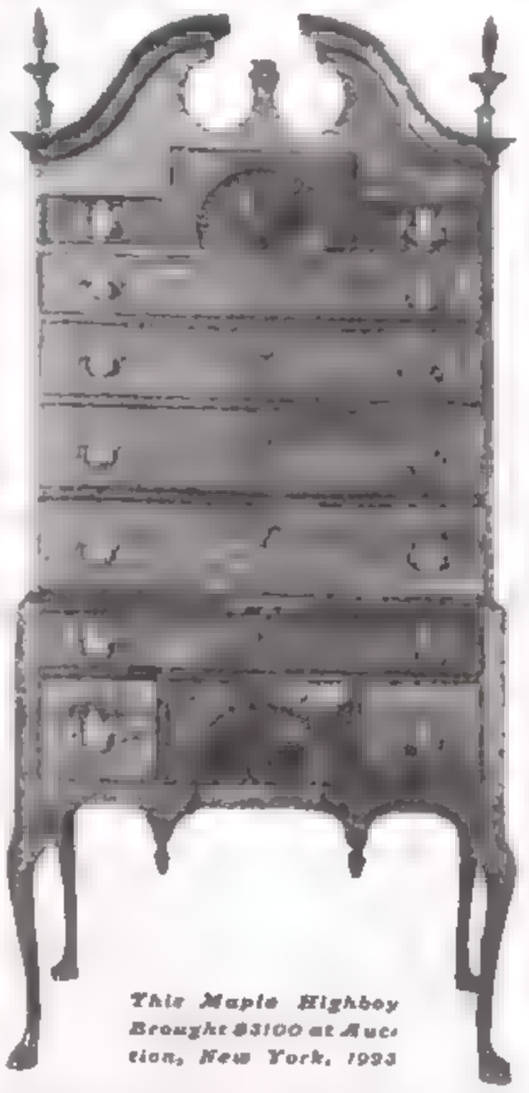
1500 GOOD TOOLS

THE JUNK SNUPPER

(Continued from Page 25)

it's an Elkins collection—which sold for $909,000—or a Tolentino, Heber R. Bishop, Yerkes, Garland or plain Smith or Jones collection—they find tremendous clienteles interested in specialized subjects.

If you go to one of their sales and buy a piece your name and address go to the office, and immediately you are classified as interested in the subject of your purchase. They card-index in this way the proclivities of every buyer, and have built up a tremendous mailing list on every subject. They charge on sales 10 per cent plus. With the big sales this charge is all right, but with the small collector it is sometimes discouraging. Here is a woman, for instance, who has been collecting pewter and she has something that she has paid $2 for. She sees in an antique shop that it is selling for $10, and the plate she has picked up for $1.50 sells for $8 or $9, and all her friends say: "Oh! What a valuable collection you must have"



This Maple Highboy Brought $3100 at Auction, New York, 1923

The chief value of this collection to her is in the pleasure of collecting, because its intrinsic value is open to serious question. The usual custom of the big auction houses is to sell on commission, plus expense of catalogue printing, illustrating, advertising, and any other direct expenses attached to the sale, with a guaranty of at least $1000 out of an afternoon's sale to take care of their overhead expenses, so you can see that a collection that brings only $2000 or $3000 brings little for the consignor. Occasionally, however, these smaller collections are gathered together in one sale, the expenses and charges being divided pro rata. Of course there are other auction houses that make very much lower terms, but then they don't give selective audiences. Does the average collector ever really get his money back? Well, you can figure it out for yourself.

There was a man in Philadelphia who away back in the 70's was employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad in some capacity that took him into the outlying country where the railroad was opening up, and he started picking up examples of American furniture, glassware, pewter—in fact, anything and everything. He had the collector's enthusiasm and the collector's love of the quaint and historic; and he bought a lot of things very, very cheap; but in later years, if he saw a thing that was intrinsically good he felt that it ought to be added to his collection, and as the public became educated to values he had to pay better prices, and he paid them. He became an expert in the knowledge of qualities and took a pride in adding the best examples he could find, but it brought up the average of cost.

An Auction Surprise

The people he used to buy of were no longer ignorant. They had read Barber's book on glass or Hunter's Stiegel Glass. They had studied the furniture books, the pewter books, to say nothing of the two magazines that are already in the market devoted exclusively to antiques. They read Hergesheimer in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and they exaggerated the value of everything they possessed. And what was the result?

Listen! At the sale of this man's collection in one of these New York galleries recently there was displayed a glass mug. It was very beautiful and a little lady at my side expressed a desire to possess it.

"I would love to have it," said she.

"Well, why don't you buy it?"

"Would $10 buy it?" she asked.

"Well," I observed encouragingly, "don't let your enthusiasm run away with you by competitive bidding. Mark your catalogue just what you want to pay for it. Mark your catalogue $20."

Why, bless you, the mug started at $25, and sold for $500; and as we left the galleries at the end of the sale the managing head of the organization remarked: "Don't you think prices went rather low?"

"What?" said I. "Low—when a Wistarburg mug brought $500?"

"Yes," was the reply. "For I know as a matter of fact that that mug cost the collector $1000."

And that's a fair example of collector values. You can buy cheap for years, and in the end if you become overambitious or reckless you'll find your average of cost quite high.

In any of the big galleries a sale ought to reach $5000 for an afternoon if the owner is going to get anything out of it. Now how many of the average collectors have any such accumulation?

Of course the George Crocker collection ran into $400,000, including furniture, tapestries and rugs. The Mary Morgan collection brought more than $1,205,000. The James Speyer collection brought $1,288,500, and the Borden collection $1,608,256.

Big Prices

Rugs run into big money. I recall one Persian rug, 8 feet 5 inches by 5 feet 10 inches, that brought $9500. Captain De Lamar paid $27,000 for another. At the same sale Seligman the banker paid $33,000, while Duveen Brothers paid $35,500 for a piece 7 feet 2 inches by 6 feet 5 inches.

The Yerkes collection of thirty rugs brought an average of $8000 per rug. Of course these prices were largely influenced by the reputation of the collector. That helps an awful lot. Auction prices frequently are enhanced by the reputation of the collector, and if the amateur can put into his inventory "bought at the Temple sale" or "bought at the Garland sale" he is willing to pay a little more for his purchase.

There are collectors and collectors. There are collectors who studiously accumulate, according to period, examples having historic significance. They collect American glass, pewter, furniture—everything, in fact, representing the life of a period. Other people go in for specific things, like plates, pitchers, samplers, snuffboxes, even workboxes.

I know a woman who collects nothing but dogs. She came into a shop one day and said, "Any dogs today?"

"No dogs."

"When do you expect any?"

"Can't tell; hope to have some in tomorrow"

When she left, it was explained that she collected Staffordshire or Bennington dogs, Lowestoft, Parian china, pottery, blown glass—anything so long as they are dogs. Other women collect cats, but her specialty was dogs.

Then again, there are collectors who collect simply because others are collecting. I heard a woman the other day say to an attendant at an exhibition of an approaching sale, "What do you call that?"

"That is a Henry Clay cup plate."

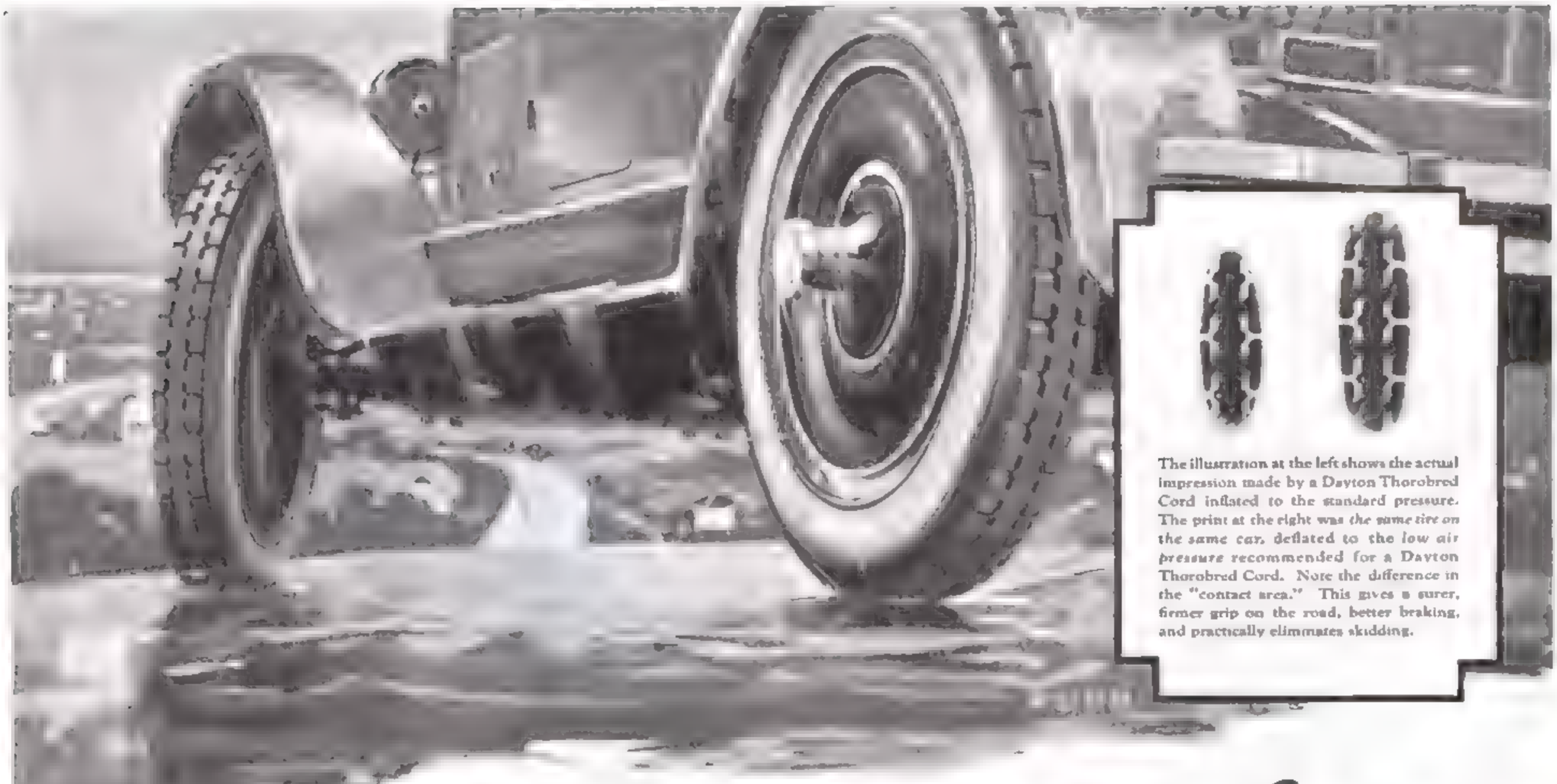
"Is it not lovely? Any more of them?"

"No; only that one."

"Oh, well; one is of no use to me. I'd have to have at least a half dozen."

Years ago a snupper friend of mine—he has graduated since into the collector class—was a clerk for one of the big carpet stores, and thirty-five years ago, when

Continued on Page 153



The illustration at the left shows the actual impression made by a Dayton Thorobred Cord inflated to the standard pressure. The print at the right was *the same tire on the same car*, deflated to the *low air pressure* recommended for a Dayton Thorobred Cord. Note the difference in the "contact area." This gives a surer, firmer grip on the road, better braking, and practically eliminates skidding.

Ride in Safety
On Low Air Pressure

With low air pressure Dayton Thorobred Cords yield to curbs and other sharp objects without injury to the tire.

ON wet, slippery pavement, on steep, treacherous hills, over gravel, sand or mud Dayton Thorobred Cords are *safe*. Low air pressure gives them a wider and longer traction surface—a firmer grip on the road—a grip that holds at any speed, in quick starts and sudden stops. Skidding, slipping and sliding are practically eliminated.

And with greater safety Dayton Thorobred Cords also offer greater comfort. No sudden jar, jolt or bounce, but smooth, luxurious riding. They protect the car from road shocks and reduce the cost of upkeep.

Dayton Thorobred Cords offer the comfort, safety and economy of low air pressure without changing rims or wheels. They give you the proven dependability of the highest type of cord construction—long mileage and freedom from trouble.

The Dayton Dealer in your locality will explain the construction of Dayton Thorobred Cords. A copy of our booklet "The Making of a Thorobred" will be mailed on request.

With low air pressure Dayton Thorobred Cords roll over tracks, rough roads or broken pavements without discomfort to the passengers or injury to the car.

THE DAYTON RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO., DAYTON, OHIO

Dayton
Thorobred Cords
Pioneer Low Air Pressure Tires

Spring rebound doesn't always hurt — it depends

IF YOU hit a small bump and compress the car springs slightly, the rebound of the springs is mild and your comfort has not been disturbed. If you hit a larger bump and compress the car springs farther, their rebound is greater and you experience discomfort. If you hit a very big bump and compress the car springs fully, their rebound is violent and you are actually thrown from the seat.

It does not take much resistance to hold the car down when the rebounds are mild, but it naturally takes increasing and increasing resistance to hold the car down when the rebounds become more violent. If these varying resistances are not provided, your car is always liable to be uncomfortable over rough roads. But if correctly varying resistances *are* provided, your car immediately becomes comfortable over *any* kind of road.

Watson Stabilators are not just rebound brakes but are brakes which grip and hold exactly in accordance with each variation in rebound force—the farther the car springs have been compressed, the harder Stabilators grip and hold. That is why, with Stabilators hooked up to your springs, *no* rebound force can throw you.

You cannot judge Stabilators and Stabilated motoring by your experiences with any other kind of devices because Stabilators in this matter of gripping and holding in proportion to the varying rebounds are *unlike* any other devices. Stabilators are the *only* devices which progressively hold stronger and stronger as the bumps become bigger and the rebounds become more violent. And that is the very essence of doing the job *right*.

Stabilators cost twenty or thirty dollars more than other devices which *look* something like them, but they are *worth* it. Stabilators not only make of your car the comfortable vehicle which you have a right to own and enjoy, but they save in car maintenance and car depreciation many times their cost. And in addition, Stabilators themselves "stay put" without *any* cost.

Test Stabilators on your own car. Any Stabilator Distributor or Dealer will guarantee to refund your money, every cent of it, if you want the Stabilators taken off. Write us for descriptive literature and name of nearest Stabilator Dealer.

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY
Twenty-fourth and Locust Streets
Philadelphia

WATSON
STABILATORS
Change the Whole Nature of Your Car

(Continued from Page 150)

Oriental rugs came into the market and were valued only for their utilitarian purpose in competition with domestic rugs, he picked up a lot of fragments, mutilated pieces that came occasionally in bales and were thrown out by the retailer as unsalable. He has one piece that he paid $250 for, and it is now valued at $6000. It is an old Ispahan sixteenth-century fragment. Nearly all men in the rug business can recall the Ladiks that in 1890 you could buy for $20. Today those Ladiks are worth $400 or $500.

When Rarity Makes Value

Why? Because they are rare; for the same reason that a $5 gold piece dated 1822, though obviously worth, according to the Government, only $5, is actually worth $1000 because that is what old coin collectors will pay for it. It all goes into Americana. If it was a four-drachma piece—60 cents in American money—of the time of Alexander the Great, Alexander of Macedonia, 300 years before Christ, it would sell for less than $10, simply because it is easier to find than the 1822 gold piece.

The moment a thing becomes rare it becomes valuable.

A few years ago rug collectors were much interested in Tibet rugs. They were quite unusual because brought from the forbidden country, and collectors picked them up rapidly for $75 or $100 apiece, which was a high price considering that they were only 24 by 36 inches. So a wholesale importer made up his mind he would bring over a consignment, and through the influence of the British commission he had an agent go up to Tibet and buy up 400 or 500 of them. The mere fact that there were 400 or 500 of them in the market killed the value, and the last we heard of those Tibets they were selling as bath mats in one dry-goods store in New York and in another in Chicago. I bought two of them for $3 apiece.

A collector friend of mine is engaged now in collecting marked catalogues of sales of antiques. They constitute a most valuable kind of literature, profusely illustrated. You turn the pages and look with amazement at a block-front desk that has brought $2600; or a Chippendale chair, not made by Chippendale, but in the Chippendale style, $350; an old pine bench made by some carpenter in Pennsylvania back in the seventeenth century, $280. A Savery highboy at a sale in New York, January 28, 1922, brought $4950, and in November, 1923, a maple highboy brought $3100.

Of course when a piece is traced to a notable it brings a higher price, but there are few pieces that can be traced to famous ownership. Nevertheless, we heard an intelligent woman say regarding a piece the other day, "Has this piece a pedigree?"

Reproduction of Colonial Glass

Perhaps it is just as well that some sort of research that will give authenticity to an antique should be observed nowadays when there is so much trickery in the business. The love of the antique has encouraged manufacturers all over the country to go in strong for reproductions.

Most dealers are honest and these things are sold as reproductions, but there are a lot of people who are not so honest and proceed to age their reproductions just as in Hereke, near Constantinople, they age modern rugs.

Contrary to the general impression, no early American flasks are reproduced, with the exception perhaps of the fish bottle, but they are bringing over from England all sorts of new and old glassware that's going into the antique shops as Colonial. Some people can tell the difference, but not many. The appraiser at the port of New York can tell old from new glass with his eyes shut.

"I have been living with glass," said he, "for the past twenty-five years. I have to be able to tell the difference because so many people try to skin the Government by bringing over modern glass declared as antique to escape the duty, there being no duty on antiques."

To guarantee a square deal in collecting, confine your dealing either to first-hands or to dealers of reputation. People would not think of buying diamonds from any old shop on a side street or alley. They go to a firm of standing and creditability. And if you observe the same habits in collecting you are safe. Beware of the farmhouse that is convenient to the automobile road. Beware of the lure of the old rocker and spinning wheel on the piazza. That farmer perhaps has his place salted like a mine. Perhaps he started out all right with some real good stuff, but when he sold it all he took what he could get, and he is just as unreliable as the alleyway junk dealer.

So you see we get back to the universal question—"What is my antique stuff worth?"

Every woman in the country has got poked away somewhere an old India shawl or a Paisley, and she has read somewhere that at the Hoozinheim sale an India shawl brought $500, and immediately the valuation of her shawl goes up. She doesn't know that the India shawl that brought the high price was covered, every inch of it, with delicate hand embroidery. So it is with some of the old pewter that brings high prices; it is something more than an ordinary plate or jug; it bears the touch mark of some famous maker.

We hear of the high price of Sandwich glass. Thousands of women have Sandwich glass in their cupboards, but it is late Sandwich, not early.

We noted the other day a sunburst bottle that brought $40 at auction, and we can understand that many people would say, "I have the sunburst bottle. Mine is worth $40." But they don't know that the $40 bottle brought that price because it had a sheared mouth instead of a rimmed mouth, showing a more primitive type of manufacture, and it was exceedingly heavy and a remarkable amber, instead of the ordinary aquamarine.

The Hancock Desk

There is a Hancock desk, so called, with the serpentine front. Mrs. Russell Sage presented one of them to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. She bought it at the Bowles sale, in competition with hundreds of other old furniture enthusiasts, and it naturally brought a big price; it would have brought a still bigger price if somebody had repurchased it from Mrs. Russell Sage, and still a bigger price if anybody could get it away from the Metropolitan Museum. But all these factors which make for the value of this Hancock desk do not prevail with the unimportant private owner; she has her own ideas of values, just the same, and hence you can't get these antique pieces anywhere any more without going deep into your pocket.

One snupper that I know is a big silk manufacturer. Forty years ago the Japanese importers of chinaware used to bring over their goods in packing boxes, cushioned on all sides by padding made up in great measure of discarded parchment stencils used in printing fabrics. This friend of mine became much interested in the stencil as a primitive printing method and used to buy all he could get hold of, and paid 4 or 5 cents apiece for them. Some of them are works of art. You examine them and wonder how a human hand could have cut such delicate tracings. You can't get them nowadays except at the auction sales, where we have seen them bring from $5 to $6 apiece.

And they used to be thrown away as worthless packing!

And that's the charm of snupping—to get something for nothing. As Mrs. Roosevelt expressed it, "the art of finding the things that are valuable" that the other fellow does not appreciate.

Snupping used to be a primitive occupation.

Today it's a fine art; but you have to have a nose for it.

The First Horseless Carriage Race

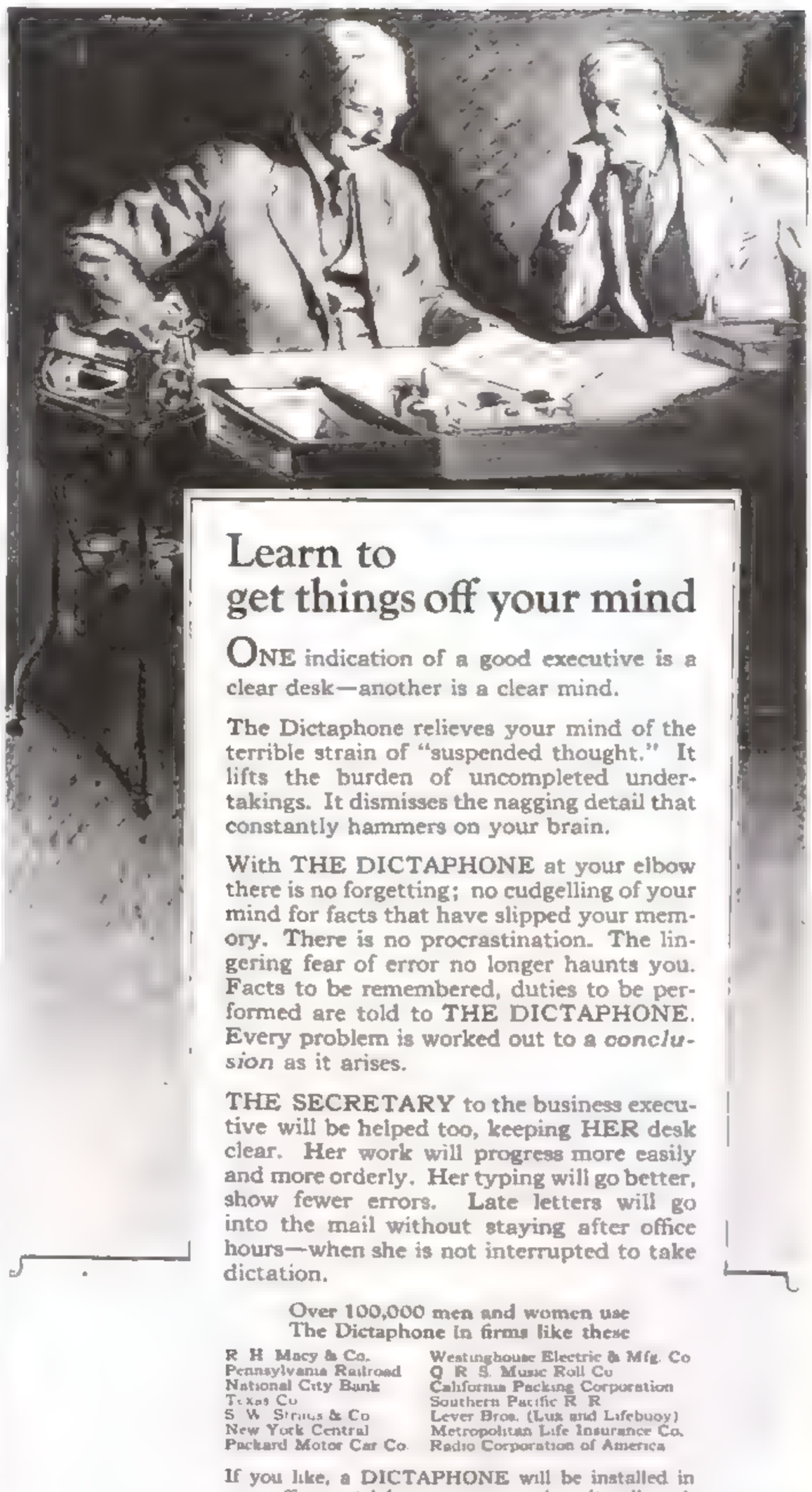
To THE SATURDAY EVENING POST:

In an article published January fifth entitled America's First Horseless Carriage Race I wrote: "The Morris and Salom, Philadelphia, electric, broke down before it got out of Jackson Park."

This was an error. Owing to the deep snow the machine ran out of electricity at the end of Lincoln Park, some fifteen miles from the starting post.

The judges awarded the gold medal to the Morris and Salom Electrobat of Philadelphia for "safety, ease of control, absence of noise, vibration, heat or odor, cleanliness and general excellence of design of workmanship."

Respectfully yours,
H. H. KOHLSAAT.



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COMPOSITE FRANCE

(Continued from Page 33)

undermining its authority. We now know that nationality is at bottom merely a state of mind, which may conceal but cannot really abolish those profound differences of instinct, temperament and intelligence that are inborn in persons of different racial stocks.

France herself is the best proof of this. Despite the fact that for generations everything has been done to break down local distinctions and to unify her population, the inhabitants of various parts of France differ from one another in many important ways. French investigators of racial matters admit this frankly. Says the well-known French writer, Gustave Le Bon:

"In France, the Provençal is very different from the Breton, the inhabitant of Auvergne from the inhabitant of Normandy. Unfortunately, these types are very distinct as regards their ideas and character. It is difficult in consequence to devise institutions which shall suit them all equally well, and it is only by dint of energetic concentration that it is possible to lend them some community of thought. Our profound divergencies of sentiment and belief, and the political upheavals which result therefrom, are due, in the main, to differences of mental constitution."

As a matter of fact, the policy of centralizing everything in Paris has produced grave disadvantages, which have led some Frenchmen to advocate granting local self-government and encouraging intellectual life in the provinces instead of draining it all to the capital. This is the movement known as regionalism. But regionalism is viewed with disfavor verging on alarm both by the bulk of French public opinion and by the government. Clemenceau voiced this uneasiness very well when he said of regionalism:

"It might correct those evils of excessive centralization from which we have suffered and still suffer so cruelly. And yet, somehow, we feel that if we relaxed our unifying bonds, France might well be lost."

It is interesting to note that the French dislike to admit the importance of race in human affairs. Most Frenchmen still cling to the old doctrine of nationality, and even deny that racial differences amount to much. Leading French students of racial matters like De Lapouge and Le Bon have told me personally that their writings are not only unpopular but have often been condemned as downright unpatriotic in official circles. This reveals a state of mind in the French people which is of unquestionable importance to the world at large. France's insistence upon nationalism and minimizing of race, though due primarily to her internal political situation, affects strongly her attitude toward her vast colonial empire in Africa and accounts largely for policies like the creation of her Black Army for service in Europe, which we will later examine more in detail.

Natural Barriers Across France

Although the three races which make up France's population have been settled there for ages, they have not intermarried to the extent which might be imagined, but still remain largely segregated in different regions. The reason for this is found in the geography of the country. Geographically speaking, France divides into three parallel zones, running east and west. Northern France is mainly plain and valley country, open and fertile. Southern France is of somewhat similar character. Between these two well-favored regions thrusts an intermediate zone of relatively barren mountains, highlands and plateaus, stretching clear across Central France from the Alps to Brittany. However, this barrier is not absolute; it is broken by two corridors of fertile lowland, which form natural highways between north and south. The broader of these corridors runs down through France from the open valleys and wide plains around Paris until it reaches the plain country about Bordeaux. The second corridor cuts down through Eastern France, narrowing to the valley of the River Rhone and then broadening out into the coastal plains that fringe the Mediterranean Sea.

These corridors through the upland belt together form one of the keys to French history. If they had not existed, if the upland zone had been unbroken, there would have been no France, but rather two, or even three, separate nations. Along those two natural highways invading hosts have passed easily northward or southward, as the case might be, conquering the whole of France and thus bringing north and south under the same sway. But on the other hand, the presence of that intermediate upland belt has broken the full sweep of these invasions, restricted the numbers of the invaders, and thus prevented a general mixture of conquerors and conquered. Race lines have in fact always tended to follow geographical lines.

Both racially and geographically, present-day France can be described much as Cæsar described ancient Gaul—divided into three parts.

It is really extraordinary when we observe how closely the racial make-up of Gaul—the ancient name for France—corresponds to the racial make-up of France today. Nordics, Alpines and Mediterraneans were then grouped geographically much as they are now. When Cæsar conquered Gaul, and thus brought it out of the twilight of barbarism into the light of world history, he found the south inhabited mainly by the slender, dark-complexioned race known as Mediterranean, the north mainly inhabited by the tall, blond race known as Nordic, while the intermediate uplands were occupied by the stocky, round-headed Alpine race, living in subjection to a Nordic aristocracy which had conquered the uplands a short time before and were beginning to push down through the fertile corridors between the uplands to the conquest of the Mediterranean south.

Cæsar's conquest of Gaul illustrates another striking feature of French history—the sudden shifts of fortune suffered by its various racial elements. Cæsar's conquest is in fact merely one of a long series of changes in the balance of power from the hands of one racial element to those of another which is still going on. Today, for example, the Alpine element in the French population is gaining so rapidly at the expense of both Nordics and Mediterraneans that the process must, unless speedily checked, produce profound changes in every phase of French national life.

The Survival of the Conquered

This rapid rise of the Alpine element in present-day France is all the more interesting because it is the first time since the dawn of history that such a thing has happened. For ages the French Alpines have been continuously dominated by either the Nordic or Mediterranean elements. This Alpine stock, relatively passive and unintelligent, but extremely tenacious, has hitherto formed the solid yet humble base of the French social system. Hard-working, thrifty, clinging to the soil, caring little for politics and contributing little to either art or ideas—the French Alpine has been the typical peasant, the man with the hoe, accepting stolidly the rule of more active and intelligent stocks, yet surviving doggedly the worst misfortunes and increasing rapidly in numbers whenever conditions have not been too unfavorable. More than once the Alpine element has been crowded back upon the poor and infertile uplands which from time immemorial have been its strongholds. But there it has stood its ground, multiplied and spread out again when circumstances changed in its favor. Now for the past century a number of causes have favored the Alpines as never before, the result being that today this element is more numerous than the Nordic and Mediterranean put together, and bids fair to turn France within a few generations into a land overwhelmingly Alpine in race.

The full significance of this racial change will be better appreciated if we glance backward at the racial changes of the past. When Cæsar and his legions invaded Gaul the Nordics were the dominant element. The Roman conquest, however, radically altered the situation. The Nordic Gauls put up a furious resistance, were slaughtered or enslaved wholesale, and were permanently broken. On the other hand, their Alpine subjects did little fighting, submitted to Roman rule, and continued to be the peasantry under the new order as they had been under the old. The real gainers were the Mediterranean elements. Welcoming the Romans, who were blood

(Continued on Page 137)

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(Continued from Page 154)

kin, they took naturally to Roman civilization. During the five centuries of Roman rule Gaul became increasingly Mediterraneanized. The many cities and towns which sprang up were inhabited mainly by Mediterraneans, drawn not only from Gaul but from other parts of the Roman world.

Then came another dramatic shift of fortune. Roman civilization decayed and finally collapsed beneath a flood of Nordic barbarians pouring down from Germany. The cities and towns were ravaged, and with them perished most of their Mediterranean inhabitants. The Mediterranean element in France was again confined to the south. The north was once more stocked with a Nordic population which spread as a conquering aristocracy over the central uplands and even into the southern plains. As for the Alpine peasantry, they bowed their heads to the storm and again became the serfs of Nordic masters, just as they had been before Cæsar's day.

For 1000 years France was a predominantly Nordic land. The ruling classes were everywhere mainly Nordic in blood and set the tone to French life. It is striking to note how different the French spirit was in the Middle Ages from what it is now. There was then an individualistic energy, a fierce self-assertiveness and a richness of local life which are rare in the centralized, regulated France of today. That was the Nordic spirit, stimulated by a dash of Mediterranean blood. In all this the Alpine peasant had practically no share.

Nordic ascendancy in France continued down to the French Revolution, a little more than a century ago. And yet long before the revolution France had been getting steadily less Nordic and more Alpine, this racial shift being revealed by subtle changes in both spirit and institutions. The main reason for Nordic decline was the endless series of foreign, civil and religious wars which raged for centuries. In France, as elsewhere, war proved to be the Nordic's worst enemy. A born soldier, the Nordic always does most of the fighting and suffers most of the losses. Another reason for Nordic decline was the establishment of despotic monarchy. It is a significant fact that in their struggle for power the French kings found their staunchest allies among the largely Alpine middle classes, while their bitterest enemies were the free-spirited, individualistic Nordic aristocracy. To be sure, when the king had broken their resistance he did not destroy the aristocrats, but turned them into idle courtiers loaded with honors and privileges. Yet this was merely a subtle way of ruining them, because they thereby became social parasites hated by the people.

The Decline of the Nordics

Then the monarchy itself decayed, and after that came the revolution. Although political in form, the French Revolution had a racial aspect far more important than is usually realized. It was largely a revolt of the Alpine and Mediterranean elements against the Nordic ruling class. The revolutionary leaders openly boasted that they were avenging themselves on the descendants of the Nordic Franks who had dominated them since the fall of Rome. As a revolutionary orator shouted in a memorable speech against the aristocrats, "Let us send them back to their German marshes whence they came!" Eyewitnesses of the Reign of Terror have left us vivid pictures of how the dark-haired mob surging around the guillotine yelled with special delight whenever the executioner would hold up the head of some French lady, swinging the head by its long blond tresses for the amusement of the crowd.

The revolution marks, indeed, a turning point in the racial history of France. It started that rapid decline of the Nordic element which is still in full swing. Not only was the Nordic aristocracy hopelessly broken but the Nordic strain in the general population was weeded out faster than ever. The revolution caused a series of terrible wars, which were continued under Napoleon. For twenty-three years France was fighting most of Europe. Millions of Frenchmen perished on the battlefield, and as usual the Nordics were the worst sufferers. It has been shown that at the end of this war period the average stature of French army recruits had been lowered nearly four inches. This is striking proof of how the tall Nordics had been weeded out of the population in favor of the shorter Alpine and Mediterranean elements.

Although a clear majority of the French population is today Alpine in race 55 per cent Alpines as against 30 per cent Nordics and 15 per cent Mediterraneans—the minority elements still play a greater part in the national life than their mere numbers would indicate. This is particularly true in certain fields. Nordics contribute most to science and invention, while in literature and art honors are shared between Nordics and Mediterraneans. On the other hand, politics and government are falling more and more into Alpine hands, as is natural for a majority under democratic political institutions. In fact the general tone of French national life, is becoming increasingly Alpine in character. This unquestionably makes for solidity. Yet many French writers deplore the lack of individual initiative and the reliance upon the state which the average Frenchman displays.

Both the virtues and the shortcomings of the Alpine temperament come out most clearly in the French peasantry, which is mainly Alpine in blood. Hard-working, thrifty, solid, but limited in imaginative vision and creative intelligence, the French peasant remains what he has always been. The difference lies not in himself but in the fact that modern political and economic conditions have made him a greater power in the nation than was formerly the case. The French peasantry was never so prosperous as it is today. Furthermore, it is the most numerous occupational group in the nation. We must remember that France never industrialized herself like England and Germany, where the bulk of the population now lives in cities and towns. In France a majority of the population still lives in the country. According to the last census, of France's 39,000,000 inhabitants only 18,000,000 live under urban conditions, while 21,000,000 live on the land.

French Finances

This means that France grows enough foodstuffs to feed her own population, and that, unlike England and Germany, she is not dependent for her very life upon selling the products of her industry in foreign markets. Indeed, France's whole economic system is very different from that of her more industrialized neighbors. British and German industry is based upon the principle of mass production for foreign markets. French industry, so far as staple manufactures are concerned, is based upon limited production behind a high tariff wall primarily for the home market. And French production is further limited by the home demand for high quality coupled with long wear. This is where the French viewpoint differs radically from ours. The Frenchman hates to scrap anything. Whether it be a single machine or a whole factory, his idea is to buy a well-made article and then use it until it is absolutely worn out. Even if it gets behind the times, he cannot bear to throw it away. Under such circumstances French manufactured staples have not been able to compete in the world market with British, German or American staples, and France's typical exports have remained high-grade specialties such as ladies' fashions, silks, perfumes, wines and other articles in which France has more or less of a monopoly advantage.

French business and finance have much the same character as French industry. The French merchant and the French investor do not like to take risks. They prefer safety to chances of big profits—and big losses. Frenchmen like to salt down their thrifty savings in gilt-edged securities like government bonds. The recent decline of the French franc, threatening as it does the value of all investments, has been a great shock to the French people; and if anything like a collapse of the franc should take place, the political and social consequences might be nothing short of catastrophic.

This profound uneasiness among the great French investing public—and it must be remembered that in proportion to her population France has a greater number of small investors than any other country—is only part of the general shaking up which the war has caused. The casual observer may not see much of this, but the truth is that below the well-ordered surface of French national life important developments are taking place.

France today stands at a momentous parting of the ways. Before the late war her national life was, so to speak, geared low. Refraining from thoroughly industrializing herself like England and Germany, maintaining a balance between town

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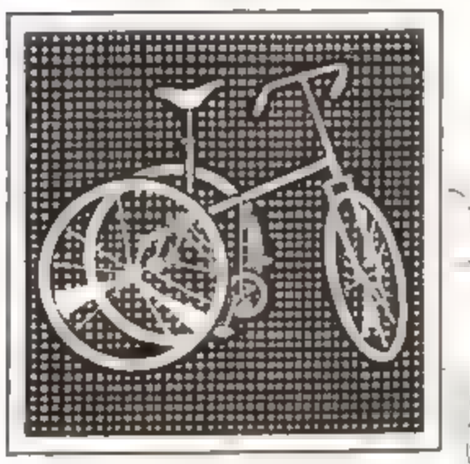
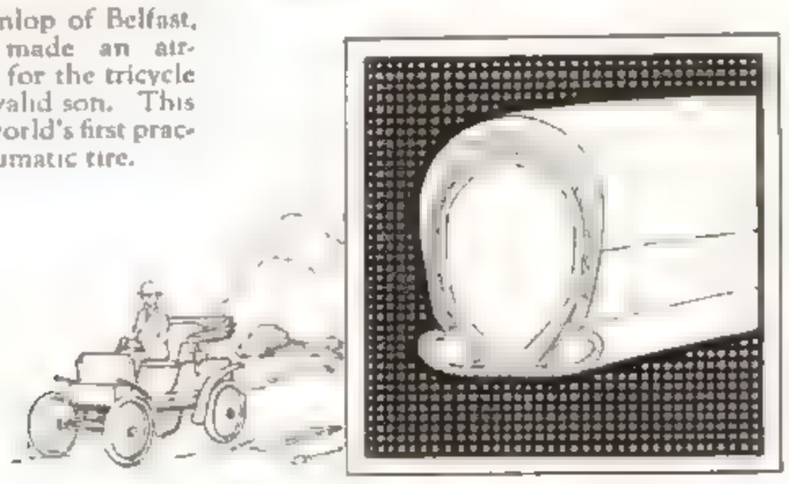


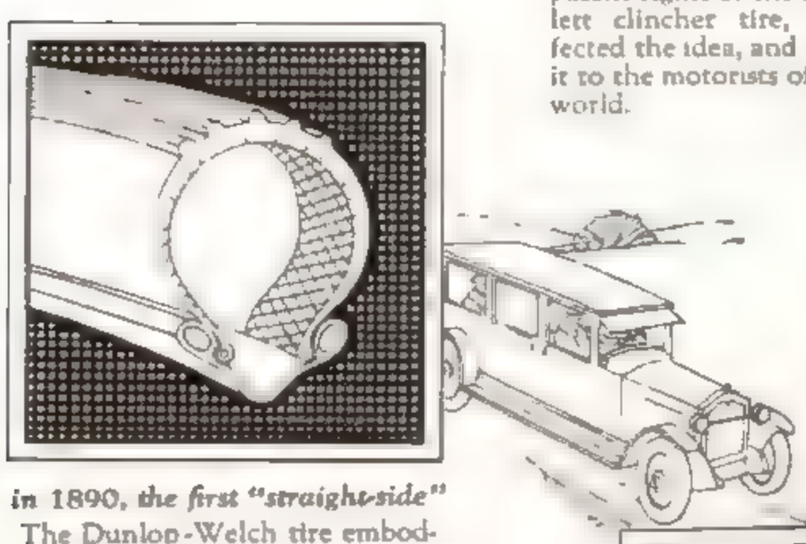
in 1888, the first pneumatic

John Dunlop of Belfast, Ireland, made an air-filled tire for the tricycle of his invalid son. This was the world's first practical pneumatic tire.



in 1890, the first "clincher"

Dunlop acquired the patent rights of the Bartlett clincher tire, perfected the idea, and gave it to the motorists of the world.



in 1890, the first "straight-side"

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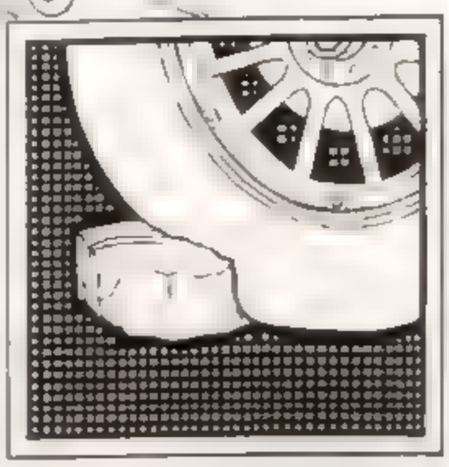


and in 1916—

the DUNLOP BALLOON

Early in the Great War, the Dunlop Balloon Tire was designed to cushion the delicate mechanism of aeroplanes. This tire is now available for the motor cars of the world.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

and country, and with a stationary population, France led a stable, well-balanced existence. This balance the war and the peace combined to shatter in two different ways. France is today both much weaker and much stronger than she was in 1914. She is much weaker in blood and wealth, she is much stronger in political and military power. Let us cast our eyes over this singular balance sheet and note the possible results.

The late war was a frightful bloodletting for France. At the beginning of 1914 the population of France was 39,700,000. From this population nearly 8,000,000 men were mobilized during the war years. Of these 1,400,000 were killed and 3,000,000 were wounded. Of the wounded, more than 800,000 were left permanent physical wrecks. Thus fully 2,000,000 men—mostly drawn from the flower of French manhood—were killed or hopelessly incapacitated. In addition to this the civilian population suffered heavy losses. The result is that the last census—1921—showed a net decrease of over 2,000,000 inhabitants. Of course, the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine brought in 1,700,000 people. Nevertheless, even including Alsace-Lorraine, the population of France is 500,000 below what it was when the war broke out.

And, of course, the mere numbers of the dead are no test of the seriousness of the losses, because, as already stated, the killed included so large a proportion of the very flower of France. The drain on French vitality and ability has been simply incalculable. Frenchmen continually stress this melancholy fact. A leading French university professor said to me sadly:

"Nine-tenths of the rising generation of intellectuals who should now be coming to the fore—that is, men in the early thirties—are dead. Old men like myself feel as though we were in an intellectual desert. We look about in vain for successors to whom we may hand on the torch of learning."

And one of France's best known political figures remarked to me grimly:

"You see, our surviving generations are seeking to bridge the gulf of death. I, an old man of seventy, am working like a man of forty; and I tell my grandson, aged fourteen, that he must jump into his profession five years ahead of normal."

French Birth Rate Decreasing

The most serious aspect of the situation is that, owing to France's low birth rate, her vital losses will take a very long time to be repaired. In fast-breeding countries the ravages of war can be effaced, so far as numbers are concerned, in a generation. In France, however, population has long been practically stationary, and there are no signs of any marked betterment in the situation. It took France more than a century to increase her population 40 per cent. In fact the total number of births per year has actually fallen. In the year 1801, 904,000 babies were born in France. In the year 1901, the number of births had fallen to 857,000, although the population was 40 per cent greater than it had been a century before and the number of births at the old rate should thus have been 1,266,000. The reason why France's population had increased notwithstanding the falling birth rate was due mainly to a corresponding fall in the death rate. It was also due to the growing number of foreigners who had entered the country. The foreign element in France is much larger than is usually imagined. In the year 1861 the foreign element numbered less than 400,000; in 1911 it had risen to 1,100,000; in 1921 it was nearly 1,600,000. Nearly one-third of these are Italians, with Belgians and Spaniards also contributing large quotas. Many Frenchmen are decidedly uneasy over this large foreign element, which they consider a possible danger to French national and cultural unity.

Such is France's population problem. And when we turn to her financial situation we find it likewise in serious shape. Even before the war the French Government was not paying its way. Every year saw considerable deficits in the budget, which were covered by floating bonds that were readily absorbed by the French investing public, which, as we have already seen, has a strong liking for safe securities. The French have always hated high taxation, particularly direct taxes—before the war France had no income tax—and the government naturally took the easier way of issuing bonds rather than rousing unpopularity by imposing new taxes. This was all very well for a while but it could not go on forever. At the beginning of 1914, the French national debt was 34,000,000,000 francs, the largest per capita debt in Europe, which swallowed almost three-fourths of the annual revenue to pay interest charges.

Then came the war, and France's financial condition, which had been already dubious, became infinitely worse. In contrast to Britain, which promptly imposed tremendous taxes and partly paid for the war as she went along, France financed herself almost entirely by new loans coupled with a partial inflation of her currency. The proportion of war expenses paid out of current revenue was infinitesimal—less than one-tenth of 1 per cent. The result was that at the end of the war France's national debt had grown to 147,000,000,000 francs. Still France made no real effort to balance her budget by drastic taxation on the English scale, and her debt grew even faster than during the war. Today France's national debt stands at about 330,000,000,000 francs—practically ten times her debt in 1914, while her currency has been inflated to nearly seven times the amount in circulation in 1914.

France at the Cross Roads

No wonder that the franc has fallen! To be sure, this fall of the franc has so alarmed the French people that it is getting ready to stand really drastic taxation. Nevertheless, even the new taxation program which has been proposed will cover only a little more than half of France's annual expenses; so the national debt will continue to mount and the financial situation will get still worse.

Such is the debit side of France's national balance sheet. With a decimated stationary population, and with a debt so crushing as to threaten possible national bankruptcy, it is clear that the war has drained France of blood and treasure so terribly that in both respects she is much weaker than she was ten years ago.

However, there is a credit side to the ledger. Whatever her losses, the fact remains that France won the war and that the peace treaties gave her such political and military power that she stands today the strongest nation on the European Continent. Her army is the finest war machine in existence, while the system of alliances that she has built up, stretching from Belgium to Poland, dominates the Continent, at least for the time being. Lastly, it must not be forgotten that France possesses a great colonial empire, second only to Britain's, including as it does vast areas in Africa, rich portions of Asia and desirable bits in other parts of the world.

Present-day France is thus a strange combination of great weakness and great strength. And this, as already remarked, means for France a momentous parting of the ways. Two roads lie open to her. On the one hand lies the path of conservative foreign policy and domestic reconstruction along traditional lines. On the other hand lies the path of expansive policy, both foreign and domestic, which if successful would make France politically and industrially a great world power, as Germany was before the war and as Britain is today. If France follows the conservative path she will endeavor to become once more the rather self-centered but stable and moderately prosperous nation that she was before the war. If France decides to tread the ambitious path, this will mean not only a great change in her political relations with other nations but also a profound transformation of her own internal economic and social life. We have seen that hitherto France's economic system has been characterized by a balance between manufacturing and agriculture, between town and country; that she has refrained from extreme industrialization and consequent vital dependence upon exports to foreign markets. If France abandons this system for that of mass production of industrial staples for the world market, she will have to do precisely what England did a century ago and what Germany did half a century ago. The outstanding features of such a policy would be retention at all risks of her present political and military dominance on the Continent of Europe, and competition, sharp and general, in the world market with great industrial nations like Britain and America, not to mention rising industrial nations like Italy and Japan—and Germany, if she recovers her former industrial strength.

(Continued on Page 161)

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

Preserve the natural strength and beauty of the feet

The Brown Shaping Lasts provide for the gradual growth and correct development of growing feet.

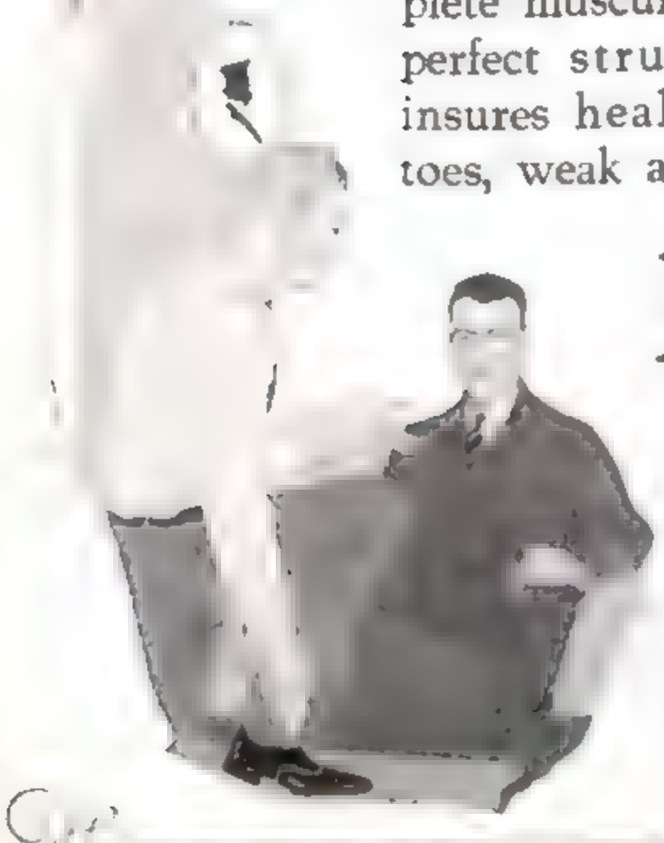
Because of these lasts, Buster Brown Shoes strengthen and develop the child's feet on nature's own lines—with complete muscular freedom, plus perfect structural support. This insures health—prevents tortured toes, weak ankles, broken arches.

Buster Brown Shoes are scientifically designed and honestly built. Back of them are forty-five years of integrity and experience.

Look for Buster's Picture

in each pair of shoes

Made in a variety of models, including the latest fashion novelties, you can prove these shoes excel in style, in quality, in economy, by having your children wear them. Good stores everywhere sell them at $3, $4, $5 and upwards.

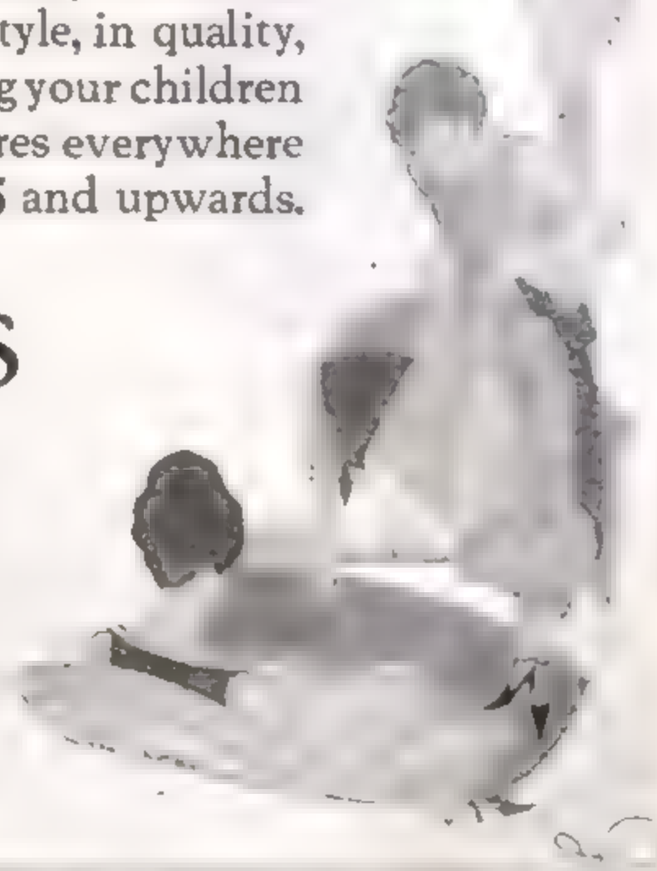


Brown bilt Shoes

For Women—and for Men

Combine authoritative styles, excellent shoe-making and dependable leathers, with genuine comfort and unusual values. Ask your dealer to show you the latest models. They are built to meet a known standard — to maintain an established reputation. Good stores sell them at $6 to $10.

Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U.S.A.



BULOVA WATCHES

You Can be Proud of Your Bulova Watch

SOME people take for granted that a small wrist watch will not keep time. If it's a BULOVA—it will.

Whether a man's pocket watch or a tiny wrist watch—each and every part is *truly standardized and interchangeable,* and can be easily replaced by any jeweler.

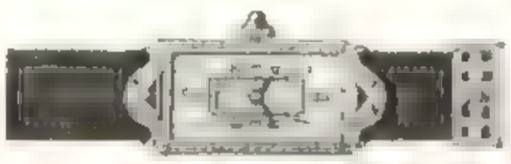
BULOVA Watches are scientifically "built to run" and are guaranteed to keep time faithfully and dependably.

BULOVA Watches are obtainable only at the best retail jewelers. Ask your jeweler to show you these distinctive and beautiful watches.

BULOVA WATCH COMPANY
Manufacturing since 1875
FIFTH AVENUE AT 36TH STREET, NEW YORK

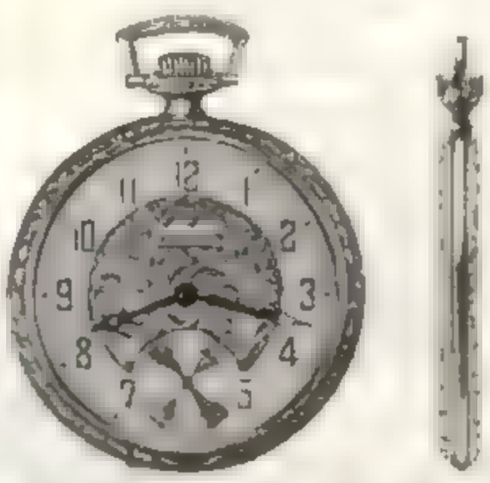
6513—15 jewel movement, BULOVA Quality white filled engraved case . $27.50

6720—18 Kt. white gold case, hand carved, 17 jewel movement $50.00
15 jewel BULOVA Quality filled $35.00

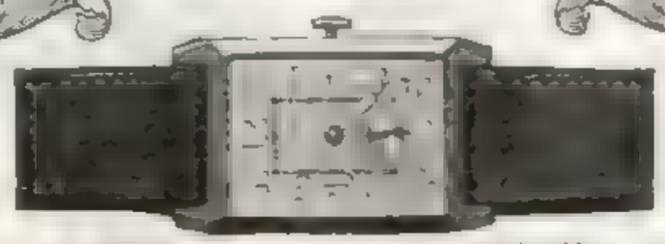


5714-S—18 Kt. white gold case, hand carved, with triangular cut sapphires; 17 jewel movement $75.00

6897—18 Kt. white gold case, platinum top; set with two fine diamonds and four sapphires, 17 jewel movement $75.00



470—BULOVA Quality white or green filled, hand carved case; fine 17 jewel movement $35.00
With fancy engraved dial . . $40.00



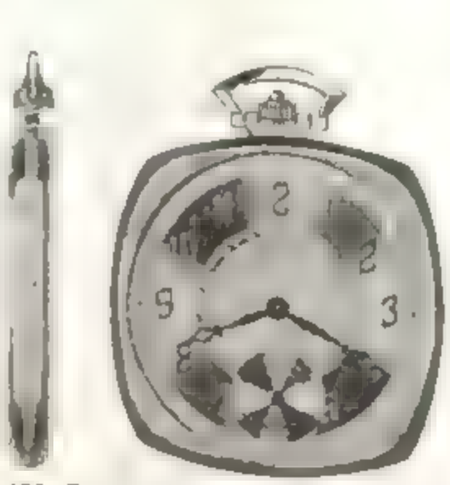
39744—A real man's watch! 14 Kt. solid gold case; fine 17 jewel movement . . $75.00
With Sterling Silver Case $35.00

6511—15 jewel movement, BULOVA Quality white filled engraved case $27.50

6724—18 Kt. white gold case, hand carved 17 jewel movement . $50.00
15 jewel BULOVA Quality filled $35.00

5716-S—18 Kt. white gold case, hand carved with triangular cut sapphires, 17 jewel movement $75.00

6898—18 Kt. white gold case, platinum top; set with four fine diamonds and eight sapphires; 17 jewel movement $85.00



473—BULOVA Quality white gold filled, hand carved case; fine 17 jewel movement $45.00
With fancy engraved dial . . $50.00

As Beautiful As They Are Serviceable

(Continued from Page 158)

All this plays a great part in producing the mood of uncertainty and uneasiness which is so evident in French public opinion today. Consciously or instinctively most Frenchmen feel that they are passing through a highly critical transition period and that decisions now taken may involve momentous consequences for good or for ill. Foreign observers make a mistake in fixing their attention upon particular issues like reparations and security. Important though these matters undoubtedly are, they form merely part of a larger whole.

It is interesting to talk with Frenchmen these days and to observe the sharp contrasts of opinion and of mood. Paradoxical though it may seem, such contrasting ideas and sentiments are often held by the same individual. I have heard a Frenchman start conversation with expressions of high confidence in France's position and prospects, and a few minutes later fall into deep pessimism. This, of course, arises from the unusual combination of strength and weakness which we have already seen to be the basic feature of France's situation.

Another point insufficiently appreciated outside France is the extent to which its colonial empire figures in French calculations. France possesses the second largest colonial empire in the world, Britain alone surpassing her in this respect. Indeed, in some ways France's colonial possessions constitute more of an empire than do Britain's. The vast assemblage of lands and peoples under the British flag are rapidly evolving into a loose-knit association of semi-independent nations. The territories and populations under the French flag, on the other hand, form a colonial empire in the old-fashioned sense, closely subordinated to the home government and surrounded by a high tariff wall which makes them frankly a preserve for French trade and commerce. Another point of difference between the French and British colonial empires is that none of the French colonies contain large populations of French blood. Algeria alone possesses a considerable French element—about 500,000—yet even this is only one-tenth of the total population. Most of France's colonial possessions are tropical or semitropical lands inhabited by nonwhite races. These possessions are, however, very extensive. In Southeastern Asia—Indo-China—France has a rich and populous group of colonies, while in Africa she owns a vast domain. Practically the whole northwestern quarter of the African continent is under the French flag—a region nearly twice as large as the United States and with fully 35,000,000 inhabitants. The total population of France's colonial empire is a trifle more than 62,000,000.

France's African Empire

For a long time France regarded her colonial possessions chiefly in an economic sense, the idea being that they would form a close economic unit which might ultimately be self-sufficing, the colonies absorbing France's exports and capital while furnishing France in return with the bulk of her imported raw materials and tropical products. But about a generation ago France woke up to the potential value of her colonies in the political and military sense—as reservoirs of soldiers which would increase French power both at the diplomatic council table and upon the battlefield. For the past twenty years France has been raising larger and larger contingents of colonial troops, especially in Africa, where both the brown-skinned Arab and Berber populations of the northern regions and the negro tribes to the south contain much excellent fighting material. The process was accelerated by the late war, when France raised hundreds of thousands of soldiers in Africa and Indo-China, shipping them to Europe, where they did good service. And this was not a mere war measure; it has been established as a fixed principle of French policy. In the present French military system nearly 200,000 African and Asiatic troops are included, part of whom are quartered in France, while in time of war their numbers could be expanded to something like 1,000,000. A large section of French public opinion frankly admits that they intend to exploit their colonial man power to the uttermost and to make it the corner stone of French military strength. Not long ago General Mangin, one of the pioneers in the creation of France's African army, asserted that "Our colonial empire may be welded into one whole with France herself, and our power of expansion in the whole world thus increased." And about the same time Premier Poincaré stated that France was no longer a nation of 40,000,000, but a nation of 100,000,000.

From a strictly military viewpoint these calculations are justified. But from the political viewpoint there are serious disadvantages. France's avowed intention of exploiting her colored colonial man power for use in Europe is rousing fear and antagonism in Europe and is cooling friendly feeling for France in other parts of the world.

In England and Italy hostility to France's colonial military policy is widespread. Prominent Englishmen and Italians have assured me that neither country would long tolerate a policy which they considered a menace to the very heart of European civilization. The recent understanding between Italy and Spain was undoubtedly furthered by common dislike of France's African policies. As for Britain, this is one more count in the serious differences which exist between her and France. Typical of British feeling is this comment on General Mangin's speech by a leading English newspaper, the Manchester Guardian:

> It does not need much imagination to understand the horrors that would be brought upon Europe if European nations came to rely on the weapon that General Mangin brandishes before the world. A Europe with black garrisons would symbolize a civilization even more desperately retrograde and despairing than a Europe armed to the teeth. White conscription would mean a Europe without hope, but black conscription would mean a Europe without self-respect.

Here again we come back to the truth which we have already observed—the striking contrast of strength and weakness that characterizes France's present situation. I have never heard it expressed better than it was by a clever French diplomat, who said to me, "You want to know what I think of my country's position today? I'll tell you. It's just about what it was at the height of Napoleon's power—outwardly brilliant, inwardly dangerous."

Problems of the Future

One of the most serious miscalculations which many Frenchmen make is in regarding their country as precisely what it was in the past. That, of course, is an error of which other nations are guilty, notably the Germans; but it is a mistake which, wherever made, is apt to be very costly. The fact is that neither outwardly nor inwardly is France what she was in the days of her greatest power under Louis XIV and Napoleon. In those days France was in every respect the strongest nation in Europe. Take the factor of population alone. Under Louis XIV, France had three times the population of Britain, twice the population of Germany, and almost twice the population of Russia. Today Britain and Germany have much larger populations than France, while Russia outnumbers her nearly five to one. Of course, Frenchmen see this and are mobilizing Africa to redress the balance, yet in so doing they may be also adding such counterweights of fear and hatred that in the end the scales will run still more heavily against them than they do now.

And even more important, though less evident, is the question of the internal make-up of the French people today as compared with past times. We have already noted the striking racial changes which have been going on in France, and which have resulted in the rapid rise of the Alpine at the expense of the Nordic and Mediterranean elements. For the first time in French history power is definitely passing into Alpine hands, backed by a clear majority of the population. This rise of the Alpine element has already produced distinct changes in the national life.

How will the Nordic and Mediterranean minorities accommodate themselves to these increasing changes? Already many of the internal strains in French national life are unquestionably due to this subtle yet powerful factor of racial readjustment. Can an Alpinized France be a world power? However solid their qualities, the Alpines have never shone as empire builders. Again, will the highly centralized French national fabric remain unaltered? Such are some of the questions which the France of tomorrow will have to face.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr Stoddard. The next will appear in an early issue.

The Railroads and the Pioneer

—an acknowledgment by SEATTLE

EZRA MEEKER, pioneer trail blazer of Covered Wagon fame, drove his ox team from the Missouri River to Puget Sound. It took him 160 days

Today Meeker, at 93, a vigorous citizen of Seattle, travels from Chicago to his home in comfort and luxury by transcontinental train. It takes seventy hours.

Meeker and his ox team traversed a wilderness. Today the railroad passenger passes through a productive, prosperous country from the Great Lakes to this Charmed Land of the Pacific Northwest.

Forty years ago Seattle, without a railroad, was an isolated town of 3,530 souls. Today Seattle, terminal of four great transcontinental lines, with more than 350,000 people, is the twentieth city in the nation.

Forty years ago an occasional ship plowed her way up the Straits of Juan de Fuca. Today the era of the Mediterranean is past, the era of the Atlantic is passing, it is the era of the Pacific in world trade. And the Washington Customs District ranks third in America, and first on the Pacific Coast, in value of foreign imports. Puget Sound is America's major gateway to and from the Orient, Alaska and Siberia.

What wrought the change?

The initiative, the vision, the courage of the pioneers. The pioneers of the covered wagon, the pioneers of the railroads. They were the Empire Builders. Seattle of today gratefully acknowledges the debt

The task of the first is finished, that of the railroads has only begun. Most of their work lies before them.

The Pacific Northwest, in the last three decades, grew five times as fast as the United States as a whole. Its transportation facilities are but meager, compared with the network of rails that covers the older states of the Union. The profits of its transportation lines are pitifully small. Last year their return on capital investment averaged less than 4 per cent.

Sections of the Pacific Northwest would be a virtual wilderness today if restrictive federal and state legislation had been in effect a generation ago when rails were pushed from the Middle West to Puget Sound. They now produce more than a billion dollars of wealth annually. But their development has only begun, their treasure has just been tapped. The Pacific Northwest needs more trackage, extensions, terminals, rolling stock. It will take hundreds of millions of dollars to finance these essential requirements. Transportation initiative must be unhampered, the railroads must be encouraged, the way must be kept open, to provide adequate, essential transportation for the growth of this splendid American Empire. Seattle, nearest American port to the 500,000,000 people of the Orient, wants the railroads to play their full part in the growth of this immense trans-Pacific trade.

The sentiment of "The Public Be Damned" has gone into the limbo of forgotten history. Let "The Railroads Be Damned" go with it. Let both be superseded by a national consciousness that the railroads, owned by 2,000,000 large and small investors in all parts of the nation, are vital American institutions deserving fair and reasonable treatment.

The Seattle Chamber of Commerce is unqualifiedly opposed to changes at this time in the Transportation Act of 1920. Congress should now let the railroads alone.

Come out this summer and see the Empire that the courage and vision of the covered wagon pioneer, the initiative and enterprise of the railroads have built. See, too, what they have yet to do.

SEATTLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

An unfortunate impression

An impression is current among motorists that the lubricating value of oil is the result of some mysterious process of manufacture. Actually, the lubricating value of oil depends directly on the crude oil from which it is refined.

Proper lubrication is the most important care that an automobile (or any other machine) can receive. The price of the best oil is negligible, as compared with the damage which can come through poor oil.

Oil experts pay more

for Pennsylvania Crude solely because of its lubricating qualities

CONSTANTLY, over a period of many years, crude oil pumped from the earth of the Appalachian foothills has commanded a price averaging twice as much as that paid for any other crude.

Oil from the Appalachian field is known as Pennsylvania grade. This oil, geologists explain, is of vegetable origin, which is responsible for the radical difference in its quality. Nature made this crude oil of different materials, so naturally it is a different oil.

It must be remembered that lubricating oil is not made, but *refined from crude oil.* Refining simply takes out impurities. The quality which lubricates must be in the original crude, as it comes from the ground. Oil experts recognize the outstanding efficiency of lubricants refined from Pennsylvania crude oil by the price which they consistently pay for it.

There is an important lesson for the automobile owner, or the user of industrial oils, in this expert judgment. Motorists are paying millions in repair bills, automobiles are wearing out before their proper time, for lack of proper lubrication. The man who values his machine will not quibble over a few cents' difference in the price of a gallon of oil. When he considers the investment in his automobile or industrial machinery, and the cost of upkeep, he will wisely choose oil refined from Pennsylvania Crude.

You can now be sure of getting lubricants refined from straight Pennsylvania. Look for the emblem shown below, at filling stations and on all containers represented to hold pure Pennsylvania oil. The producers, refiners, and marketers of this superior *grade* (not brand) of oil, have created this emblem for your protection—and their own.

The Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association, Oil City, Pennsylvania, has published an authoritative booklet on lubrication. It is worth writing for.

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

THE HIGHEST GRADE OIL IN THE WORLD

2 PLUS 2 EQUALS 4

(Continued from Page 15)

"I could see that," Rosalie informed him brightly. "I'm crazy to ask you something. May I?"

"You may ask any question, Miss Kaine." He stressed the word "ask."

"How many girls in New York have you found who are like—like what you said in that advertisement? I mean, how many others are there"

The man smiled tolerantly.

"If you are asking me how many have applied, Miss Kaine, the answer is six. You are the sixth. If you are asking me how many have met my specifications, the answer is one. You"—his smile broadened—"you are the one. How soon, Miss Kaine, can you give up your present work and come into my employ?"

Rosalie caught her breath. Her cheeks reddened.

"Why—I—I'm immensely grateful and—and flattered, Doctor Cantwill. I ——"

"There is no cause for feeling flattered, Miss Kaine. You, as you sit in that chair, are simply the result of a chain of circumstances. Thank circumstance, if you like, but do not thank me. I asked you a question."

"I'll have to find out," the girl said steadily. "I can call you up, probably this afternoon. A couple of weeks, I should think."

"That would be satisfactory," the man replied. "Incidentally, Miss Kaine, I observe that you have not asked me my reasons for wishing to employ a young woman of—let us say—such unusual qualifications as I outlined in my advertisement."

"I have been waiting for you to tell me," said Rosalie quietly.

Milutus T. Cantwill smiled once more—a far-off, cryptic smile. He rubbed his heavy chin with a hand which, Rosalie noted, tapered like a woman's to long, sensitive fingers. It was a big hand, solidly masculine; the fingers seemed scarcely to belong to it.

He said, "You notice a photograph upon my desk, do you not?"

Rosalie had been glancing at it for some time. She could hardly help noticing it, for with the exception of a bronze inkwell it was the only object upon the flat oblong of polished brown wood. The photograph, which was framed in ebony, was of a bright-faced young man, dark haired, clean featured, pleasant looking and pleasant to look upon. He was dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant of artillery.

"Your son?" the girl asked politely.

"No, I have no son. I have never married, Miss Kaine. Oh, yes, I read your thought! No, Hermine is my sister. We have lived and worked together for many years. This picture, however—fine-looking boy, don't you think? I know you don't know him. Your eyes have shown me that. The picture was taken during the war. He's not in the Army now. Poor boy! We've a lot to do for him."

Rosalie was conscious of a tiny stirring within her. This was going to be interesting after all.

She held her voice level and asked, "Will he—this boy—will he be one of our—one of your patients?"

The black eyes seemed to bore through her.

"The first, Miss Kaine. I trust you will find no unpleasantness in the thought of carrying on your work near him, for we shall probably be thrown in close contact with him for a considerable period of time."

"Oh, no," said Rosalie; "not if he's as nice as he looks. Who is he, Doctor Cantwill, and what—what is the matter with him?"

The man smiled.

"For the time being," he stated, "his name does not matter. As to what is wrong with him, I may say that his condition is a peculiar one—paranoia arising from shell shock. Do you know what paranoia is, Miss Kaine?"

"Why—why, yes, I think so. It's ——"

"It is a form of mental derangement, Miss Kaine, in which the patient is entirely normal and sane except upon one subject. It is sometimes called monomania. In this particular case the symptoms are such that a young woman of your precise type seems indicated as one of the important elements requisite for his cure. I shall go into details later. Suffice it to say that a cure can be effected only by a shock—a shock of some severity."

"And am I to be the shock?" laughed Rosalie, not quite steadily. "I think I'd like to know, Doctor Cantwill, just what my duties will be."

"That you will learn," he said deliberately. "I think I can promise you that they will be pleasant."

He stood up, smiled, and bowed her out of the room. Rosalie hailed a taxi, told the driver to hurry, settled herself comfortably, with a new feeling of luxury as the vehicle whirled into Fifth Avenue and south beside the park. Then, contentedly, she smiled: for the eyes that danced in front of her were not the eyes of Milutus T. Cantwill, but the eyes of a dark-haired, clean-featured young man who had been a lieutenant of field artillery. Her first patient! A case that might take—had the doctor said months? And a girl of her exact type was needed for his cure. What—oh, what were her duties going to be?

Back in his own office—that long, sunlit room piled high with formal volumes—the black-eyed giant with the red mane was also contentedly smiling. He lounged back in his chair, his sentient fingers toying with the photograph that had stood upon his desk. As he looked at it he almost grinned.

"A snowball in hell," he muttered with obvious satisfaction, "has a whole lot more chance than you have now, my gay young bucko!"

He reached forward and pressed a button at the side of his desk.

"Erasmus," he instructed the black-liveried negro, "please ask Miss Cantwill to come to me."

He sat back again and waited, twisting the photograph in his hands as a cat might twirl and tousle a doomed mouse. Presently he looked up.

"Sit down, Hermine. Rather perfect, don't you think?"

The lean-featured woman seated herself in the chair lately occupied by Rosalie.

"Milutus," she said, "are you sure we want to go ahead with this? There is still time to get out. We are—the least we can say is that we are playing with fire. That is never the safest of pastimes."

The man stared at her incredulously.

"What on earth has come over you?" he demanded bluntly.

She pressed her hands together.

"I don't know, Milutus. Seeing this girl, I suppose; having the thing made actual—concrete. Up to now we have been talking about a possible somebody. But now—I don't know—it shakes me a little. She is so obviously highly bred and highly strung, such a lovely little thing—gentle and sweet. And she trusts us, Milutus."

"I have gone to some expense," her brother broke in with sarcasm, "to find a young woman with exactly those qualities. Were she otherwise, how could we use her? I ask you that."

"We couldn't," she admitted uncertainly.

"Very true. And now, since this much is accomplished, let us prepare the rest. I'll call Hammis now and tell him we have her."

He reached for his telephone instrument, which he had placed upon the floor by his side. Not for nothing had the framed photograph of a dark-haired young man been the only article of prominence upon Milutus T. Cantwill's broad desk. He called a down-town number.

"His private wire," he explained over his shoulder.

"This you, Hammis?" he inquired at length. "Good! Cantwill speaking. I've got her. Just about perfect, I should say. Ready to operate in a week or two. Where do you think the young gentleman will be then? Camden, you think? Horse stuff down there, isn't it? Well, she can ride, she says. I'll have her fitted with a habit and boots—and the other necessities too. Keep me posted, Hammis. I'll report again."

The lean-faced woman made a note upon a paper in her lap. Then she looked up at her red-maned brother and smiled wistfully.

"Poor little kid!" she said. "You can count on me to go through with it, Milutus; but I wouldn't be a human being or a woman if I wasn't able to feel a little sorry for her."

The man laughed boisterously.

•

A buzzing, chattering crowd clustered about the bulletin board in the lobby of the fashionable Fleetmont Inn—the good-natured, well-bred, after-breakfast crowd that customarily loitered about for an hour

(Continued on Page 165)

Make Your Kitchen a better place to work in

– Your home a better place to live in

The American Blower Ventilating Fan puts an end to "super-heated" kitchens, to clouds of greasy smoke that stain hangings and furnishings, to cooking fumes that are so often wafted all through the house.

The fan whisks out the smoke, odors and impure air, or—reversed after cooking is done—it draws in fresh, invigorating outdoor atmosphere.

And the same fan can be used in any other room. Its adjustable frame fits any standard width window and locks securely into place, yet fan and frame lift out readily and can easily be carried anywhere in the house.

Where tobacco smoke hangs thick or where the atmosphere is "close," the Home Ventilating Fan clears the air and keeps it clear; where children are at play the fan supplies fresh air without dangerous drafts; when hot, still nights make sleep slow to come the fan brings in a cool breeze that gives instant relief.

The Home Ventilating Fan attaches to any convenient lamp socket, runs noiselessly and is completely dependable as well as extremely economical in operation. It is attractive in appearance—well worthy of a place in any home.

Send for the new illustrated folder on the American Blower Home Ventilating Fan (sold by progressive electrical jobbers and dealers everywhere)—get the complete facts on how electric ventilation makes any home a more attractive and healthful place in which to live. Address:

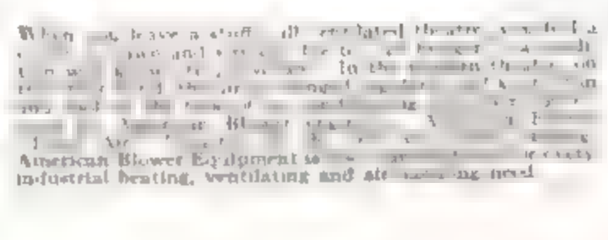
AMERICAN BLOWER COMPANY, DETROIT
BRANCH OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES
CANADIAN SIROCCO COMPANY, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONT.

American Blower

"Sirocco" VENTILATING, HEATING, AIR CONDITIONING, DRYING, MECHANICAL DRAFT

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL TYPES OF AIR HANDLING EQUIPMENT SINCE 1881

Why You Enjoy going to some theaters and avoid others!



Blaw-Knox Better Building, 60x250 ft. x 12 ft. used as textile plant. One of a group of four buildings.

Can You Afford to Shut Your Eyes?

Do substantial reductions in first cost of industrial buildings interest you?

Long service and low up-keep being assured, can you afford to shut your eyes to sizeable savings?

First, consider *material*, for that determines ability to endure. Steel is known for its strength.

Galvanized copper-bearing steel is so well protected that it is rust-proof. This is one reason why Blaw-Knox buildings are rightly termed *better* buildings.

Their ability to give long service is substantially proved by structures in use fifteen years and good for at least as many more.

Bear in mind, too, that the Blaw-Knox roof is watertight. The interlocking joint is perfect. Rust has no chance, because there is not a single perforation in the galvanized surface.

The patented ridge cap and lead flashing are so constructed that water *can't* get in.

Steel sash, known everywhere for its excellence, is used wherever desired.

Leakproof skylights give light through the roof at cost *lower* than in other types of buildings. This is an exclusive Blaw-Knox feature.

Columns and trusses are of steel, made in the Blaw-Knox shops, long famous for fine work fabricated in immense quantities.

Actually, in Blaw-Knox Better Buildings you have all the merits of more costly construction at a substantial saving in dollars, time and worry.

Your Blaw-Knox price is your final cost.

Definite completion date is assured, in days instead of weeks.

Speedy enlargement or revision is possible with standard units. *No waste involved.*

Can you *afford* to shut your eyes to these many economies, verified by hundreds of satisfied users?

Whether your needed building is a small shed or complete plant, let us send you detailed facts. Tell us what buildings you need —and for what purpose.

Convenience in Financing—Pay as You Earn

Even old companies, with ample reserve, welcome this service that releases maximum funds for more active use and enables vacant property to earn a profit with minimum drain on capital.

If you *need* buildings and are hesitating because of the initial outlay let us show you how the Blaw-Knox Building Finance Plan completely solves your problem.

In the purchase of no other structure do you have the advantage of convenient payment offered by the Blaw-Knox Building Finance Plan. You may build as you need with these Better Buildings and "pay for them as they earn for you."

Read These Books Before You Build

Two booklets give you the complete story. "The General Manager Solves the Building Problem" illustrates the practical economies and exclusive features of Blaw-Knox Better Buildings. "The Blaw-Knox Building Finance Plan" explains how you may "pay for them as they earn for you." Read these books before you build. Why not get them now? Yours for the asking—and WORTH it

BLAW-KNOX Better BUILDINGS

Verified by Leading Mfrs.

Over 50 leading manufacturers [illegible] verify the merits of Blaw-Knox Better Buildings. Note how often here as many as 15 [illegible] Many have been five and six [illegible] companies that continue to buy Blaw-Knox Better Buildings verify their practical utility, economy and serviceability.

Meet All Practical Uses

In nearly every industry Blaw-Knox Better Buildings are giving satisfactory service. Their many uses include factories, machine shops, commercial garages, warehouses, filling stations, power houses, [illegible] and express buildings, commissaries, bunk houses and gymnasiums.

BLAW-KNOX COMPANY
661 Farmers Bank Building
PITTSBURGH, PA.

DETROIT, Lincoln Building · BIRMINGHAM, 1511 American Trust Bldg. · NEW YORK, 30 E. 42d Street · CHICAGO, Peoples Gas Bldg. · BALTIMORE, Bayard and Warner Streets · BUFFALO, 622 Genesee Building

ORIGINAL DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF STANDARD STEEL BUILDINGS

(Continued from Page 162)

or so before taking up the day's serious business of golf or tennis or riding or dozing on the veranda. Perhaps a third of the persons forming this gathering were men—ruddy, wholesome-looking men in golf clothes or white flannels or riding togs. The rest were girls, and women who looked like girls, kaleidoscopic in skirts and sweaters and scarfs incredibly gay of hue, unthinkably flaring and discordant considered one against the other—orange next to pink, turquoise next to purple—yet gorgeous to look upon withal, a primitive color feast for civilization's weary eyes. The colors moved, shifted, vanished and appeared again as their wearers struggled closer to see what everyone else was trying to see.

"Bully for him! This is the second year he's done it," a masculine voice exclaimed.

"Oh"—the new voice a girl's—"I wish I was a man! You just have all the fun there is."

On the outskirts of the throng a tall, dark-haired, clean-featured young man in a tan riding coat, white moleskin breeches and polished tan boots was smiling pleasantly, if a trifle wearily, at the wriggling backs of the curious. He knew very well what the provocative notice upon the bulletin board said. He knew because he had written it. Someone was reading it aloud:

MR. COLQUITT PARRAN
CORDIALLY INVITES
ALL BACHELORS
WHO ARE GUESTS OF THIS HOTEL
TO JOIN HIM IN CELEBRATING HIS SEMIANNUAL
BACHELOR DINNER
IN THE GREEN ROOM
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK THIS EVENING

PLEASE NOTIFY THE DESK
THE AGE LIMIT, DOWNWARD, IS TWENTY-ONE

A tousel-headed flapper rushed up to the tall young man.

"Oh, Mr. Parran," she gurgled, "are you really going to be married? Tell me all about it. Who is she, and everything?"

He smiled down upon her with forbearance.

He said, "No, I'm not going to be married. That is why I'm celebrating. I do it religiously, twice a year."

"But it's a bachelor dinner!" the flapper insisted.

"That's the idea," he told her; "celebration of still being a bachelor. Instead of being like funerals, which most bachelor dinners are, mine really mean something."

The girl pouted.

"I don't think you're very polite," she said.

"Maybe not," the young man admitted; "but polite or not, I can still have a little fun out of life, which most of these tame-cat husbands around here can't."

"Woman hater!" the flapper taunted.

"Don't make me laugh, child. No one loves the ladies more than I do. I love 'em and I adore 'em. But"—he lifted a forefinger solemnly, then abruptly grinned—"the bird that invented marriage must have got up that morning with a terrible grouch. That's my idea anyway. Hence the Pyramids, or words to that effect. Get your riding clothes on, young woman of the world, and I'll show you a trail through the pine woods this morning that takes you to the cutest little lake you ever saw in your life. I discovered it day before yesterday. Twelve miles each way. Are you good for it?"

"I am if the horse is," said the flapper, and raced away.

It was half past two before young Parran and the flapper got back from their ride and walked side by side up the broad steps of the hotel. Both were red-cheeked from sunlight and exercise. Both were smiling that tired, happy smile which is a prerogative of youth and utter health. For his part, the boy had had a splendid ride and an attentive listener. For her part, the girl had had a day of surprises.

Her first surprise had been to find that she liked Colquitt Parran—liked him a lot. Why, he was not old at all as she had thought him, but young and full of fun. Her second surprise had been to learn that he neither wanted nor intended to make love to her. From the manner of his invitation she rather had expected at least an attempt at petting. But instead of that he had ridden like a demon, an erect, smiling demon who seemed to be part of his horse, and in their moments of walking or during their brief halts he had talked and talked—about horses, about the woods, about birds and insects and snakes and animals; about camping; and then at last, after much pumping, a little about the war. Why, he was a peach, Colquitt Parran was!

Finally, after more judicious maneuvering, she had started him into talking about marriage again. That was on the way home.

"I suppose I sound terribly conceited," he said ingenuously, "giving parties to celebrate not being married, and all that sort of thing."

"Yes," said the flapper, "you do. That's why I thought you were a prune."

"You'd feel that way too," he explained, his face serious, "if everybody was picking at you the way they hammer at me. I can understand it in mother. She's a woman and she spends all her time worrying about vampires and things, so you can't blame her for wanting to nail me down under the eye of some worthy and loving young female out of the Social Register. But the rest of the family, and especially my Uncle Jack—they make me sick. You've probably heard of Uncle Jack. He owns Wall Street or something like that. Made me go to work there after I came out of the Army. Honestly, I just hated it. I couldn't stand it. So since then I've been what Uncle Jack calls a waster." He rumpled his dark hair. "Darned if I see it. Here my dad goes and leaves me enough to live on decently—not an awful lot, but enough to keep me going alone—and I'm blessed if I can see the advantage in working like a slave in some city office and making three or four thousand dollars a year that I don't really need. Do you blame me?"

"No," said the girl, "I don't."

"Oh, that isn't the worst of it!" he added with a laugh. "The thing that gets my goat, and why I give these dinners and everything, is the way Uncle Jack talks to me with that superior sarcasm of his. When I marry, he says, I'll go to work. I'll have to, he says. I'll develop a sense of responsibility, he says, which I haven't got now. And all that sort of bunk. Do you know what he did last New Year's—only three months ago? He got up at a family dinner we were having in New York and proposed a toast to Mrs. Colquitt Parran. Naturally I got sort of hot. I stood up and said that there wasn't any Mrs. in my life and that there wasn't going to be any. What do you think he did then? He offered to bet me five to one—five thousand dollars to a thousand—that I'd be married inside of a year. I laughed in his face."

"Did you take him?" demanded the flapper excitedly.

"Take him? You bet I took him!"

"Oh"—cried the girl, and clapped her hands, so that she jerked her reins and made her horse rear suddenly—"oh, isn't that romantic!"

Now, walking up the hotel steps, she thought of all this and was strangely glad that she had gone riding with young Parran. As for the boy, he nodded good-by to her, made a vague mental note that maybe some girls were human beings after all, and sauntered casually over to the office desk.

"How many for the party tonight, Louis?" he inquired.

"Seventeen. There was a message for you, Mr. Parran. Did you get it? Well—— Oh, yes, here it is in your box."

The boy tore open the envelope, turned his eyes incuriously upon the paper in his hand. Then he frowned.

"Who left this?" he demanded.

"Party arrived this morning. Name"—the clerk consulted the register—"let's see—Partridge, Allen, Stivers, Black—here's the one—Cantwill. Tall, rangy bird with a bricktop. Two ladies with him, one of 'em young—invalid, looked like. Friend of yours, Mr. Parran?"

"Friend of mine? No, never heard of him. Funny message. Here, look at it."

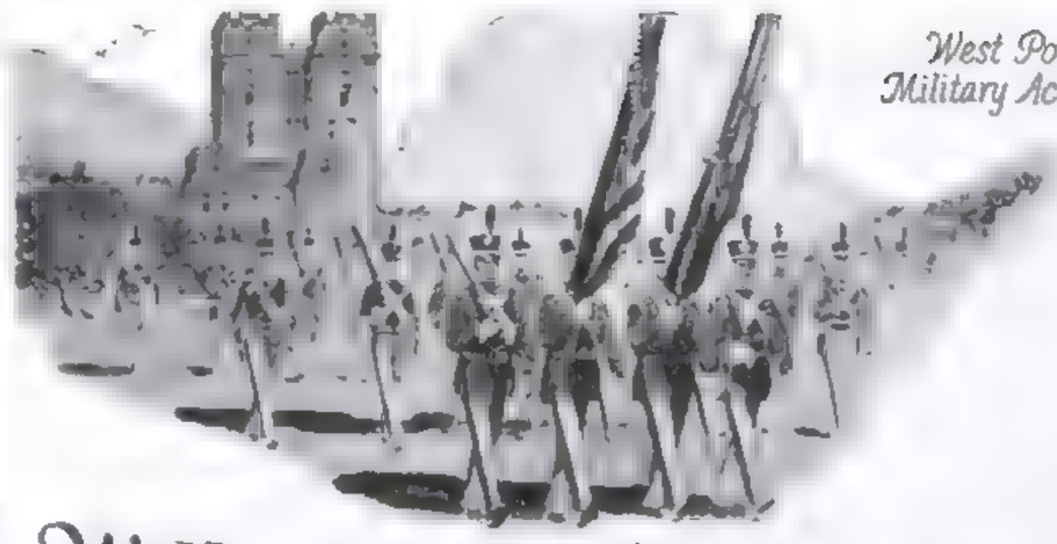
He flipped the slip of paper across the counter toward the clerk. The latter picked it up.

"Mr. Colquitt Parran," it read. "Upon your return to the hotel you will come directly and quietly to Room 466. Turn the door handle softly and enter without knocking." It was signed with three initials, M. T. C.

"That's their suite all right," volunteered the clerk.

Young Parran reached for the paper and read the message again. Little by little his sunburned cheeks darkened.

"I'm damned if I will!" he stated. "Sounds like army orders. 'You will come directly!' Why, the nerve of him! Well, I'll disobey him to start with by going upstairs and taking a shower. Then I'll think it over."



West Point Military Academy

Will you pass inspection?

Inspection at West Point is an impressive ceremony. It is the military method of instilling pride in personal appearance.

This kind of pride is not necessarily vanity. It goes deeper. It is the inward urge that inspires people to always appear at their best.

Teach children orderly habits. Begin while they are still young. Make them understand that pride in personal appearance is a healthy, normal pride.

And a good place to start is with the shoes. Well-shined shoes denote good breeding. For what well-bred person will neglect even the smallest detail of dress?

Keeping the shoes neat is a simple process after all! A Shoe Shining Outfit and a good shoe polish—and the rest is easy!

A combination of convenience and economy. A saving in time, money—and shoes. For a good shoe polish preserves leather and gives longer life to shoes. An important item in large families with shoes at present prices!

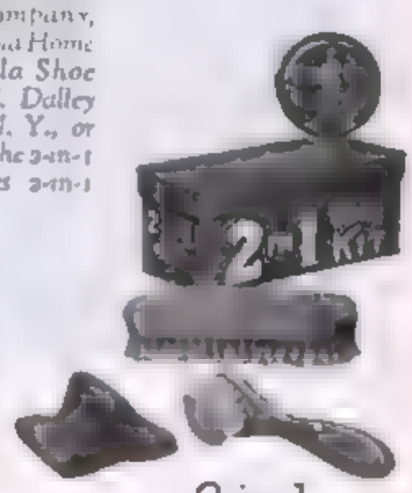
SHINOLA COMPANY Rochester, N. Y.
S. M. BIXBY & CO., INC. Indianapolis, Ind.
F. F. DALLEY COMPANY, INC. Buffalo, N.Y., and Hamilton, Can.

"look at your shoes!"

If your dealer can't supply you, send 25c to the Shinola Company, Rochester, N. Y., for the Shinola Home Set and two boxes Shinola Shoe Polish, or 75c to the F. F. Dalley Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y., or $1.10 to Hamilton, Can., for the 2-in-1 Shining Kit and two boxes 2-in-1 Shoe Polish.

Shinola Home Set

Bixby's Liquid Polish



2 in 1 Shining Kit

For Black, White, Tan, Brown and Ox-Blood Shoes

Polishes for all colors and kinds of shoes—for dry shoes—for wet shoes—children's shoes—men's shoes and women's shoes.

A half hour later Colquitt Parran came downstairs. This time he was dressed in white flannels. He lounged into the grill, methodically ordered luncheon, ate it without haste. Then at length he lit a cigarette and began to smile. Finally he chuckled. He drew the now crumpled message from his inner coat pocket and once more read it. Then he folded it, stood up briskly, smiled again and said, "Let's go."

Room 466 was at the end of the north hallway on the upper floor of the building. Parran stood before the door, staring at it. He started to knock, then remembered in time and gingerly turned the handle. The door opened. He stepped forward a single pace into the room.

In a rocking-chair beside the bed sat a gray-haired, lean-featured woman who immediately put her finger to her lips. Then she lifted her head with the motion of one who beckons. Parran took another step forward. The woman rose silently, moved to one side.

The boy blinked, peered forward incredulously. On the bed, apparently asleep, lay a girl dressed in white. She was a very pretty girl, golden haired, slim and dainty. As Colquitt stared at her he found himself registering a mental wager that when she opened her eyes he would find them blue. He kept on staring. Then suddenly he came to himself

He turned a face of blank inquiry to the woman at his side.

"You are Mr. Parran?" she asked in a quiet, low voice.

He nodded.

"I'm glad," she said simply, and sighed as with relief. "I only hope you can help her."

"I?" said the boy, aghast. "What do you mean?"

"Who else?" said the woman, and looked straight at him with a pair of deeply set, serious black eyes.

Colquitt took a step backward.

"Who do you think I am?" he demanded.

"You are Colquitt Parran, are you not?" The woman followed his step. "Please, please," she whispered earnestly, "help us all you can. We are at our wits' end. I have been watching your expression, Mr. Parran—watching it with the greatest concern. It isn't possible that what I read is true. You know her, don't you? Please assure me that you know her."

The boy gasped.

"I never saw her before in my life!" he said.

"Merciful heavens!" This from the woman. Then, speaking quickly: "Mr. Parran, I believe you. But what are we to do?"

"About what?" he wanted to know.

"About her, Mr. Parran. This"—she gestured toward the bed—"this is one of the strangest cases of Doctor Cantwill's entire experience. Doctor Cantwill is my brother, Miss Kaine's attending physician. I am here as a companion and nurse, for Miss Kaine requires exceptionally tender care. To state the case briefly, she seems to be suffering from an exceedingly peculiar mental derangement—a form of paranoia, if you know what that is."

"I don't," said the boy.

"Paranoia," said the woman, "is a form of insanity in which a person, perfectly healthy and normal about all else, has delusions upon one subject. It is not infrequent. In this case Doctor Cantwill is entirely convinced of the delusion, as such; but it has been so persistent that finally he decided to bring her here—to seek you out, Mr. Parran."

"To seek me out? But what have I to do with it?"

She smiled grimly

"Such delusions, Mr. Parran, generally have some root"

He said impatiently, "But what is it? Tell me what it is."

Again the grim smile.

"Miss Kaine insists, Mr. Parran, that she is going to marry you."

The boy started back.

"She insists—who—what?"

"I have told you," said the woman with a bow. "She says she is going to marry you That is why we brought her here—either to do so, and cure her in that way; or at least to bring her face to face with you, in the hope of securing positive pathological results from the shock."

Colquitt caught his breath. He stared at the woman, then at the sleeping girl, then at the woman again.

"I - I don't get this," he stammered "What is it, anyway—a joke?"

"Does it look like a joke, Mr. Parran?" The boy's eyes suddenly narrowed.

"If this is any kind of blackmail," he said tersely, "I warn you, madam ——"

The door clicked open. A towering, gaunt, red-headed man strode into the room.

"Ah!" the newcomer observed, halting. "Is this the young gentleman?"

Colquitt wheeled, pierced the stranger with abruptly hostile eyes.

"What is this damned nonsense?" he demanded sharply.

The eyes of the older man flashed. They were hard eyes, black as coals.

"That's what I want to know," he retorted. "That's what I came all the way to this place to find out. What the devil do you mean ——"

"Milutus, wait!" The gray-haired woman darted over to him, caught him by the lapels of his coat. "I believe him, Milutus," she went on hurriedly. "He doesn't know. I watched his eyes. He says he has never seen her before in his life."

The man groped for a chair and sat down heavily.

"Is this true?" he asked of Colquitt.

"Absolutely!"

"Then what on earth are we to do next?" the man said bluntly. He turned to the boy. "I brought her here to see you. I am Doctor Cantwill, of New York. Miss Kaine has been seriously disturbed I don't know how. She babbles your name. She swears she will follow you to the ends of the earth. I thought—I thought ——" He smiled wearily and wiped his forehead. "Never mind what I thought. It wasn't complimentary."

Said the boy dazedly, "But what—but what do you want me to do? I—I'm willing to do anything I can."

The giant shook his ponderous head.

"I don't know, Mr. Parran. I shall give it thought. She is sleeping now—you gave her that second powder, didn't you, Hermine?—but when she wakes I think she had better see you. I shall send for you. But whatever you do or say to her, or whatever she says to you, don't hurt her, Mr. Parran." He laid his hand for an instant upon the boy's shoulder. "I believe it is a more difficult situation for you than it is for her; but you, at least, have all your faculties. Remember, please, that these cases require great patience. More can be accomplished by tenderness than in any other way"

When they were alone in the room with the sleeping girl, the red-haired man and the woman looked at each other and smiled.

She said, "Poor child! I hated to give her that powder. It seems like taking an advantage. But I suppose we had to. It went like clockwork, didn't it, Milutus?"

He threw back his head and laughed.

"Save your sympathy, Hermine. It isn't needed. Personally, I think it's one of the funniest situations I ever heard of. She thinks he's crazy, and now he thinks she is. Wait till I send her around chasing after him. Hermine, it's going to be a riot. I only wish Hammis could see it."

She shook her head doubtfully.

"Oh, Milutus, how much we are risking on this!"

The man patted her cheek.

"We are risking nothing, my dear Hammis will see to that. I confess Hermine, that I am inordinately pleased with our success in choosing the young woman. Miss Kaine takes her work more seriously than I had even anticipated She obeys my orders as if she were a soldier" He smiled "An admirable characteristic in any wife!"

"Don't joke, Milutus, please"

"I'm far from joking, Hermine. We will let him go to his little bachelor dinner tonight, although I am afraid he will not enjoy it so unreservedly as he might have. He will toast his bachelorhood, but he will be a little fearful Who wouldn't be, with a girl as pretty as Rosalie hanging, so to speak, over his head!" He looked down at the girl, who still was breathing heavily "Well, young woman," he said and smiled with composure "after a while you'll wake up Then for the dirty work at the crossroads"

At breakfast next morning, which was served in the Cantwills' apartment, Rosalie said:

"I must have slept hard yesterday afternoon. Funny! I didn't know I was so tired"

The red-haired giant looked at her. His face expressionless. He had ordered her into her riding clothes, and as she sat there, trim in her tan breeches and well-fitting boots, she made, indeed, a picture worth looking at. Her golden hair was tossed back from her face. Her blue eyes were sparkling. She ate with the appetite of wholesome youth. He tried not to show his approbation, and succeeded.

He said, "You were tired after the journey, Miss Kaine. It has been also something of a strain to have paid such close attention to learning your new duties. You feel quite confident now, do you not?"

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed. "Of course it all seems very strange, but I am sure you can count on me."

The man consulted his watch.

"I shall send for him," he said, "as soon as we are through breakfast. I have already had a talk with him. I have told him that you are here in a professional capacity, Miss Kaine, and that it will be our whole effort to help him. He promises to try his best. He is perfectly able to appreciate the existence of his delusion, but has been totally unable to cope with it. Of course when he actually sees you it may seize him again."

"I can't understand it," said Rosalie, her eyes far away.

"Neither can he," the doctor observed. "Nor can I—entirely. Shell shock, which is a new name for an old phenomenon, has taken strange forms. Here we have, briefly, the case of a young man whose whole existence since the war has been made miserable by the delusion that he is being pursued by a petite, golden-haired, blue-eyed girl who is intent upon taking his life. He has described her to me in detail, and his description formed the basis for my advertisement. He says frankly that he has never known such a girl; but it is entirely possible—as I have explained to you, Miss Kaine—that some such figure may have impinged upon what we call his unconscious. At all events, the delusion is there. It has driven him almost to the breaking point, and our only hope now lies in throwing him in close contact with exactly such a young woman."

"It seems such a pity," Rosalie murmured.

"Yes, it is," said Doctor Cantwill. "Nevertheless, I think we can effect a cure. It depends largely upon you, Miss Kaine. Undoubtedly he will rebuff you, perhaps even flee from you; but you must keep constantly in mind the fact that he is not quite himself. And little by little, as you put yourself in his way, the delusion will break down. Perhaps some minor shock will do it. At all events, the fact that he is willing to meet you is a victory in itself." He turned to the older woman, who as yet had not spoken. "All ready, Hermine?"

She nodded. He reached for the telephone, and after a moment said, "This is Doctor Cantwill speaking. Will you please ask Mr. Parran to come at once to Room 466?"

Rosalie slipped hastily to the mirror. She made a little face at her reflection, but after a busy moment with various impedimenta she seemed better pleased. Then she returned to her chair and settled herself to wait. She was wondering how long Mr. Parran was going to be when the door resounded with a sudden knock. Rosalie jumped.

The red-haired man called, "Come in."

Colquitt Parran stood uncertainly in the doorway. The first thing he thought was that he had been perfectly right about the color of this strange young woman's eyes. The second thing he thought was that she was much tinier than he had realized. The third thing he thought was that she didn't look any more crazy than he did.

Rosalie thought, "Oh, he's lots better looking than his picture!" Then, "Why, he has nice eyes!" And then, "How can he possibly be crazy?"

"Miss Kaine," said Doctor Cantwill, "this is Mr. Parran. Mr. Parran, this is Miss Kaine"

The boy advanced a step, gingerly. Rosalie stood up He advanced another step She went forward and held out her hand to meet his. Each stared at the other, incredulously, doubtfully, frankly Then they shook hands, each ready to jump.

"I—er—how do you do, Miss Kaine?" he managed to stammer.

Said Rosalie, "I hope we are going to be friends."

He said, "Well—er—oh, yes! Yes, yes."

"I'm going to make you like me," Rosalie announced, and smiled sweetly, disarmingly.

Colquitt rubbed his hand across his forehead. He knew now that the red-haired man had told him the truth. Too bad, he thought. And what a fragile, flowerlike little thing she was! He did not know, of course, that Rosalie's heart was brimming with new and sudden pity—for him. He stood stock-still, visibly embarrassed. He shuffled his feet.

Then, his eyes seizing upon Rosalie's attire, he mumbled clumsily, "We—we'll have to take a ride sometime, Miss Kaine."

"I'm ready any time," said Rosalie.

"Well — er — not this morning, I'm afraid," he floundered. "Some other time. I—I'll ring you up." His face reddened. "Well, so long," he said, and with a quick nod he stumbled from the room.

Doctor Cantwill looked grave.

"You can readily see what his condition is, can't you, Miss Kaine?" He stroked his chin meditatively. "H'm! I'm afraid we have a long task ahead of us. His reaction to the shock of seeing you was, I should say, more or less natural." Now he spoke more briskly. "You will now see why we chose these rooms. They look out upon the golf course, the tennis courts, the dancing pavilion, the polo field and the stables. With the assistance of a field glass, which I have brought with me, we can keep thoroughly in touch with Mr. Parran's movements. We shall see what he undertakes to do this morning. Whatever it is, Miss Kaine, I want you to follow him. Keep near him constantly. Do not force yourself upon him, but keep near him, so he may be conscious of your presence." He turned to the girl. "I know it will require patience, but that is what we are here for. Patience and persistence and intelligence—those three things will break him down and effect his ultimate cure."

"I hope so," Rosalie said uneasily.

"Ah, but they will! Familiarity, Miss Kaine, breeds not contempt, but confidence. He will soon learn that you are exactly what you purport to be—a sweet, fine girl trying only to help him. The moment that happens he will be the happiest man on earth. He will take his rightful place in a world of men."

From the window came the voice of the gray-haired woman:

"There he goes, Milutus, down toward the stables."

The man chuckled.

"This morning, Miss Kaine, you ride. Keep about a city block behind him, and wherever he goes, follow him."

For four days Rosalie fulfilled her functions as a feminine shadow to Mr. Colquitt Parran. It was fun, in a way, although it was a trifle embarrassing too; for she became conscious that people were beginning to talk. Nevertheless, she stuck to it. When he danced she seated herself where she could see and be seen. Always she wore one of the numerous adorable frocks that Doctor Cantwill and his sister had had made for her. They were the loveliest things she ever had put on, and no one could know how hard it was for her to wear them and then sit like a wallflower and pretend that she did not care to dance.

When Mr. Parran played tennis she arrayed herself in glowing sports things and sat by the side of the courts. When he played golf she played off behind him. When he sat on the veranda she seated herself just within sight. And when he rode she rode behind him, always keeping about a city block in the rear, like an elfin groom.

On the first day he smiled. The second day he merely nodded curtly. The third and fourth days he pretended to ignore her Rosalie knew he was pretending Being a woman she could tell.

That evening Colquitt sought out Doctor Cantwill. Without preliminary, he stated, "This has got to stop."

The red-haired man raised his eyebrows.

"Stop?" he retorted. "I only wish it would. Do you think I take any pleasure in seeing a lovely, fine girl like Rosalie making a public fool of herself over a man like you? Miss Kaine is more than my patient, Mr. Parran She is a friend She is, more than all, a gentlewoman She has no more in common with a man of your type than she has with the head bell boy of this hotel."

Colquitt scowled.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"I mean what I say, Mr Parran. It was necessary, unfortunately, to reveal to you the nature of her strange delusion. But I want you to understand me. I have looked

(Continued on Page 171)

"Look Jane. Jerry brought it!"

JELL-O

America's most famous dessert

Six reasons why dentists refer to Dr. West's as the scientifically correct tooth brush

1 In the first place being smaller—for ly nine rows of bristles—it reaches easily surfaces often neglected by ordinary tooth brushes

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4 Bristle tufts being widely spaced at the base, food particles, removed from the teeth, can be easily washed out (A clean brush cleans teeth better and lasts longer)

5 The short end bristles allow the brush to slip easily into the cheek corners, with bristle tufts erect and ready to clean behind and between the teeth

6 The reverse curve of the handle enables you to employ the correct from the gums brushing stroke without rubbing the corners of the mouth. Your fingers fall naturally into its curve and press the bristles tightly against and between the teeth

Dr. West's

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Use one mornings—the other evenings—and allow the time between brushings for the bristles to become thoroughly dry. Good dentists advise this plan. The bristles, kept firm by proper care, will stimulate gum tissues and clean thoroughly all the inter-dental spaces! Besides—each brush will last longer.

One Dr. West's Tooth Brush will keep your teeth sound—your gums firm and healthy. But the convenience and economy of using *two* Dr. West's, alternately, appeals to many who are particularly careful of their teeth and gums.

Being built on common-sense, yet scientifically correct, principles—this tooth brush meets the hearty approval of both the dental profession and its users! When your dentist prescribes "A Dr. West's Tooth Brush twice a day or oftener" he is telling you the easiest, quickest and surest way of saving your teeth. The Western Company, Chicago; New York—Weco Products Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada.

Your dentist will tell you that your gums should be massaged daily. Massage exercises the gums and gives them strength.

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NEW: A special massage brush in the patented Dr West's design is now available for persons who want extra stiff bristles. The bristles are of super quality—the handle is made of Ivory Pyroxylin Price, 75c Ask your dealer

The regular Dr West's Tooth Brushes are made in three sizes—a brush for every member of the family—each lettered for identification

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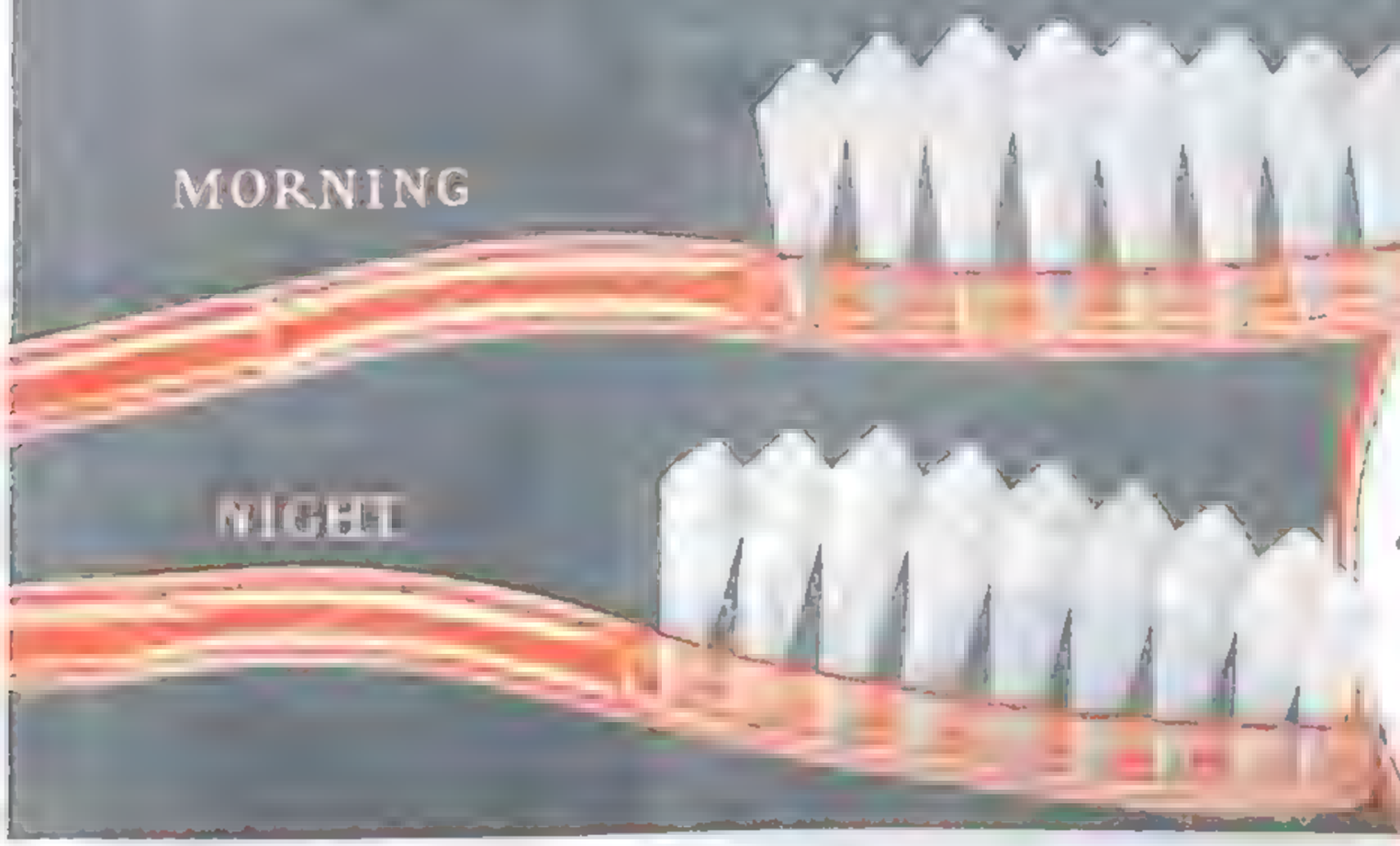

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TOOTH BRUSH

Answering the demand for comfort

THE balloon tire—Buffalo small diameter wheel principle has been definitely and generally accepted by car manufacturers and car owners.

Why?

Superlative comfort—a degree of riding ease that was undreamed of—that's the reason. Elimination of skidding, more certain braking, easier control and economy were factors, of course. But the important reason was COMFORT.

All the leading tire manufacturers in America are now making the balloon type of tire—the large section tire that operates on 20 to 35 pounds pressure.

BUFFALO small diameter Wheels—the wheels that made balloon tires possible—are available in wire and disc types for practically every make and model of car.

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for "balloon" tires

Standardized Sizes for Balloon Tires

Rim Size	*Balloon Tire Now Known As*
28 x 3½	4.40—21
28 x 4	4.95—20
28 x 4	5.25—20
29 x 4	5.25—21
29 x 4½	6.20—20
30 x 4½	6.20—21
30 x 5	7.30—20

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you up. I know who and what you are. I would no more let Rosalie marry you than I would let her marry any other man who is beneath her. I do not desire to be insulting, but I mean to make myself understood. If and when she marries anyone, she will marry a man who can make for himself and for her an honorable place in the world. So far as her delusion is concerned, you may take it for exactly what it is. Let my little Rosalie marry you? Over my dead body, Mr. Parran!"

Colquitt gasped, dumfounded. He could feel his two fists clenching themselves at his sides.

He stammered hoarsely, "Say, now, just a minute, you ——"

"I merely stated a fact," the older man said crisply. "Some facts are unpleasant. But don't ask me again to stop something which with all my heart I would stop if I could."

Next morning Colquitt got up an hour early, stole out to the stables, mounted his horse and rode off into the pine woods. More than anything else, he wanted to be alone. He did not want to think; he wanted simply to be by himself. This business of being shadowed by a crazy girl who intended to marry him was getting on his nerves. He knew it, but he did not know what to do about it. If she were only not so helplessly tiny or so distractingly pretty! He had thought of turning on her, of telling her to get out and leave him alone; but how could he? It would be taking a mean advantage of her mental weakness. It it might even kill her. He found himself wondering, with a quizzical smile, what his mother would say if she knew that this girl—this pest—was everything he had ever whispered to her that his ideal girl would be. Little and dainty and well bred, with wide blue eyes and soft golden hair! He breathed deeply and looked up at the blue sky through the branches of the pines. It was good to be alone.

From force of habit he turned his head luxuriously to revel in his solitude. Then he blinked, shivered abruptly with annoyance. There, a short hundred yards behind him, rode Rosalie Kaine. He spurred his horse. Rosalie spurred hers. He pulled down to a walk. She did the same. He halted. She halted too. With grim determination, he resolved to ride out and out and out, till darkness fell. Who was he if he couldn't outride a crazy girl? He set his horse to a trot, made up his mind not to look back.

Behind him he heard the sudden beating whir of a startled grouse. He smiled. Maybe it would scare her horse, make her turn back. He spurred to a gallop and forged ahead, jubilant with the speed and with the game he was playing, when he became aware of what seemed like an echo in the soft sand behind him. Against his will he turned to look, and as he did so the girl's horse came plowing abreast of his.

He heard her pant, "I—think he's—running away."

Now Colquitt was a trained horseman. He shifted his reins, leaned over and grasped Rosalie's reins just under the horse's bit. Then he tilted back in his saddle. Inside of thirty seconds the two horses were standing side by side both breathing heavily but otherwise peaceful. Rosalie slid from her saddle to the ground.

"I think I'll sit down," she laughed jerkily. "I'm a little wabbly—if you don't mind."

The boy dismounted, stood over her.

After a moment she looked up and said, "I think you are very brave, Mr. Parran. You could have let me go, you know. Then you'd be rid of me."

He scowled.

"No trick to that," he said. "Just lean over and catch the bridle. Easiest runaway I ever stopped. Nothing to it."

"But I didn't mean that," Rosalie persisted. "I meant the the other thing. Here you've been thinking that I'm going to shoot you, or something ——"

"What? I've been thinking what?"

Said Rosalie, "I suppose I shouldn't have mentioned it But they told me, if I got a good chance, to try to talk to you."

"I don't think I quite follow you, Miss Kaine. I don't mind talking to you, and I'm certainly not afraid of you. Who told you I was?"

"Why," Rosalie laughed apprehensively, "your doctor—Doctor Cantwill."

She was looking earnestly upward into his eyes. Colquitt shook his head with irritation.

"You don't mean my doctor, Miss Kaine. You mean your doctor. I never saw the man before in my life."

Rosalie sat up very straight.

"But he is your doctor," she argued. "That's why he brought me here—to try to help you. He told me you knew that."

The boy dropped the two bridles over a sapling. Then he sat down. He looked at Rosalie squarely with two clear eyes.

"Now tell me," he directed, "what all this means. All I know is that you're a patient of his and that you're supposed"—he hesitated—"supposed to have some sort of a funny delusion about me."

Rosalie jerked sharply to her knees.

"He told you I was a patient of his?" she asked incredulously. "Why, I'm not! I'm here as a—a sort of nurse—on your case, Mr. Parran. Until the day I answered his advertisement I never laid eyes on him."

Now he stood up, began pacing to and fro.

"You say you answered an advertisement?" he inquired.

"Yes, for an assistant, about two weeks ago. He showed me your picture. I didn't know who you were, of course. He—he told me about your shell shock ——"

Colquitt laughed loudly.

"Shell shock?" he repeated. "Did he tell you that the nearest I ever got to the front was Camp Jackson, South Carolina? The only place I ever saw a shell explode was on a target a mile away. Shell shock!"

He laughed again. Then abruptly he turned to the girl.

"You say you know nothing about this?" he asked. "Well then, it's what I thought—blackmail, or something like that. Some new trick I never heard of. Do you know what they've done?" He set his jaw grimly. "They've made fools out of both of us—that's what they've done." His eyes narrowed. "By glory," he bit out, "I don't mind their making a fool out of me, as long as it's nothing worse; but to have them try to make a fool out of you!"

He reached down suddenly.

"Get up out of there," he commanded. "We're going back. We're going back to get hold of those two crooks before they have a chance to make another move. I don't know what their game is, but I know it's something, and something rotten too. That first day when I came in on you while you were asleep ——"

Rosalie, risen to her feet, stared blankly.

"Did you come in while I was asleep?"

"Sure I did! They sent for me. You were lying there dead to the world and they told me all about you. You had on a white dress—sort of lacy."

"Wh-what did they tell you?"

"Never mind. The whole thing's crooked as sin. But, thank God, we found out in time! Come on there—your name's Rosalie, isn't it?—mount up. And if you never rode before, ride now. First, I'm going to change the shape of that big crook's face, and then he's going to jail." He sniffed contemptuously. "'Over my dead body,' says he!"

"What was that?" Rosalie asked.

"Never mind. Here, I'll give you a leg up."

As they rode out of the woods into sight of the hotel they were still talking earnestly. The thought of the field glass over there in the window never occurred to Rosalie. She was too tumultuously excited. Why, it was just like coming out of a bad dream! They had tried to tell her that he was crazy, but something inside of her had known the real truth all along. She was just about to explain this to him, when he gave her the information that he had been pondering over exactly the same thing. He had tried to believe them, but he really couldn't. As they exchanged views upon this phenomenon it became hard to remember that a disagreeable duty lay before them Colquitt remembered it at last, and his eye hardened.

Up in a bedroom of the hotel a woman's voice said. "They've been chatting along like a pair of kids. Now all at once he's looking grim. I'm glad you packed the bags, Milutus, the moment you first saw them. You were right—it's time. I'm all ready."

The red-haired man turned briskly from the telephone.

"Hammis will have his car at the back door in ten minutes." He smiled, rubbing his hands together. "Well, my gay young blade," he said, "at last you're going to get what's coming to you!"

Twenty minutes later Colquitt Parran strode into the hotel lobby, with Rosalie skipping to keep up with him. His eyes were dark, hers sparkling with anticipation. The boy walked up to the desk.

"Say, Louis, put in a call for the sheriff, or whoever the right man is in this burg. I want a pair of handcuffs on that big fake Doctor Cantwill as quick as he can bring 'em here—his lady partner too. They're crooks, Louis—worse than crooks. It's lucky we found it out as soon as we did."

The clerk's face opened.

"What? Crooks, you say?" He began to laugh mirthlessly. "Too late then, Mr. Parran They checked out about ten minutes ago, bags and all. Said the young lady was going to stay. Drove off in a big closed car." He called to a bell boy. "Joe, what did that car look like that those two went off in a while ago—the red-headed man and the lady with him, from 466? And which road did they take?"

"Lenhard," said the boy. "Dark blue with yellow wheels. Chauffeur drivin', and an old bird with white hair sittin' in there waitin' for 'em. Took the north turnpike. They all went off laughin' like the dickens. Made me mad—they forgot to slip me anythin'."

Colquitt Parran stood there scowling. "Like fun it's too late," he muttered; "not while my little old bus can hold the road. That the police on the wire now? Have they got a cop with a motorcycle? A'right, tell him to beat it here for all he's worth, and tell the garage to fill up my car. I'm going to get those two buzzards if it takes all night."

He looked down at the light touch of a hand upon his arm.

"I'm going with you," said Rosalie.

"You are not!" pronounced the boy sternly. "This is business!"

"Oh, yes, I am!" said Rosalie. "Will somebody lend me a coat?"

All afternoon they had followed devious roads, doubling and sometimes redoubling upon their tracks; but now at last, though night had stolen upon them, the persistence of the three pursuers—the boy silent and sober, the girl aquiver with eagerness, the policeman officiously businesslike—seemed about to be rewarded. What remained to be done must be done on foot.

Colquitt glanced over his shoulder in the darkness and put a warning finger to his lips as the three tiptoed stealthily up a long shadowy lane toward the dim square shape among the trees which, the officer had whispered, was known as Hawkins' Hotel. Here, hidden in the blackness of an old shed just off the highway, they had found the big Lenhard, its radiator still faintly warm. This could mean only that the Lenhard's passengers were putting up with Hawkins for the night. They had traced the big car this far—a good eighty miles from Camden—by the approved Boy Scout method of first identifying its tire tracks and then searching for them carefully at every highway intersection. Knowing the roads, the policeman had raced ahead to do this. Only once had he been forced to guess, and his guess had proved right. Two miles beyond, like a signature in the sand, they had picked up the tracks again.

With his own car and the motorcycle left dark at the side of the road, Colquitt now stalked ahead up the long lane that led to the square building just visible in the gloom. Close behind him came Rosalie, picking her way carefully, making never a sound, and behind her the officer. Colquitt could not see him in the blackness, but the scuffle of leaves and the snap-snap of twigs gave pledge of his presence.

The boy heard Rosalie whisper something. He halted while the policeman came up. The three nodded in agreement over what they saw. Through the trees glimmered two faintly lighted windows, both on the lower floor of the house, one in front, the other at the side.

"I'm pretty sure that left-hand light's the office," the policeman volunteered. "What say we sneak around and peek in at the other one? They might be there, eatin'."

They resumed their careful course up the dark lane, the boy's heart beating excitedly, Rosalie shivering but strangely happy, the officer hoping stolidly that there wouldn't have to be no shootin'. After what seemed a long while, they crept close to the lighted window.

The policeman had been right again. They were eating, surely enough—the big, burly man with the flaming red hair, the more somber woman who was supposed to

(Continued on Page 173)

Clarence Wagner, of Indiana, who recently pedaled from Venice, Cal., to New York City in 24 days and 19 hours. He chopped almost 4 days off his previous record of 28 days 8½ hours.

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Naturally, Clarence Wagner, who recently broke the cross-continent record, thinks the Iver Johnson is *some* bicycle.

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The high carbon seamless steel tubing used in Iver Johnson frames and forks has a tensile strength of 90,000 pounds to the square inch! Fork crowns, cranks, fork-ends, handle-bar stems, seat posts, and other parts are of genuine drop-forgings made in our own plant.

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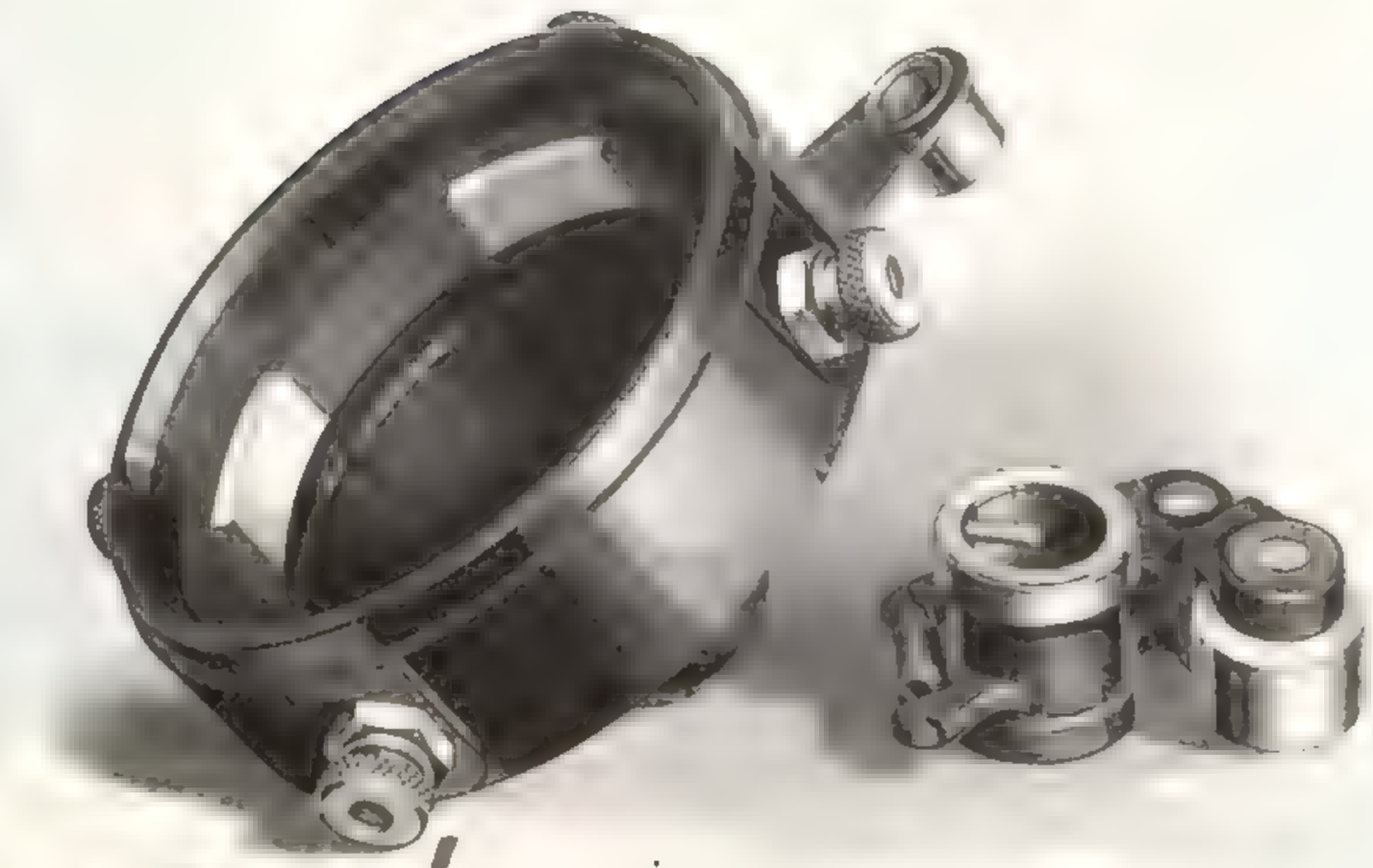

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Now the famous Milwaukee Timer is absolutely "short-proof". Bakelite is a perfect non-conductor—as well as handsome and durable, oil-proof and waterproof. So this timer, already famous for long life and high efficiency, is now trouble-free until it actually wears out in service. No short-circuits—no "missing"—no "timer troubles".

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Improve your Ford with this new Milwaukee—the only roller-brush timer with Bakelite case. For added power, pick-up, speed and trouble-proof service, here is the biggest two-dollars'-worth you can buy for your car.

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BAKELITE CASE
—the only roller timer that is absolutely "SHORT-PROOF"

MILWAUKEE TIMER for FORDS

Price still $2 (in Canada, $2.75)

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(Continued from Page 171)

be his sister, and with them a ruddy-faced, white-haired man of advanced middle age. The two men were laughing.

Rosalie shuddered abruptly at the sight of the charlatan who had tricked her, lied to her, used her as a cat's-paw, made a fool out of her—for what purpose she did not know; but for whatever purpose, surely a criminal one. She found herself thanking heaven that Colquitt was tall and keen and strong, and vengeful too; and she was thrilling to the thought of what was about to happen when she became aware that the boy at her side had stiffened. She felt her hand clutched by his.

"It's Uncle Jack!" he breathed incredulously. "My Uncle Jack Hammis! The one with the white hair. Say, I begin to get this. Either he's a fool or else the whole thing—the whole thing from first to last—is a terrible trick. A rotten trick!" he added savagely.

"Please"—Rosalie lifted her face miserably—"how do you mean—a trick?"

Colquitt stared at her. He shook his head.

"I can't tell you," he said at last. "Wait a minute. You stay out here, please, Rosalie. You"—this to the policeman—"you come with me."

He wheeled and started for the front of the building. A bearded native, dozing with his feet on a table, blinked incuriously at them as they flung open the front door.

"Are you Mr. Parran?" he drawled without moving. "You'll find 'em"—he jerked his thumb over his shoulder—"in the back d.nin' room. They said they was expectin' you."

"Expecting me? It's a trick all right!" stormed the boy.

With the policeman at his heels, he marched down the hall. The white-haired man raised smiling eyes at his entrance. The corners of his mouth were twitching slightly.

"I rather expected you, my dear nephew," he said in the tone of one greeting a visitor. "Your presence here is distinctly gratifying. It leads me to believe—for would you be taking such marked interest if I were not right?—it leads me to believe that I am about to win a certain wager that I made with you some months ago."

Colquitt's jaw sagged open. But immediately his eyes flashed.

"I'm ashamed of you," he said quietly, his voice like ice. "I'm ashamed that you're my mother's brother. Do you mean to say that just to win a bet you hired these two crooks and let them try their devilishness on a girl—on a girl neither you nor they are fit to touch?"

The older man raised his eyebrows. That was all.

"Devilishness?" he inquired mildly. "You'll pardon me, won't you, for being so forgetful? Miss Cantwill, permit me to introduce my nephew, Mr. Parran. Or have you met? At any event, Colquitt, Doctor Cantwill and his sister are old acquaintances of mine. Aside from meriting honor for having introduced you to your future wife—and you'll admit, Colquitt, that the method was rather ingenious—he is perhaps the foremost neurologist of his day."

"Don't you dare say that—'my future wife!'" the boy barked.

His uncle yawned.

"Want to bet me another thousand on that, Colquitt?"

Colquitt Parran gripped his hands at his sides. He was trembling all over—trembling from sheer anger. But as he stared at his uncle he found himself, oddly, growing calmer.

The older man said casually, "No need to get hot, son. After all, nobody's hurt. She's a fine girl, my boy—I know something about that too. Come on, Colquitt, do you want to bet me that other thousand?"

The boy glared at him.

"The next time I bet with you," he said bitterly—but in the corners of his eyes there began to dance a faint twinkling glimmer—"I'll put my money on something where I've got a chance—a horse race maybe. No, I don't bet that other thousand. I—I sort of think I'll need it."

"Good kid," said the uncle. "There's just one thing that will conquer personal pride, and I congratulate you on having found it—love, if you like, or whatever power it is that makes us think second of ourselves and first of someone else. As for betting, Colquitt, never bet against arithmetic. Two plus two always equals four. Take the right boy and the right girl, bring them together with finesse, place an apparently insuperable obstacle between them, add a little judicious opposition, and the result ——"

He spread his hands and smiled.

"Say," demanded the policeman at the young man's side, "who do I arrest and what for?"

"See if the proprietor will sell you a drink," Colquitt snapped. "Then arrest him if he doesn't."

He turned abruptly on his heel and strode out of the room, out of the hotel and out into the night. He hurried around the corner of the house. Rosalie was not there. He circled the building—circled it again at a run. No Rosalie! Then he began to call. He stopped, listened intently. Not a sound to break the stillness. Suddenly he felt frightened, jumped with a jerk at the grating whir of his own starter down there at the road. He raced for that sound, found the girl struggling with the gear lever.

"Transmission locked," he told her laconically. Then, "What's the big idea in trying to run away?"

She held her head down, shook it.

"Answer me, Rosalie."

The head was up, the blue eyes, black in the darkness, looking straight into his.

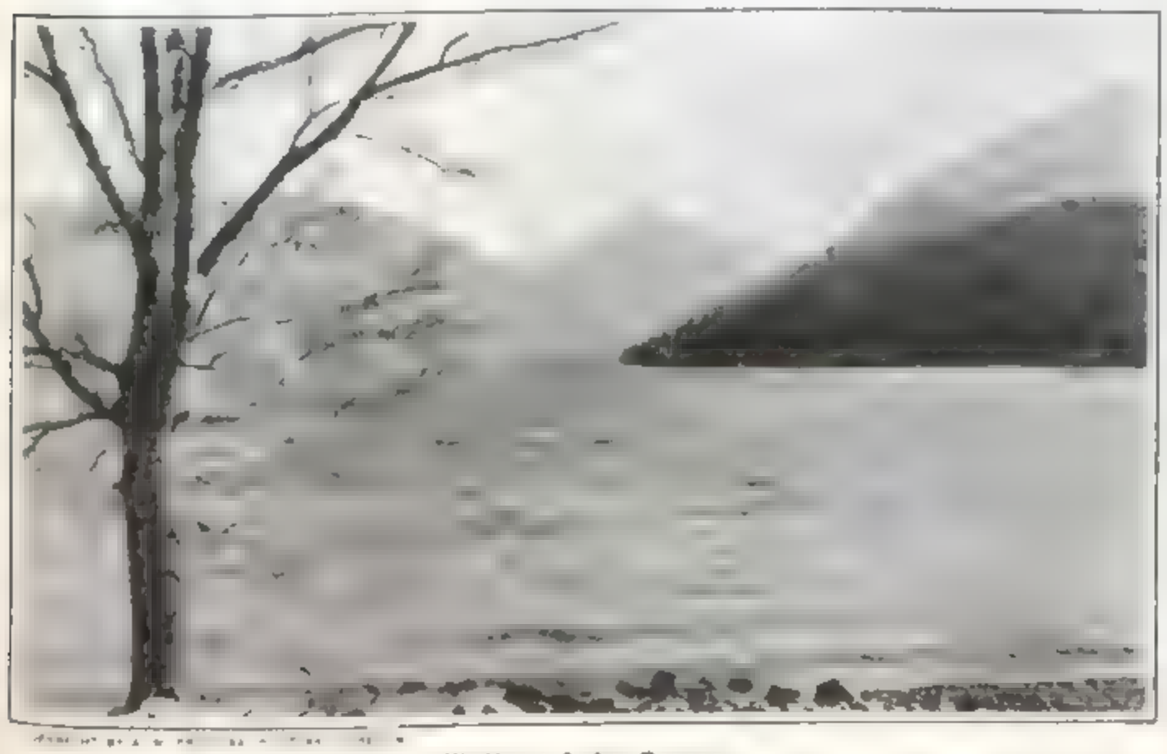
"I followed you in," she said. "I—I heard. I knew I wasn't meant to, so I went away. But I heard. I realize now why you wouldn't tell me what they must have said about me—when I was lying there under the influence of those powders. I realize now ——" She broke off, only to whisper, "Oh, what a humiliating thing! What a terrible, humiliating thing! Why, they made me follow you around like—like a dog!"

He said gently, "You'll think you were a piker, Rosalie, when you see the way I'm going to follow you around. Here, get over into the other seat. I've got the key."

"Where—where are we going?" she quavered, her voice sounding strangely like a very little girl's.

Colquitt chuckled happily.

"We're going"—he said—"we're going to take a ride that's due to cost me exactly a thousand dollars."



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A Treat for the Feet

NATURAL (PLANTATION FINISHED) CREPE RUBBER

The Sole For All Wear

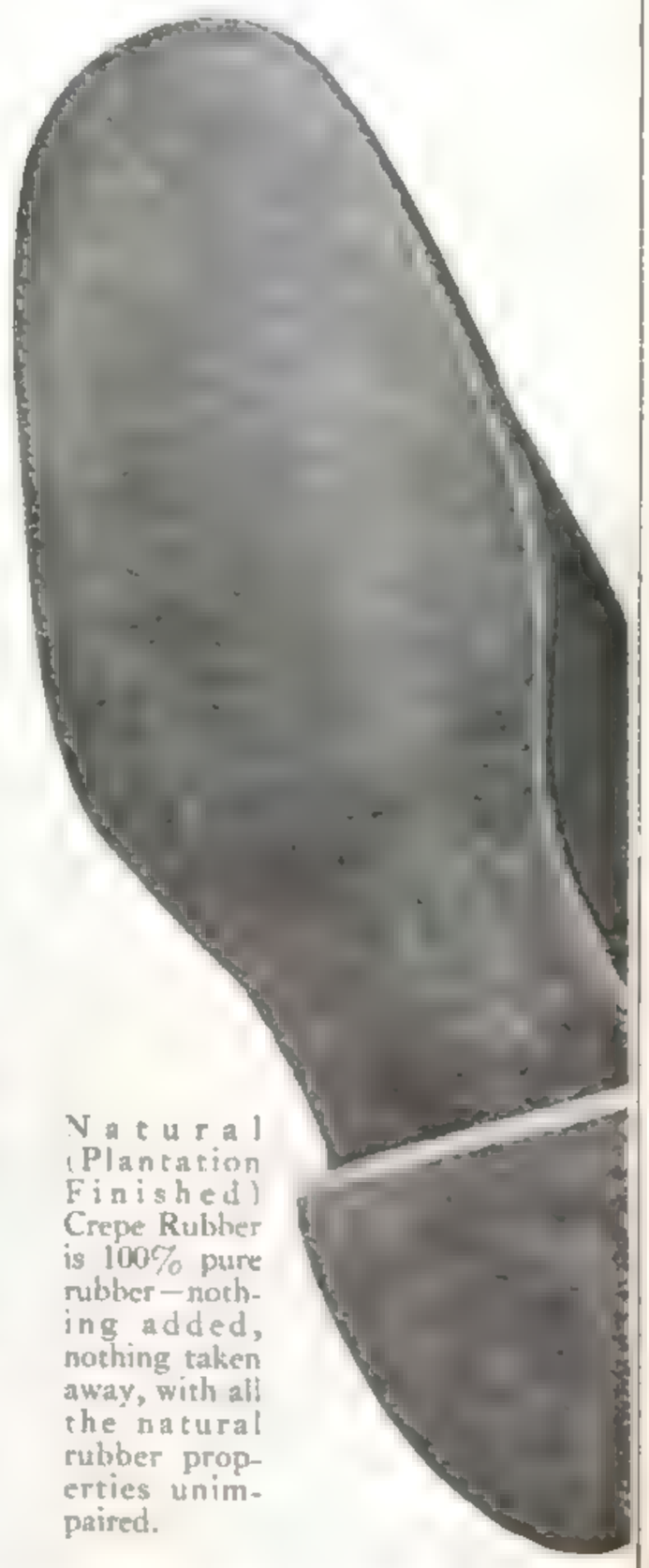
YOU would not drive a motor car with hard tires, on hard pavements, would you? Nor would you ride in a motor car without springs! Yet, if you have never worn Natural *(Plantation Finished)* Crepe Rubber Soles on your shoes you cannot realize the constant shocks to which you have been subjecting your body.

Is Your Body as Deserving as a Machine?

Even with the best of care a motor car lasts but a few years. Your body, your nervous system, must serve you throughout life. Preserve it! Natural Crepe Rubber—because of its lightness, flexibility and resiliency—because it is full of life and nerve—makes walking a real pleasure, even on the hardest pavements. The pure rubber heels distribute the impact of each step, the spring and resiliency under the ball of the foot give added length to your stride, conserving your energy and preventing fatigue.

These features of Natural Crepe Rubber, together with its unprecedented durability, make it the ideal soling material for all shoes, either for sport or street wear.

Ask your shoe dealer to show you the genuine Crepe Rubber Sole—the apparent advantages of this natural product will convince you—a test will most certainly prove its superiority. Insist upon Natural (Plantation Finished) Crepe Rubber.



Natural (Plantation Finished) Crepe Rubber is 100% pure rubber—nothing added, nothing taken away, with all the natural rubber properties unimpaired.

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GAS RANGES

When Appetites are Finicky

SKILLFUL cooking must coax jaded appetites back to interest in the necessary nourishment—and the woman who uses a Tappan Gas Range is fortunate at such a time.

With a Tappan there need be no failures. The oven bottom is cast-iron, a material that distributes the heat evenly to all parts of the oven. The Tappan Heat Regulator maintains any required temperature, and leaves you free for other tasks. The U-shaped oven burner gives a perfect broiling flame, and affords another way of serving many foods in more delectable, wholesome form.

Tappan Gas Ranges give a fast, very economical cooking flame. Special grates allow use of all the heat.

"The Range with Rounded Corners"

A dealer near you has several sizes and styles of beautiful Tappan Gas Ranges at a variety of prices. If you do not know the dealer's name, write us for it and a copy of the Tappan booklet.

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MANSFIELD OHIO
ESTABLISHED 1881

Dealers: In a few communities the Tappan franchise is open. Some unusual opportunities await the dealers who are in the Tappan line in their cities. Write us for full details of the Tappan plan.

THE DIARY OF A DUDE WRANGLER

Continued from Page 29

pushing the latter down. Under the bough bed where the tepee had stood were numerous empty packages that had once contained the cosmetics, and so on, that pretty ladies, or those who think they are pretty, use. Also there were hairpins of a color indorsed only by the red-headed.

So much for the wife. The husband had left under the boughs of his bed two empty Epsom-salts envelopes, a tag that had been fastened to a pair of khaki trousers, purchased in a town across the mountains to the northeast, which bore the waist measure of forty-six inches, a tag from a shirt bought from a New York outfitter, a shirt that also was of exceptional size, and a clipping from a financial paper published in New York. The Epsom-salts envelopes bore the name of a druggist on the upper West Side of New York. In front of where the tent had been were numerous unexploded cartridges of an unusual caliber, and scattered about generally were dozens of exploded cartridges from the same gun.

Since the lake where the camp was lay in a game preserve, the supposition was that the party had pulled in for a few days before the hunting season opened in the country to the east, and that the man had spent his time practicing shooting. But he was a careless man, or while pumping the unused cartridges out of his gun he wouldn't have lost so many; and he was an obstinate man, or he wouldn't have used the unusual and not very good caliber. As a hunter of big game, it has been my experience that whenever you meet a man clinging to a little used and not much recommended caliber you meet a man who has done some big-game hunting—not much, but just enough to make him opinionated—and a man who has the other characteristics of the opinionated.

If my friend of the bilious temperament and the unusual caliber gun happens to read these pages and recognizes himself, I wish he would write to me, for I should like to tell him something about how to leave a camp.

But enough of this digression; I must be getting back to what happens to a dude ranch when, through various circumstances, the system goes awry or seems on the point of going awry.

The Ranch Larder

I have already built up for you the background—the seventy-five or so people, each with a different personality and a different incalculability, to be found on a dude ranch. Now we can see just what is supposed to be taking place when everything is functioning normally.

The static conditions are these: In the ice house there are beef, mutton, pork, ham, bacon, butter, eggs, fruit, the fresh vegetables we cannot grow ourselves, and the fish and game birds caught or shot in season by our guests or ourselves. In the milk house, dozens of pans of milk and cream. In the food storehouse, flour, cereals, canned goods by the scores, preserves, jams, and so on, *ad infinitum*. All these in sufficient quantities to last at least a week and to supply not only the ranch itself but any pack trip that may be going out in the meantime.

In the other storehouses are supposed to be duplicates of everything we have on the ranch, so that any article can be replaced immediately.

Such are the static conditions. The mobile conditions are: A horse for every person and always on hand when desired; a constant supply of wood for the cabins and kitchens, a constant supply of hot and cold water, three meals a day; picnic luncheons prepared when wanted; cleanliness, laundry taken away and delivered back on time and in good condition, and pack trips constantly going out and coming back, and so scheduled that the guides have not more than one idle day between their return from one trip and their departure on another. The mere outfitting of pack trips, with their varying numbers of tourists and their varying lengths, and the fitting in of them so that the guides, with their short season, will be kept busy and the tourists, with their conflicting desires and necessities, will be satisfied is an enormous undertaking in itself, requiring great experience and forethought. As to the food supply for pack trips, you can't leave anything out that is necessary, not when you are going into an actual wilderness; but on the other hand you do not want to send anything that will be merely extra weight. Various tastes have to be consulted as well; some people like pickles and some like sweets.

When Things Go Wrong

Even with all the system in the world, there are certain of these static and mobile conditions that cannot always be predicted. You cannot, for instance, buy butter in too great quantities; or meat, or anything that is likely to spoil; and yet there may come weeks when more butter than usual is used, or some of the butter you have turns rancid. And horses are always uncertain. No horse wrangler or nighthawk is so expert that at all times he will not lose part of his caviya, especially in the fly season when his charges are restless. Then there will come days when this person or that is riding a horse to which he or she is unused, or not riding any horse at all. Sometimes we have had two or three men, including frequently ourselves, riding for half a week simply in order that one tourist may not be discomforted in this fashion. And there are other occasions when burly cow-punchers ride for butter as at other times they ride after stock.

But even with all the perversity for which inanimate objects are famous, nothing has yet been found really to equal the perversity of the human mind, once it is thoroughly aroused; and missing butter, or missing other things, or missing horses cannot cause a dude wrangler to cast about for more expedients or work harder than at times a single dishwasher who has taken into her head that she is in love, or wants to be a movie queen, and therefore cannot wash dishes a single moment longer can cause him. For there is no regimen harder than the regimen of play; a man will put off a duty, but he hates to put off a pleasure: and on a dude ranch you are catering to people who are playing. Their plans, therefore, are infinitely important. They do not want them dislocated. And this insistence has its reverse side where your outfit is concerned, for sometimes the young people who are working for you grow sullen, quite illogically, because they have to look after other young people who do not have to work at all.

The day on a dude ranch begins at five o'clock, and the first people up are the roustabout, the roustabout's helper, horse wrangler and assistant cook. The roustabout's initial duty is to start the daily milk supply; in other words, he goes down to the cow corrals and drains his charges of their twelve-hour accumulation—in itself an uncertain beginning, because cows are uncertain. While he is doing this his helper is supposed to be preparing the hot water that is passed around by means of a wheeled barrel and buckets, and in any quantity desired, and at any hour specified, to the awaking dudes. The horse wrangler, catching up his wrangle horse, which has been kept in some small home pasture overnight, goes out on the range to assist the nighthawk; and the second cook starts the fire in the kitchen and prepares the outfit's breakfast, which is served at six o'clock.

At this breakfast the foreman is always present, and also one of the partners, in order that he and the foreman may consult about the day's program. Breakfast over, the outfit scatters to its work—the partner to his office, the foreman to give his orders, the teamster to hitch up his team, the laundresses to the laundry, the cabin girls to make up and put in order the outfit's sleeping cabins, which are cleaned before the dude cabins are ready, and the dining room and kitchen force, now joined by the first cook, to prepare for the dude breakfast, which runs, as a rule, from half past seven until nine o'clock.

By this time a few of the dudes are up—sportsmen, as a rule, or habitual light sleepers, or those who have plans necessitating early rising.

Starting the Day

I like those early breakfasts, outfit or dude, while the dew is still on the grass and the wild flowers, and the translucent mountain dawn still lingers on the peaks. These are the loveliest hours of the day save for dusk or moonlit nights. There is a curious feeling of lightness and power about them. Your heart is washed clean. And in June there are a thousand birds singing, and in July a riot of color, and in August and September the crystal clearness of approaching autumn. There is no sensation like the early morning in a high country, except when on a hot day you lie down in the midst of a forest and stare into the ice-cold depths of a spring.

There are always in the world a certain number of people who are late for breakfast. There is no scientific name for them, but they represent a well-defined and easily isolated class, and if you are not careful they will get you into trouble with your cook. We have devised a subterfuge for handling such people—we tell them they can't get breakfast in the dining room after a certain hour, but that they can get it in the kitchen, and for some reason both they and the cook are satisfied. But if they are not very prompt in their lateness they may not get all they want to eat and it may not be served in the way they want it, for already the ranch will be humming with activity. The nighthawk and the horse wrangler will be in with their caviya and those who are planning all-day expeditions will be petitioning the cook for lunches and getting together the extraordinary paraphernalia, from cameras to gum boots, that people seem to like to take with them.

A score or more of horses will be saddled up and waiting at the hitching rack

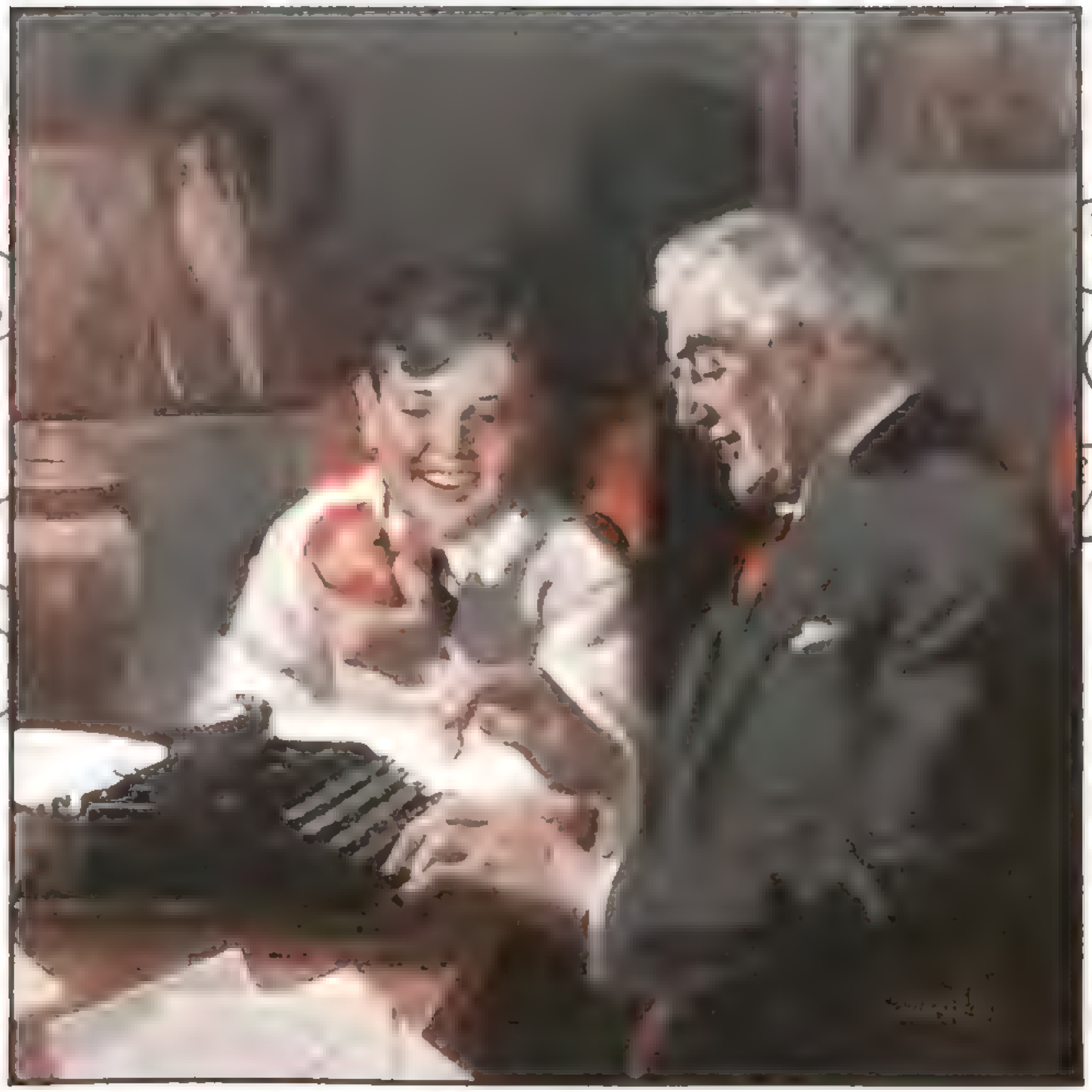
We have a book—called the Corral Book—which is kept in the writing room of the main cabin, and in this tourists are supposed every day to write the names of their horses and the hours at which they want them—him or "she." After twelve o'clock the horses not signed up for are turned out on the range again.

And so the day goes on. As a rule only a half dozen or so dudes are left on the ranch at lunch. Toward dusk the others come riding back, voluble with the things they have seen or done.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

A Summer Beggar in Yellowstone National Park

(Continued on Page 179)



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It is easy to operate because it is the most complete portable typewriter, with every feature common to the larger machines. So light it can be carried anywhere, so convenient it can be used anywhere, and so small that it fits in a case only four inches high. It is compact, strong and durable. And its work is beautiful—always.

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The Wish of Every

How 70,000 Farmers made your wish come true –

A message of unusual interest to every housewife. Please read it—on the opposite page.

Thinking Woman

HOW often have you wished that all the food you serve your family could come direct from the farm?

It is that wish of yours, and the wish of thousands of other thinking housewives, that have made it possible for 70,000 farmers to give you Dairylea Evaporated Milk—*direct* from their farms.

These 70,000 progressive farmers, owning 1,000,000 cows, realize that public health will be benefited when the public consumes more milk. They know, too, that *better quality* and *added food value* will make you want more milk.

So, although, as you know, the U. S. Government has set high milk standards, these responsible farmers have gone even *above* these standards in producing your *Dairylea Evaporated Milk.* That is why Dairylea contains *more nutritious milk fats and solids than even your own government requires;* and with their desire to give you this *richer, creamier evaporated* milk direct from their farms, these farmers built up the largest organization of its kind in the world.

THIS is the now famous Dairymen's League Co-operative Association. Every month it does a business of over seven million dollars. Because this immense business is owned and operated by farmers themselves, your Dairylea Evaporated Milk will always remain these 70,000 farmers' own product, from a million cows they themselves own.

When you buy Dairylea, you are buying direct from the farmers who produce it, and each can has the combined guarantee of 70,000 progressive farmers.

Dairylea is the concentrated wholesomeness of the purest fresh bottled milk. It is exactly the same milk which U. S. Senator Copeland, when Health Commissioner of New York City, called "the best in the world."

Ask your grocer for Dairylea and convince yourself!

DAIRYMEN'S LEAGUE
CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Convince Yourself!

For as Long as These Shall Endure

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YOU know with what jealous care America guards the shrines of her national liberty—Mt. Vernon and Independence Hall. Never a preventable menace is permitted to endanger them; no material is ever used for their repair and preservation but maintains, secures, perpetuates.

Convincing evidence, then, of the *lasting* quality and *fireproof* nature of Sheetrock is the simple fact that Sheetrock now protects these precious structures.

After a fire in the attic of Independence Hall one day three years ago, the authorities wisely ordered that any reconstruction must provide for fireproofing. So they used 15,000 square feet of Sheetrock, *the fireproof wallboard,* in making this repair both safe and permanent.

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(Continued from Page 174)

But you can see what happens if this system, elastic enough but carefully planned, breaks down or threatens to break down. A drunken cook can turn the sunniest day into one of gloom. And as I have said a couple of times before, no matter what your inner turmoil may be you must hide it from your passengers and pretend that all is well. They must never know there is a fire in the hold. I have called attention to the similarity between people and horses. This similarity applies only to their more casual social relationships; in times of panic people are like cattle. While they are milling around they have to be sung to; when they have really stampeded nothing will stop them but a diversion as sharp and unexpected as revolver shots accompanied by a constant riding on their flanks.

For years I had a Japanese cook who got drunk regularly once a summer and stayed drunk for three days. During this time his one desire was to be a dude. He said he could easily afford to be a dude because he had a tea plantation in Japan he could sell. After the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect—that is, at first, until the inevitable efficiency in bootlegging set in—he made a disgusting brew out of raisins, which he would hide behind the stove until my foreman and myself would discover it.

Finally, wearied by these gayeties that used to wake me up at two or three o'clock in the morning, I told Jimmy that the next time he got drunk I would probably shoot him. He seemed to take this threat to heart, for his annual diversion was delayed longer than usual; but one night late in August he stuck his brown face in through the window of my cabin and interrupted on my part a peaceful slumber. I was really angry. I grabbed my gun, wakened my foreman, and together we went up to tell Jimmy what we thought of him.

He had no opportunity to bother us with his usual formula; we drove all thoughts of being a dude out of his head by our bitter personal comments. Finally I told him that if he left his cabin again that night I would tie him down and leave him tied for two days, and I showed him my gun and impressed upon him how near he had come to being shot in the leg. Very drearily he got back into bed.

A Seven-Year-Old Sorrow

The next day he was ill and sent for me. I had no sooner entered his cabin than he fell upon his knees, took my hand, pressed it three times to his forehead and asked me if I wished him to kill himself—hara-kiri. I said no, certainly not, very coldly—that I did not want a dead cook about the place.

"Well, you see," he explained, in his almost indistinguishable English, "I have had great sorrow. Otherwise I would not have done the evil thing I have done."

My all too easily touched heart was wrung.

"What has happened, Jimmy?" I asked.

"I received word from Japan that my mother is dead."

"Your mother!" I was conscience-stricken. "When did she die?"

"Seven years ago, sair."

I have learned one thing, however, from running a dude ranch. By nature I am an impatient and irascible person, but these characteristics do not pay. They pay neither objectively nor subjectively. Results are not accomplished by impatience or irascibility. When things pile up and the end of the world seems near, the most satisfactory defense is to work hard and try to get under the obstacles, not over them. The same principle applies to making yourself heard in a crowd. Misfortunes are like breakers—if you try to jump them they will knock you down, but you can easily dive through them or let them wash over you. A high voice and a worried expression are temptations to a universal catastrophe; a soft voice and a smile are likely to turn even the most excitable into something less like a horse or a cow and more like a man or a woman.

As much as possible we try to get the dudes and outfit to mix. It is good for both the Westerner and Easterner to know each other, and once the initial embarrassment is over and the provincialism on both sides dissipated, the Easterner and Westerner almost invariably like each other. Where the Easterner is concerned much is lost in a visit to a ranch if he fails to learn something about the people who live on ranches.

A dude wrangler, if he is conscientious—and he had better be or he won't get very far—realizes that he must do more than merely see that his guests are taken care of and well occupied; he must also give them the atmosphere of the country they are in. This is not always easy. Summers vary in this respect. It depends on whether imaginative people are in the ascendancy or not. Fifty or so town-bred people, living together, can capture an atmosphere utterly and make it their own and go blithely about their occupations totally unaware that they are missing the most valuable experience the West can give them. It is not worth while coming to Wyoming merely to get a little slice of South Orange or Southampton or Lake Forest.

I do not always love bridge as that noble game should be loved, and I almost always hate continual talk. I do not love either bridge or talk at all when the whole wide silvery world of Wyoming is sleeping under a great moon or an incredible galaxy of stars; cow-punchers out on the range, ranchers in their cabins, bucking horses knee-deep in grass, steers silent black shapes in the darkness, elk in the leafy shadows of their summer haunts, and in cañons not four miles from the bridge players and the gossipers bear following trails that in many cases no man has ever followed.

At night, by a Western stream, whether it be a forest stream or a stream that moves slowly through the marshes, there is the sweetest and most pungent of smells—the smell of coldness and mist and damp mud and weeds that grow in water. This has always seemed to me to be an epitome of loneliness; wild and lonely as a single mallard winging through the red dusk of an autumn sky.

The Place Called West

A dude wrangler is a sort of spiritual hermaphrodite, as Kipling called the marines, for with one ear he hears the amused comments of the Westerner about the Easterner and with the other he hears the amused comments of the Easterner about the Westerner; and being as a rule an Easterner who by choice and vocation has become a Westerner, he is able to agree and sympathize with both. With the innocent expression that should characterize the members of his profession, he goes about his ranch a very treasure house of secrets and confided opinions. But these secrets, as a rule, are harmless ones, and these confided opinions in the main are good-natured.

I have never known a Westerner to shoot at an Easterner's feet, and I have never known any innocent person to be put upon the back of a bucking horse unless his manner had been such as to invite a trial of his skill. And the more highly civilized an Easterner is the better he gets along with the Far Westerner. This explains why so many English peers and younger sons have done so well at ranching. The dignity and simplicity and utter unself-consciousness of the Far Westerner, as I have said long ago, demand in return the dignity and simplicity and unself-consciousness of extreme good breeding. The one type that does not get on very well with the Far Westerner is the back-slapping, facetious American. Yes, I realize that sounds strange, because one thinks of the Far Westerner as a most typical American. He is, which proves that the other fellow isn't.

I don't know what people mean when they speak of "the West," anyhow—politicians and orators, and such like. There is no "West." There is the Middle West and the Far West and the Coast West, and each of these main sections is divided into sections of its own. The Far West has the Northwest and the Southwest; and the Northwest contains such utterly divergent states as Wyoming and Montana on the one side and Utah and Idaho on the other. Where in the world can you find states more dissimilar or people more unsympathetic than the states and people of the Far West and the Middle West? The Far West was able to accomplish the mental somersault of being equally enthusiastic about Roosevelt and Wilson. Explain that if you can. There is only one explanation—the Far West likes its statesmen to be dramatic. It admires courage whether courage be right or wrong.

Perhaps the most fundamental difference between the Far Westerner and the Easterner has to do with time. I once worked on a ranch where the home pasture was a wooded tract of more than a hundred acres. We had some Easterners staying with us, fairly ponderous business men—executives—and in the morning they would come out with khaki gaiters wrinkling over their ponderous executive legs and demand their horses. I never lost my delight in what would then happen. The horse wrangler would sit on his heels and roll a cigarette and stare at the sky, while the executives would get angrier and angrier.

After a while the horse wrangler would pick up some hackamore ropes and disappear in this direction or that. He never told the executives what he was doing, and perhaps if he had they wouldn't have understood him; but he was not wasting his time; he was doing that most unurban thing—thinking. Having a wooded pasture in which to find his horses, he was thinking just where he had seen them last, and just where the feed was best, and just what the conditions of the hour were—heat, flies, and so on—and when he had finally made up his mind he walked in a straight line to where the horses were. The executives would have preferred immediate action even if it only consisted in running about in circles.

A famous head guide we had was always driven into a frenzy by questions having to do with hours and locations.

"How do I know?" he would complain, waving his hands. "How in hell do I know when we'll get there? There might be a washout, or a flood, or a blizzard, or one of you fellows might break a leg. Or how can I tell where I'm going to camp? A man can't tell where he's going to camp, even if he's been over the same trail only the week before. I'll have to see what the feed's like when I get there."

And incidentally this last sentence contains a frequent source of disagreement between Westerners and inexperienced Easterners. No honest guide, except in a water-hole country, can tell you at noon exactly where he is going to camp that night. In making camp the Westerner looks first for grass for his horses, next for water and wood, and last for the æsthetic pleasure of his party. He does his best to balance these considerations, but if anyone suffers it must be the human beings. Horses are not so adaptable as men; they have to be more looked after. It takes a horse about eight hours to fill up on a good range, and if he doesn't fill up, then after a while you'll be afoot and that will be the greatest inconvenience of all.

Haste That Makes Waste

I am heartily on the side of the Westerner in this perennial quarrel about time, and one of the reasons why I like to see Easterners go on a pack trip is because on a pack trip better than anywhere else they learn that efficiency has nothing whatsoever to do with haste—is, as a matter of fact, opposed to haste. We live in an absurdly hurried age; we run where we ought to walk and we walk where we ought to sit, and we blow our motor horns if we are held up for a minute—all for the purpose of getting nowhere as quickly as possible. As a result, we spend half our time undoing decisions that we would not have made at all had we taken the time to think them over. But the frontiersman learned long ago that it is frequently impossible to undo decisions in a country where haste usually leads to disaster and sometimes even to death. If you go gayly up a trail without stopping to consider whether it be the right one or not you may find yourself at nightfall many miles from where you wanted to be; and you are in a country where there are no convenient inns at each stopping place and where you can't take short cuts.

Thoughtful and slow-moving by necessity, except in moments of danger, the Westerner has preserved many virtues the more modern world is in sore danger of losing. For one thing, he is the repository of the farfamed but nowadays almost nonexistent American sense of humor. A few mechanics still have it, a few farmers, practically every Far Westerner. On the whole we are getting to be a grim, hurried, harried people. We have wit but no longer humor. We are becoming gray and crackling. But the cow-puncher and the rancher, having time, are essentially gay-hearted; although, by the same token, they may also be essentially sardonic and outwardly grave. They live close to reality and their talk is pungent and filled with figures and conceits. The Far West is the one place I know where irony is always completely understood. You never experience the horrible sensation of saying something obliquely and having it taken literally. If you say of a man whom you despise, "That's a dandy fellow, isn't he?" the Far Westerner knows exactly what you mean, and frequently a charming conversation is started in which not one word spoken can be accepted at its face value.

With all due respect to the education, learning and ability of the city dweller, one who has known it cannot but at times be homesick for the allusive soft-voiced talk of the frontier. Those long hours when you sit up around a camp fire! The light spreads out to hang tapestries of faded flame upon the great walls of columned pine, and beyond that you cannot see except for a hole in the night where, directly overhead, the stars shine through. Every now and then you or your companion moves to throw on a log or poke the smoldering sticks together. And all the while your comment is filled with sap and with brooding—real conversation, about horses and steers and dogs, and trails and moose and elk and bear, and men whose isolation has made them individuals marked with laughter or tragedy or drama.

Getting Lost

Somewhere in a short story I have attempted the following philosophic description of getting lost, and I don't know that personally I can improve upon it. I will repeat it:

> Now being lost is a strange thing, largely a matter of psychology, and the psychology is difficult to explain to a person who never has been lost. It is almost impossible to lose a man who refuses to submit his mind to such a surrender. The difference between an old hand and a new one is that neither may have the faintest idea where he is, but the old hand isn't alarmed and the new hand is. Perhaps the distinction is best illustrated by the story of the Indian who was found two days away from where he should have been, and when interrogated, replied, "No, me not lost—tepee lost." The Indian was right.
>
> Men have run themselves to death in a ten-acre wood lot; they have followed water uphill thinking they were following it down; they have shrieked themselves into exhaustion; they have been found stark, staring mad; they have built little fires to keep themselves warm at night and have seen eyes that were not there across the flames, and dusky predatory shapes equally nonexistent; and they have held long, rigidly logical conversations with ghosts. All this may seem very funny and exaggerated, but it isn't; try getting lost. Nearness to death is a pleasant interlude compared to it. . . . A man is going through a forest; he is happy and contented; the rays of the setting sun are falling in gold through the trees; he is thinking of something else; then suddenly he looks about him and everything is different and faunal and terrifying; and unless he uses a great deal of self-control the thing has happened. Undoubtedly this was part of what the Greeks meant when they spoke of meeting Pan.

I might have added that getting lost also has its parable for the overbusy and overstimulated. In eighty cases out of a hundred a man gets lost not because he has been careless but because he has been too careful; not because he hasn't been thinking but because he has been thinking too much in the wrong way; because he has mistaken the trees for the forest, and because he has smothered the important in a mass of unimportant details. The unaccustomed traveler following a trail tries to remember every foot of it; the old-timer remembers only the exceptional features—the twisted tree, the strange-looking rock, the sudden turn, the ford. Stewart Edward White has pointed this out, as he has also pointed out why the tenderfoot finds it so difficult to see the game his guide sees at once. The guide, as he sweeps with his eye a country—a valley or a distant side-hill—is looking for the exceptional; the tenderfoot sees everything and therefore sees too much. In trail finding and big-game hunting, as in everything else, quality is to be preferred to quantity; discrimination is the secret of distinguished success.

I might add Kephart's advice in order to make my dissertation more practical. When you know you are lost, sit down just where you are and try to forget all about it. If you smoke, light a pipe. After a while, when you are calm, try to recollect your back trail, and then try to work your way back to where you first went astray. But above all things be unperturbed, and do not try to go forward.

But I am not writing a textbook on woodcraft. My object in bringing up the subject of getting lost was because getting lost has a direct bearing upon the life of a dude wrangler, practical as well as spiritual.

My country is a singularly difficult one in which to get really lost; nothing like the desert or the rolling forests of Maine or

(Continued on Page 181)

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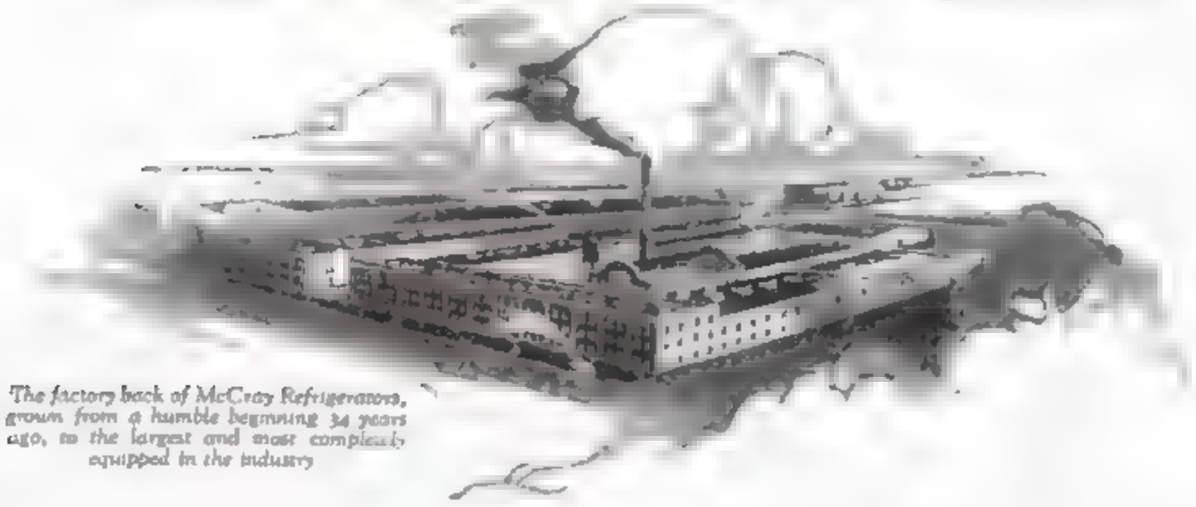

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☐ Markets ☐ Grocers ☐ Florists

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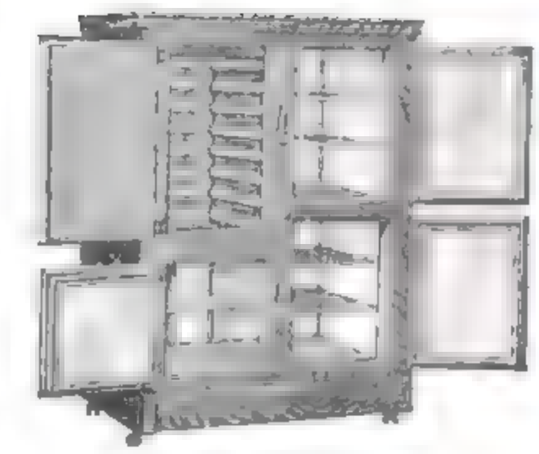
Street City



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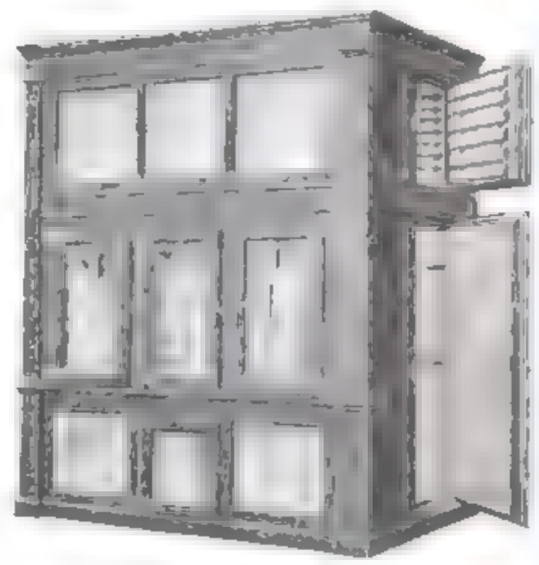

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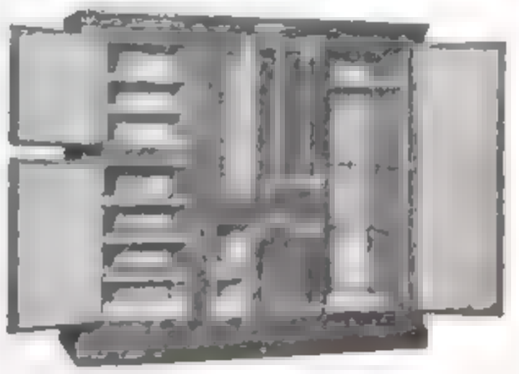

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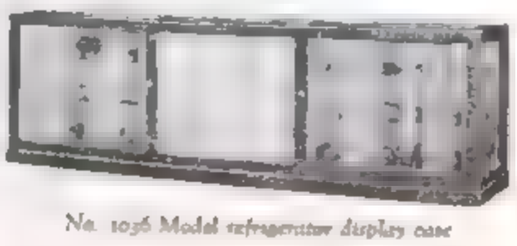

No. 1036 Model refrigerator display case

(Continued from Page 179

Canada. To the west are the gigantic peaks of the Tetons, to the east the high, if less spectacular, peaks of the continental divide. If you ascend almost any rise of ground, or in an extremity climb a tree, you can see these peaks and get your bearings again. Besides, to the west, every stream runs into the Snake River; and to the east, every stream either runs into the Snake River or into a subsidiary of the Snake River. So all you have to do, even if you cannot see the peaks, is to follow water downhill.

But getting lost, as I have pointed out, is more than this; it is a psychological affair and the direct opposite of common sense; and since my country is also in places one of immense forests, although it is not easy for the experienced person to get seriously lost, it is not hard for the inexperienced person to spend the night out. Only once in sixteen years have we had a serious alarm, but almost every second summer or so we have to saddle horses at twelve or one o'clock at night and organize impromptu search parties. This is where getting lost has to do practically with dude wrangling.

Half the time the missing ones are not lost at all, merely delayed; and even when they are lost they are easy to find and are speedily comforted. The average tourist knows nothing of the season of the year in the Rockies when even the most experienced are frequently lost permanently. On a winter night you cannot always see the peaks and you cannot follow the courses of the hidden streams, and you cannot lie down casually in the brush and wait until dawn.

Not so very long ago a number of people were sitting by the ranch fireplace, cheerful and warm, and only half a mile away, on the flats above, an old man, the father of one of the girls working for us, was struggling step by step to his death. They found him afterward under the snow.

Just a few days ago I received word of a tragedy that occurred the night after I left the valley last autumn—October second. Four people, a forest ranger, a woman who was a relative of his, a young girl, and the editor of a quaint little weekly published in the nearest town, were sheep hunting. They were camped back in the hills, twenty miles or so from the nearest ranch. That morning a light skift of snow had fallen, making the rocks and slopes slippery. The forest ranger went in one direction to hunt, the editor in another.

A Harrowing Twenty Minutes

The editor was a strange little creature, undersized, with a lame foot and big goggles. He did not return for supper. The ranger hunted for him all that night, but could not find him. The next morning he came upon his tracks and found where he had killed a sheep and had gone on; but the tracks, running on to hard ground and rocks, gave out. Finally a general alarm was given, and days later the editor was found in a narrow cañon, into which he had crawled and stumbled like a wounded animal after he had fallen in the darkness from the cliff he was trying to descend. He had broken his arm in many places and had taken off his suspenders and tried to make a sling out of them, but in the end he had died of exhaustion and loss of blood.

This was not during the winter; but tourists, unless they want to kill themselves, do not hunt sheep alone.

And I recollect one winter when I was carrying fifty pounds of mail—too much—on my back from the post office, eight miles below, to the ranch. Twice a week one of us skied down for this purpose. It had been a clear day and it had settled into a clear night, sharp and silent and filled with stars—like a frosted bell that has not been struck. The slightest sound, the creaking of a branch, the snapping of a twig, rang with resonance. Just at sundown I dropped one of my gloves and my hand was nearly frozen before I could put it on again.

I skied into growing darkness and came at length to the thick fringe of cottonwood that bordered the stream a mile to the south of the ranch buildings. In the shadow of the trees I could see nothing, and before I had slid twenty feet my right ski struck the soft snow that always surrounds a hidden log, and, plunging under the log, threw me my full length and more. I struggled to my feet, and in a moment the same thing happened again. By now my pack was loosened so that every time I was thrown it came over my head and added impetus to my fall. The buckles and straps were frozen stiff and I dared not take off my gloves to tighten them.

I do not know how long I was in that narrow belt of trees, stumbling to my feet and falling again—probably not more than twenty minutes; but it seemed an eternity, and a witchcraft sort of thing in which the witch hobbles—magnificent term, but applied correctly only to alder swamps and places of that kind of the fallen logs reached out and pulled me down. I had gone into the shadows completely untired and confident; I came out exhausted and bewildered. A mile away, across a level stretch, were the faint lights of the ranch, but it took me two hours to reach them. Sometimes I crawled on my hands and knees. When I came at length to the high bank of snow before the south door, where the prevalent winds had blown a clear space, I slid down on my back and had barely enough strength to turn the knob. Inside there were lamps and people reading and the peaceful smell of supper; but I might very well have been dead out there in the night only a quarter of a mile away, or a hundred yards away, or fifty.

But these things do not happen, as a rule, to tourists; and even if they did, interesting as they are, they are not so interesting for my present purpose as what effect the usually harmless straying of the summer months has upon the minds of those who stray.

Here is where the spiritual side of getting lost has to do with the dude wrangler.

Finding Herself

I have said that I have discovered—or think I have discovered—after many years of dude wrangling that most people are what they are and that they can only take away from a country what they bring to it. That, in the main, is true. It does not apply so much, of course, to those who spend long periods in the valley—a year or two, or even longer; even the dullest must gain some new knowledge from the change of seasons, from the intimate acquaintanceship of mountains; but those who spend only a few weeks, after all, see but little. A sharp experience—something like the experience of Saul of Tarsus—is necessary to alter them; and every now and then the country, so smiling and apparently gentle in July and August, or even September, does reach out with a mighty hand that grips an unsuspecting shoulder. Although, again, even such an experience has no effect unless it has material that receives experiences to work upon.

A very dear friend—one of the most charming and splendid women I know—came to Wyoming first because she thought she was suffering from a nervous breakdown. Her husband had just died; she had had other misfortunes. She thought herself incapable of action or decision. One night she was lost on the slopes of the Tetons. She had been mountain climbing with a party and, coming down in the dusk, had followed the wrong fork of a stream and found herself eventually in a precipice country, where she was forced to stop. Meanwhile the rest of the party, thinking she had gone on ahead, descended to the horses, and not finding their companion, back-tracked without success. At midnight one of them rode in to the ranch and a search party was dispatched. The stray was found in the grayness of early dawn. But she was not the same woman, and never has been since. She had entirely regained her grip upon herself. She has never again thought herself incapable of action or decision. During that lonely night she had had to make many decisions, and she had spent her time thinking.

I recall a gray rainy morning when there came a knock at my door and I was wakened out of a sound sleep by a game warden who brought word from one of our hunting camps, thirty miles to the east, that a hunter was lost and had been lost for four days. Shivering with cold, I caught up a horse and followed the warden. On our journey across the valley we issued a general alarm. Later morning found us threading our way into the tangle of hills that led toward the camp.

There was hardly any conclusion to come to except that the hunter was dead. At least, that was the conclusion that all knowledge of the hills and all experience of hunting presented to the mind. He had had a gun with him and he was a young and careless undergraduate. It never occurred to us that, without accident, anyone could have disappeared for so long in a country

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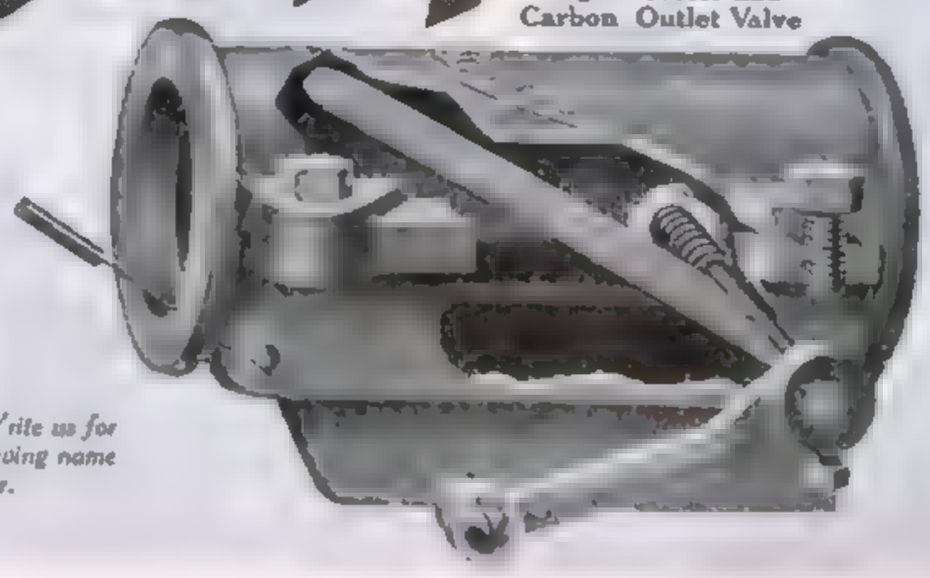

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such as the one in which the camp was situated. To be sure, it was a trappy country of many confusing small streams and valleys; but it lay to the north of a well-defined little river, and every valley within a radius of ten miles, and every stream within the same radius, met the little river. Even if the boy had wandered ten miles north and had crossed the divide, he would have found himself in a country similar to the one he had just left, where all he had to do would be to follow a stream to reach safety.

But the combinations of the human mind are uncountable. The boy, to begin with, had run away from his guide, under the delusion, apparently, that he could outdistance a bull elk on foot. The two were hunting in the fading light of the afternoon on their way back to camp and had just climbed to within a few feet of the top of a hill.

"Sit down and rest," said the guide, "and then we'll look over the other side."

For a few minutes he turned away his head, and when he looked again the boy was gone. But at first, of course, the guide was not alarmed; he merely thought his charge had crept over the edge of the ridge. When he came to the edge, however, and looked down the bare slope beyond, there was no one in sight. Nor was there anyone in sight in the open meadow, surrounded with heavy timber, far below. The guide called; finally he shot off his rifle. There was not a sound in answer. He plunged down in pursuit, calling and at intervals firing. Up until midnight he continued to search; a rather hopeless search, since it was too dark to follow tracks. Then he went back to camp and signal fires were lit, and for four days an organized search was made.

Runaway Hunters

What had really happened was this: While the guide had his back turned the boy had crept to the summit of the ridge and looked over and had seen, down in the open meadow, several elk, a magnificent bull among them. He had been too excited to notify his guide. He had jumped to his feet and run down the slope and, incredible as it may seem, had continued to run blindly after his quarry—now, of course, miles away—running on until he found himself completely lost. Then instead of trying to remember his bearings, he had kept on going. Morning found him miles away.

He had a general idea of his direction and he knew that at any time he wanted he could follow any stream down to the valley of the little river. Several times he saw the valley of the little river from the tops of the hills. But he was obstinate, and he insisted to himself that he would find his way back as he had come. He had some matches and some chocolate with him, and fortunately there were plenty of berries; but he was pretty nearly exhausted when, at the end of four nights and three days, he stumbled into another hunting camp and stayed there until our men found him—and he had reached that state of panic where he saw things at night.

He told me that when he built his fires he could not sleep because he imagined that across the flames coyotes and wolves were sitting gravely on their haunches waiting for him to die. That was pretty bad. This young man grew up, as it were, overnight. And with all my genuine respect and admiration for the present-day generation of university undergraduates, the generation would not be a human one if it did not contain many members similar experiences would not hurt.

Hunters who run away from their guides are not always so fortunate. Several years ago I sat in the grand stand during the annual frontier show held at the nearest little town and looked through the haze of a September day to where, miles to the west, the densely timbered slopes of some mountains arose. Word had been brought that a hunter, camped there with a single guide, had been lost two days and the search parties were out. They found him a week or so later, crumpled up over a log, his rifle, which he had tried to drag after him by the barrel and in which there was an empty shell, pointing at his chest. His guide had left him alone for a few hours to hunt for some horses; and the hunter, although he was an experienced man and knew that he was breaking the law, had gone out by himself.

This story has a curious sequel. Not long ago I was down in the same country hunting bear in the late fall. There were two women in our party—one a particularly sensitive, high-strung, clever, imaginative person. For a week or so we camped in a narrow little open space, with a stream on one side and on the other a precipitous wooded slope. It was a gloomy country, shut in and damp, with a sun that only reached us for a few hours in the middle of the day. Historically it was a gloomy country as well, for two or three summers before a feud had broken out down there that had resulted in the killing of a couple of men.

The sensitive woman had heard of this feud, but whether it affected her or not I do not know. I only know that after a few days she told us, in an amused fashion, a dream she had had. She had dreamed that a man had crept down from the wooded slope to one side of the camp and, lifting the flap of her tent, and apparently without noticing her, had crawled anxiously about on his hands and knees searching for something.

"He seemed to be hurt, and I think he was looking for a gun," she said. "Did any of the men who were mixed up in that feud ever camp here, Frank?" she asked the only member of the party who knew that particular country well.

A negative shake of the head and a slow "No, never" was the only answer; but in the light of what I subsequently discovered, I believe—or at least imagine—that there was a curious narrow-eyed intentness in the stare of the man she interrogated.

A few days later the same woman, still in the amused fashion she has, told me that the night before she was so sure she had seen a figure standing just outside the circle of the camp fire that, thinking it was I, she had been on the point of speaking until, counting heads, she had discovered everyone who should be there lying around the blaze.

The following morning Frank had to ride into town—twenty miles away—and did not get back until the second day after his departure. He joined us while we were eating supper.

"Smith," he announced, "wanted to come up here and camp, but I told him we were already here. He was put out. This old camp of Lankenau's is a favorite place with him."

Then he stopped as if he suddenly remembered something.

Enter the Heroine

"Lankenau! Why, then this is the camp from which that dude who shot himself accidentally was lost, isn't it?" I asked.

"Yes." The answer was reluctant.

"Where did they find him?" the sensitive woman asked after a pause.

There was a sweep of the arm to the north.

"Up there in that timbered slope."

I am not trying to prove anything; I am simply stating facts as they happened.

But it isn't always necessary for people to be lost for them to realize their own smallness in the scheme of things and the full weight of the country. There are other things that can happen to them equally clarifying.

There was the episode of the lady and the bears, for instance. She was a very young lady and a very charming one—the serio-comedy might have as its title, instead of The Lady and the Bears, Beauty and the Bears. A tall and slim and blond and blue-eyed girl, beautiful to look at, and sufficiently civilized to be an excellent sportswoman and to fall immediately in love with the West. But most of her life had been spent in Paris; and even in New York she wasn't accustomed to going about very much without her maid, so you can see that for all her gayety and courage and good sense, she didn't know much about bears.

Eight of us—men and women—had gone on a mountain-climbing expedition. We had left the ranch in the morning and, crossing the sagebrush flats, had come about ten o'clock to the forest that runs along the base of the Tetons. Here we had tied our horses and had set out on foot. Our objective was a narrow saw-tooth ridge that fell away to the north from one of the minor peaks, and the best way to reach this ridge was up a contracted draw that carried a turbulent stream down from the snow fields. For a while we fought buck brush and giant wild carrot in the warm quiet of the August morning, until finally we found the course of the stream and the farther

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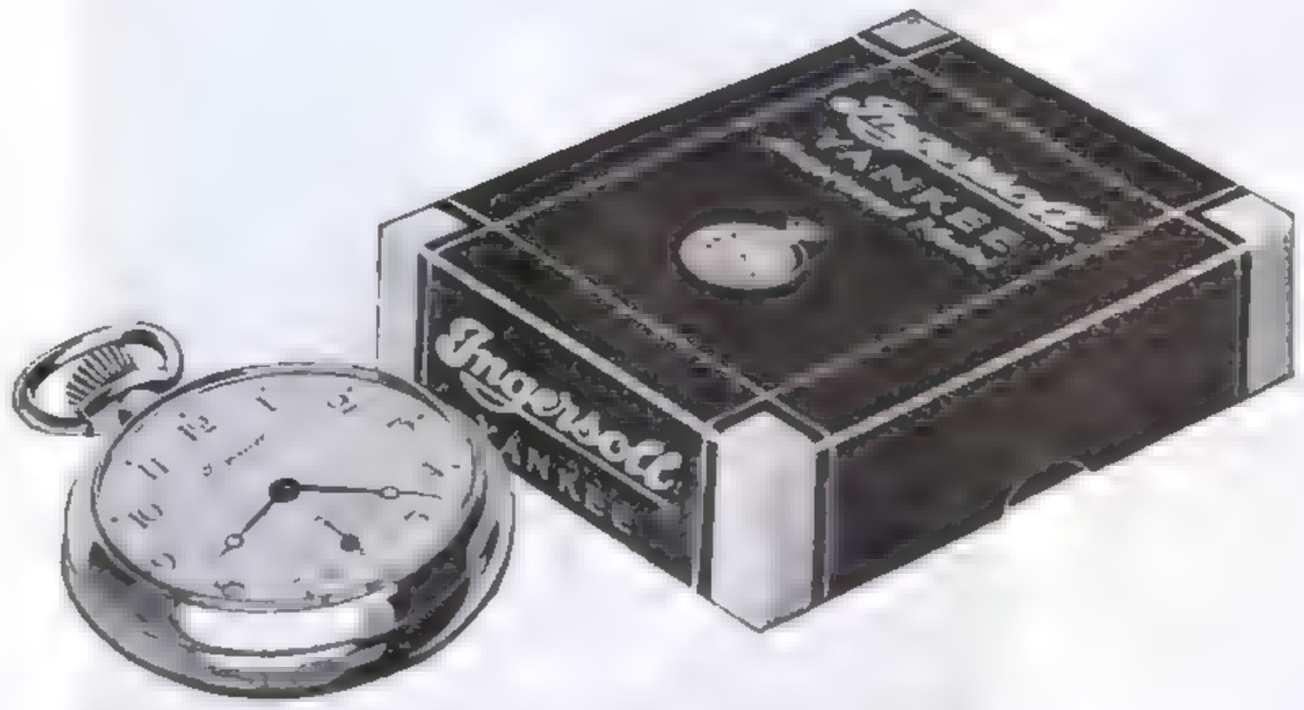
Ingersoll



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(Continued from Page 182

slopes of rock and moss. By noon we had climbed to a little valley, with immense wooded slopes on two sides of it, and on the third side, where the mountains were, rock walls and cramped cañons so precipitous that the latter could almost be called chimneys. Here we rested and ate our lunch. Afterward the heroine-to-be complained of a headache, so we left her and continued our climb. I presented her with a can of tobacco to keep for me, and a sweater I did not need.

One of the younger men asked me if I thought it was quite safe; and imitating the skipper of the Hesperus, I laughed a scornful laugh and replied that it was the safest place in the world—infinitely safer than New York or Paris.

And so it was—actually.

We were soon out of sight of the little valley and, the party splitting into two, I found myself scrambling and plodding, with only another man and a solitary woman, up a draw that gradually grew narrower. Somewhere around five o'clock we reached our goal. It was sufficiently dramatic, sufficiently worth while, as all high mountain places are. Curious that flying, apparently, gives you so little the impression of flying; skiing seems to give more; but of all things a man can do, mountain climbing gives most the exultation that would be present were the wings of an eagle suddenly granted you.

The cañon we had climbed had by now so narrowed that there was barely room for three people to lie down abreast and look over. The other side dropped away to nothingness—sheer snow slopes that seemed to roar into silence down to the dark pine-hidden bed of a valley beginning to be powdered with the gold of dusk. We lay along that knife edge and drank our fill of space and silence, and we must have been there a minute at least before we became aware of a faint hallooing far down the slopes up which we had come. We thought it was the rest of the party pleading with us to hurry back before dusk overtook them, and we were indignant.

"Let them wait," we agreed. "They've seen all they want to see, and now they want to hurry us. We'll take our time."

And we did. We peered and chatted and smoked and did not turn back until half an hour had passed. The faint hallooing that had kept up incessantly for five minutes had died away into silence.

Enter the Bears

But on the way down we were puzzled. We saw the rest of the party on some rocks just above us, and they denied, as indignantly as we accused them, any hallooing whatsoever.

"It must have been Fanny then," we said, and hurried on, by no means so well satisfied. After all, it was a lonely country and it was growing dark.

When the little valley came into sight once more we saw, greatly to our relief, crouched on a conical rock perhaps ten or twelve feet high, a human figure; and as we drew nearer we confirmed our first impression that it was the girl we had left. But she did not wave to us or respond to our cheery greetings. Instead, she waited until we were right under the rock and then climbed down and stared at us with eyes twice their natural size. There were dark circles under them, and her face beneath her jaunty small hat was pinched and white.

"What's wrong?" I asked harshly, and the next moment burst into roars of laughter, for the girl waved an arm in the direction of one of the wooded slopes and whispered "Bears!"

And sure enough, there they were—four; two of the biggest black bears I have ever seen, and two yearlings. By this time the quartet were almost at the top of the slope, virtuously engaged in searching for the harmless food that black and brown bears live on. They were distant and dusky shapes, more than half hidden in the pines; but they were unable to escape the eyes of the girl. For the moment she had become one of the most accurate observers of game in the West. As long as those bears were anywhere in sight she would see them.

My laughter was ill-timed. It took me three days to apologize, and I am not at all sure that I have sufficiently apologized yet. The girl, you see, had gone through two or three hours of mortal agony, and I must say she was exceptionally brave about it. We had left her a gay, frivolous young person and we found her on the way to being a woman. She dreamed about bears for many nights afterward, and she was ill in bed for a week. She was an example of how ignorance can make one suffer.

By and large, black bears, of course, are amongst the most innocent creatures in the woods. They wouldn't think of harming you, and if they catch your scent they will run like hares. But the girl didn't know this; she had been brought up to think that their favorite food is human flesh, the younger the better, as in the Old Testament. After we had left her she had dozed for a while and then had sat up and looked about her. The horror of that awakening I can well imagine.

Coming down the slope toward her, slowly but undeviatingly, were four bears. They were coming to the stream to drink; but again the girl did not know this, and the dilatory habits of bears only made her agony more difficult to sustain. She was afraid to run, afraid to call. Very slowly it seemed to her hours, and probably it was—she wriggled on her face toward the rock where we finally found her, and climbed up its reverse side and lay down again. But even then she was within fifty feet of her enemies. She had carefully thought out what she was going to do in case they followed her—she was going to throw the tobacco I had left with her into their eyes and, while they were blinded, strangle them with the small patent-leather belt she wore around her waist.

Oh, charming! Better than any fairy tale ever written! I cannot even now think of that grave-faced declaration without the delight that comes to one in the presence of something exceedingly quaint.

Lost—and Found

The bears had drunk deliberately, and then they had lain down in the sun, and then they had gone back the way they had come. Fortunately for their peace of mind, the wind was blowing away from them and they did not know they were being watched. If they had known they would have been even more frightened than the girl. When they had gone the heroine of the story ventured at last to call for help—the faint hallooing we had heard.

"But why were you so cheerful?" I asked. "There was not the slightest sound of alarm in your voice."

"I was afraid to let them know I was scared," she replied. "I've always heard that is a bad thing to do." And then she turned on me. "It is because you are hard and insensate," she said, "that you do not know what I have gone through."

I cannot close this chapter of dramatic intellectual metamorphoses without referring once more to the subject of getting lost. It has always fascinated me because it is a mental experience against a natural background

I have been lost thoroughly once in my life and I have several times come near to being lost. The man who says he never has been lost, or can't be lost, is a liar. The time I was thoroughly lost I was in camp in British Columbia and had strolled out late in the afternoon to look for deer. I made a big circle and finally came back to the stream upon which the camp was located. I had been paying no particular attention to my steps and I suddenly realized that I did not know whether camp was upstream or down. From that time on I was lost. I sat on the banks of the little river for fully half an hour, trying to figure out by the way the water flowed which direction to take, before I realized utterly the folly of my inquiry. When I realized my folly horror left me as quickly as it had come. All I had to do was to walk down the stream a mile or so, and if I didn't find the camp, turn around and walk up a couple of miles. I marked a tree with my eye so that I would know it again, and, to make sure, cut a notch in the bark with my knife. Then I set off downstream. The camp was in that direction.

It is very easy to lose yourself when tracking game. You are intent upon your quarry and not upon your trail. Once in Wyoming I came extremely near to spending the night in a patch of timber not over a mile from the ranch. I had as company, however, a newly arrived missionary of the Episcopal Church—a sin buster or sin twister—which made matters better, although it might very well have made them worse.

The missionary had ridden up from Jackson to pay his first official call and we were having lunch together, when one of the

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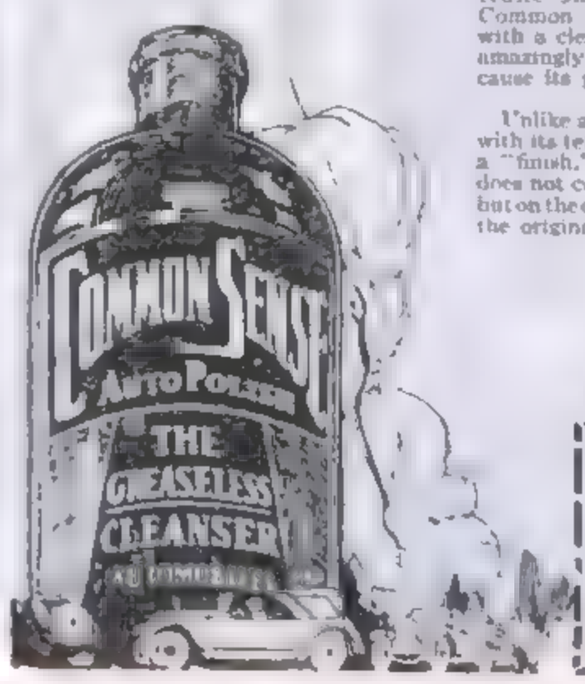

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boys, who had been cutting fire logs up in the timber, returned to the ranch with the news that he had seen a band of elk enter the trees only a short while before. It was a gray November day and there was about a foot of snow on the ground. Excellent hunting weather; and besides, we needed some meat. The opportunity seemed too good to be lost, so I asked the missionary if he wanted to go along, and although he had only been off the train four days, he assented eagerly. We climbed on the log cutter's wagon and dropped off when we came to the tracks the elk had left in the snow the tracks of seven animals; four cows and three calves.

Now the timber the elk had entered lies on a curious formation—an island that rises to perhaps fifty feet at its crest directly out of a sagebrush flat and is distant a quarter of a mile or so from the main body of the forest. The island is about five miles long by not more than half a mile at its widest, and although there is a great deal of down timber and the fir and pine are thick, it would seem a difficult place for anyone to get lost in—especially anyone who knew it as well as I did. But no place is difficult for that purpose if the hands of the dial have reached the appointed time.

The missionary and I took up the tracks about two o'clock in the afternoon and followed them without stopping until dusk, although at times the going was hard where the snow had collected in hollows. Just at the edge of dusk we overtook the elk, but it was too dark to shoot. I sighted along the barrel of my gun, but couldn't see the front ivory sight, and if there is one thing I would rather not do than another it is to take a chance of wounding game. So I let the elk go unharmed. By now it was quite dark, and being a gray, snowy night, there was not the slightest chance of telling your direction from the sky. But that did not bother me. The parson and I were standing in a draw and it stood to reason that any draw, on a piece of land as narrow as the island, would lead us down to one side or the other.

Round and Round

I set out resolutely. I could no longer see my way at all; but I knew, of course, that I was still in the draw. I walked for perhaps half an hour, and then, to my astonishment, felt tracks under my feet. Somehow or other we had crossed the tracks of the elk, although they hadn't been in the draw at all. I lit a match. The tracks were not those of the elk but of two men, one set smaller than the other—the parson was a giant of a man—and the smaller set fitted my galoshes perfectly. We were circling; there was no doubt about it. I said nothing to the parson, but set off again, trying to bear off to the right. In ten minutes or so I felt the tracks again, and a further match disclosed that there were now as far as we had gone—four sets of tracks.

For a second there was just a trembling inclination on my part to get really lost. There was a surge of that feeling that always accompanies really getting lost; the feeling that somehow you have lost your will power, that you are the plaything of dark and necromantic forces. I imagine that half the tales of medieval sorceresses came about in that way. Some knight, going astray in a forest, and being a knight, refusing to admit that it was his own fault, indicted the next nice woman he met who dwelt alone in a solitary tower. If he subsequently tried to misbehave with her as very often, being a knight, he would—all the more reason for an absolving tale. Had he not—to begin with—felt the spidery, intangible threads of magic? Yes; but then a modern man can feel the same threads today.

"Do you know what we are doing?" I asked the parson.

A Lovable Man

"Oh, yes," he replied coolly; "circling."

"Do you mind if we spend the night out? I have plenty of matches."

"Not in the least."

I loved that man immediately, and I have loved him ever since. I knew he was going to be a good sin-twister. He was neither a valetudinarian nor a fool nor a failure. I loved him because he was so unperturbed; but I loved him especially because, knowing that we were circling, he had said nothing about it until I spoke to him. Later on I want to talk about him some more.

"This island," I said, "is five miles long—we may have to walk that far. Meanwhile we must stop bearing off to the left, which is what a man always does when he has lost his bearings. I don't seem to be able to stop myself, but I think I can stop you. You go ahead and I will try to keep you straight. We'll abandon this draw for good. I don't understand it."

We stumbled ahead, falling over down logs and sometimes wallowing waist-deep in snow; but I did manage to keep the parson straight, and finally I saw the tips of the trees getting sparser. We came out of the island two miles above where we wanted to come out, and on the opposite side from where we had entered.

Later on I went up to investigate that draw. It was the one draw on the whole island, so far as I could make out, that instead of falling away to one side or another, followed in a complete circle the circumference of a knobby hill.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Burt. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

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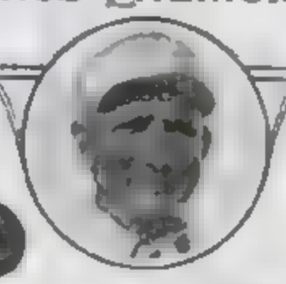

Liquid Granite

FLOOR VARNISH OF DISTINCTION

CROWDS

(Continued from Page 13)

played an important part in getting the rushing, anxious 100,000 to their places, and in handling further the 50,000 who were turned away. Dead lines were drawn 100 yards from entrances, and there was one and only one pass through those lines—not money, but the precious, almost priceless ticket.

But get in, the crowd did, and it got away again with no more serious casualty than perhaps a few bruised sensibilities, and that in record time. Just fifty-five minutes after the fight ended the grand stands were empty, the grounds cleared and the crowd well on its way.

And this was one of the $1,000,000 gates for which 1923 made itself famous. To be exact, the receipts were $1,300,000, and when the final accounting was made the balance was precisely $10.65 out, and that on the right side of the ledger, although all the work of distribution and handling the funds fell on only three men. This same staff—Charles J. Lyons, the chief, Benjamin Bennett and Charles X. Carter—has handled the tickets for all Rickard's boxing events in the past four years, including the Dempsey-Carpentier match, the largest gate in the history of any sporting event, $1,600,000. In all, these three have sold in this period more than $5,000,000 worth of tickets. This is how Chief Lyons says it is done:

"As soon as Mr. Rickard gets the signed contracts of two fighters he starts work on his arena. This was notable in the case of the Willard-Dempsey fight in Toledo in 1919, and the Carpentier-Dempsey fight in Jersey City in 1921, when he was forced to build his own arenas. The architect charts every seat, gives a copy of the diagram to the printer, and just ten days later—and this applies to the Carpentier-Dempsey and Dempsey-Firpo fights—we have the tickets, or the biggest part of them, in our hands.

"Then begins the work of distribution. It is rather easy at the start, for the sporting public already knows that the fight is on and the reservations start pouring in through the mails, by telegraph, and in many instances by cable. Our system has been to take care of the requests by mail and wire first, and as soon as they are cleared up we place the balance of the seats on public sale. We allot only a few to brokers, and then only to reputable ones, for the demand is usually so great that we can find a ready market right at Madison Square Garden, our headquarters.

"For the big fights we have found that the hardest work is to inform the public that we have no more seats. The great job is to distribute 100,000 seats when there are demands for twice that number. To place them in such a way that the public receives fair treatment is a task in itself. We have learned that the policy of first come, first served has been the winning one and results in satisfaction generally."

Handling the Mail Orders

"For the Dempsey-Firpo fight we had a sale of $300,000 through the mails. Think of receiving that many checks and money orders! But I would like to add right here that we did not receive a single bad check. We had most of our trouble with telegraph orders. In many instances the money was wired to us, but the address of the sender was overlooked. What we did was to take such orders and thumb-tack them to the wall and await further information from the sender. It usually came within a few days and the order was filled.

"Out of that $1,300,000 sale we had only one complaint, and that over a $55 reservation calling for two $27.50 tickets. The patron, who lived up in New York State, finally called at the Garden ticket office and wanted to know why he had not received his tickets. He said he had sent his check, but we did not recall it. In fact we had no record of it. We told him that if his check came back bearing our stamp we would make good, and suggested that in the meantime he give us another and take his tickets. He did so, and later we found that we had cashed his check and in our haste neglected to record it. We made it good to the patron at once.

"When it came time to check up on the $1,300,000 sale we discovered that we were just $10.65 over. There was no error in our ticket sale, but the surplus was due to tips left at the window by satisfied purchasers. We discourage this practice as much as possible, but it cannot be stopped. In order to protect the purchaser from walking away and leaving his change, as frequently happens, we keep a special officer at each window just to aid in this work. In most instances when the purchaser is called back he does not thank us, but extends an apology.

"In a space of two years, dating from the Carpentier-Dempsey fight, our little staff has handled more than $5,000,000 and I do not believe that we have been more than $100 over on the total."

As though to point the moral that the modern game of crowds requires not only an occasion but first-rate business tactics, experience, large resources and multitudinous equipment and facilities, 1923, the banner-crowd year, also saw a record crowd fiasco—namely, the Dempsey-Gibbons fight at Shelby, Montana. The attraction was certainly all that could be desired, and the backers erected a sizable arena with room for 60,000 spectators, and only 7599 paid admission. Except for the odd hundred who were admitted by just throwing open the gates, the other seats were empty. In consequence it will probably be a long time before another ambitious little city undertakes to compete with the men who regard crowds as a cold business proposition. Events involving purses of $100,000 and $200,000 are dangerous to enthusiastic amateurs.

Shelby's Sad Mistake

Almost everything went wrong at Shelby that could go wrong, and there is no denying that the underlying reason was that the town had, as old New Englanders say, bitten off more than it could chew. There was trouble raising the money; there was lack of coöperation among those in charge, and every dissension and hitch in the plans reached the public, who were told day after day that the bout was on and that it was off until its active interest was dissipated. Last but not least, there was the undeniable fact of inadequate facilities and accommodations. New York, the most thoroughly hoteled city in the country, and with several railroad terminals, is hard put to it to cope with such a crowd as a big sporting event brings out. Where little Shelby would have lodged or how it would have fed 60,000—or even 30,000—visitors remains an unanswered riddle.

The promotion of college sports is a vastly simpler matter. Given a stadium, the main task is the distribution of tickets. The bulk of the crowd is drawn from students, alumni and their friends, and is a fairly accurately known quantity. No elaborate advertising campaign and publicity drive are necessary to reach patrons. Most colleges are well supplied with adequate and convenient parking spaces, which is now important, for a large proportion of the crowds attracted to college sports make the journey by automobile. A small army of ushers from a well-organized student body makes the seating problem fairly easy. From the time a visitor reaches the grounds until he has found his place he is in the hands of one or more guides.

Even then there is work for town as well as campus officials. It strained the New Haven police power to guide and direct the 30,000 cars that were checked as going in and out of that town for the Yale-Army and Yale-Princeton games.

Like the promoters of professional events, the managers of college games find one of their hardest problems is meeting the demand for tickets. When the Army and Navy played in New York last fall to the biggest crowd in their history, as well as the biggest football crowd ever assembled in Gotham, the officials were so swamped with requests for tickets that they appealed to the newspapers to tell the public that there were no more of the precious pasteboards, and all their applications meant was the work of mailing back checks. Alumni, of course, get the first call on college tickets, and the day is already here when only alumni of the participating colleges can see the great contests. The proudest Bostonian and the richest oil man, even as you and I, soon will have to read their football or hear it over the radio.

Although professional baseball and boxing and college football play the most conspicuous part in the game of crowds, it is by

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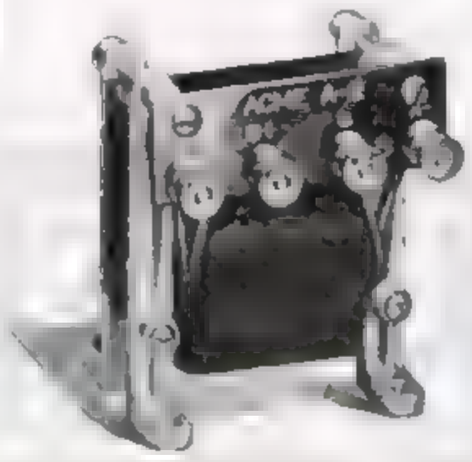

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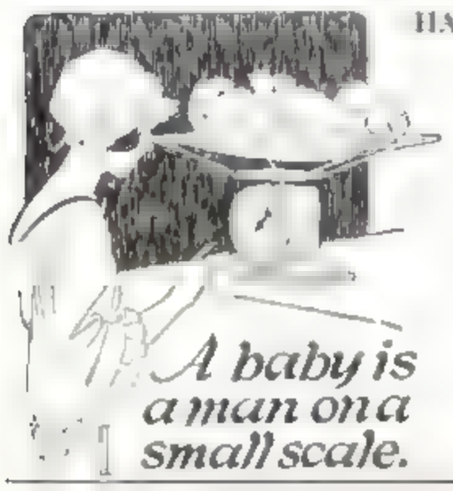

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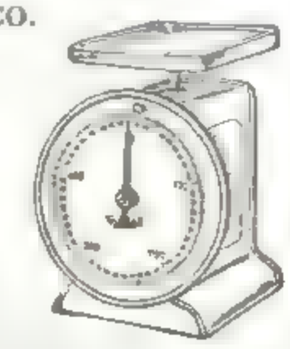

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no means true that they have anything remotely resembling a monopoly on it. Some 6,000,000 persons attended football games last fall, according to official estimates. The major baseball leagues accommodated 10,000,000 during their seasons, and the minor leagues drew, so far as it is possible to estimate, approximately as many more, while at least 5,000,000 liked boxing last year well enough to pay admission to matches great and small. However, the peak crowd of the year was not to be found at any of these, but congregated at the Indianapolis Speedway for the Memorial Day automobile race. One hundred and fifty thousand devotees of speed, in cars or afoot, passed through the gates to watch the racing stars of the country whirl round and round the track in a competition that killed one and injured four others. According to the Associated Press, the thrill of the race was nothing compared to the strain on Indianapolis of taking care of more than 100,000 visitors.

"Every available cot in every hotel was occupied, and thousands found shelter in private homes," a news dispatch read. "All night long a line of automobiles waited at the outer gates for the grand rush that began when a bomb signaling attendants to open all gates was fired."

Nor is it only those sports cited that draw outstanding single crowds that pile up staggering attendances. No exact figures are available, but Frederick W. Rubien, secretary-treasurer of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, estimates that between 15,000,000 and 18,000,000 people saw indoor and outdoor track and field meets. There is no sport that does not draw a crowd, especially for championship matches, but figures are more often than not a matter of guesswork. The golf gallery is a comparatively recent development, but now it is not unusual for it to reach a nuisance size and be almost as noteworthy as the outcome of the play. Probably 2,000,000 citizens play golf, but how many more go round the courses to look on at the tournaments nobody knows.

It is the same with tennis. Paul B. Williams, secretary of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, says that approximately 350 tournaments had the official sanction of the association during the year, but throws up his hands when it comes to venturing to say how many onlookers there were. Records show that the Men's National Singles Championship brought out the biggest number of spectators, 36,800, and there were 25,300 at the Davis Cup Challenge Round.

Even Polo Draws a Crowd

Soccer, basket ball and swimming, to mention a few other popular favorites, all are better drawing cards than ever before. No one sport is losing at the expense of another. The public flocks to them one and all. Ralph Morgan, as spokesman for the Joint Basket Ball Committee, says:

"I cannot begin to give figures, only impressions. But at the University of Pennsylvania, for example, our seating capacity for basket ball is 2000 and we could sell six times as many tickets if we had room. In Cleveland a municipal hall is used for the big games and every one of the 12,000 seats is filled."

Polo is rather generally regarded as an exclusive pastime for the idle rich, preeminently the gentleman's game and of no particular interest to Tom, Dick and Harry. If that be so, the gentlemen of leisure are becoming numerous, for polo had at least 250,000 spectators last year, including for single tournaments a crowd of 18,000 at Detroit, another as large at San Antonio, Texas, and 6000 at Boise, Idaho. College baseball is not supposed to arouse much popular interest, yet Boston and Holy Cross packed 40,000 fans into Braves Field one day last June.

For several years the racing of thoroughbred horses gave signs of going into a decline, but now it has not only taken a new lease on life but is coming back stronger than ever—stronger, perhaps, than the public is aware of. Not only a Zev-Papyrus race, witnessed by 45,000, but the Kentucky Derby also is deemed of sufficient import to merit an important place on the front page of conservative newspapers along with Congress and the latest development in international affairs

Another kind of racing brings out another crowd—namely, rowing. Take, for example, the regatta at Poughkeepsie last June. The grand stand at the finish line had room for only 1000, but 50,000 were massed along the line of the race on the river banks, in boats and at any other available vantage point to see the contest. An observation train of thirty-two cars carried 2500 fortunate spectators along the route from start to finish. Others watched from large river steamers. Harry Payne Whitney had his private yacht, Whileaway, anchored at the finish line, and Larz Anderson, to name only one other, entertained friends on his yacht Roxanna. Numerous smaller craft dotted the waters, and in the observation fleet were the destroyer Kane, the revenue cutter Seneca and two sub chasers, each with its quota of spectators. All these thousands stuck it out despite the fact that they were drenched by a rain that soaked them nearly as thoroughly as if they had been in the water. Like football, and unlike baseball and boxing, rain checks are not needed for rowing matches.

Not so long ago a New York paper carried a story of a crowd-weary Englishman who was returning home after encircling the globe in a vain attempt to find some place where he could get away from the crowd. His travels had convinced him that for modern man the crowd is as inevitable as death and taxes. If he lingered long in this country, that opinion would have been enforced. Had he landed a short time earlier he would have read about two Bible classes, one in Kansas and another in California, each claiming that it drew the biggest crowd, and the dispute was over thousands not hundreds.

The Carnival Spirit

Crowds of a somewhat different character are those that throng expositions and conventions, the holiday crowds on pleasure bent to the seashore or intent on getting home Christmas; the crowds that pour into Broadway some 700,000 strong out of the theaters almost any winter Saturday night, and the crowds that gather about score boards and wait patiently hour on hour to hear the result of some contest. But however the crowds may differ one from the other, there are certain marks of similarity that attach to them all and distinguish them from any other large assembly of human beings—an army, for instance, or a mob, to take two widely varied examples.

There is such a thing as sport in just being in or near a crowd. Unless a person is peculiarly averse to close contact with his fellow men in numbers, the spirit of a crowd is contagious. It permeates not only the crowd itself but an entire city, if not the general locality for miles around. Wherever any great crowd-attracting event is about to take place it is possible, if not literally to feel it in the air, to be aware of the circumstance by unmistakable signs and portents many hours in advance. Banners and decorations may or may not be in evidence, but somehow the streets contrive to diffuse a sense of festivity; and even far from the crowd's final channel people take their way unmistakably on pleasure bent, and not at all as those who go about their accustomed tasks. On street corners, in hotel lobbies, groups form and mingle and disappear, one and all contributing to the holiday spirit until even the lone outsider who is not going to the game, or whatever it is, catches the fever of the game. Some of the fun of it is his also.

That is why, for every crowd unified by a definite objective, there are these secondary players, those who are out to see the crowd, or actually to share the crowd mood, which is akin to that of carnival. It may be that in the game of crowds Americans are at last finding their native outlet for the carnival spirit, which otherwise is deprived so largely of expression in this country.

The game of crowds meets the almost universal standard of the day as regards what constitutes a good time. There is a kick in it, a thrill, something that arouses personal response. And so men and women, millionaires and paupers, join in the game, rub elbows, laugh and scramble for an advantage, with the consequence that democracy becomes a living reality and not a political theory. For it so happens that neither position nor means can secure boxes and blocks of ring-side seats after the supply has been allotted, and therefore it is not unusual in any big event—as happened not long ago at the six-day bicycle races in Madison Square Garden—to see prominent men in evening dress, with their wives and daughters, purchase general-admission tickets for the lack of better and mingle

(Continued on Page 193)

Osborn Brushes

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That was why the Osborn engineering force was created to advise industry. Today Osborn Brushes are in daily use in thousands of plants, large and small.

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By using Jersey Copper Screen Cloth for your window, door and porch screens you eliminate for years to come the trouble and expense of replacement.

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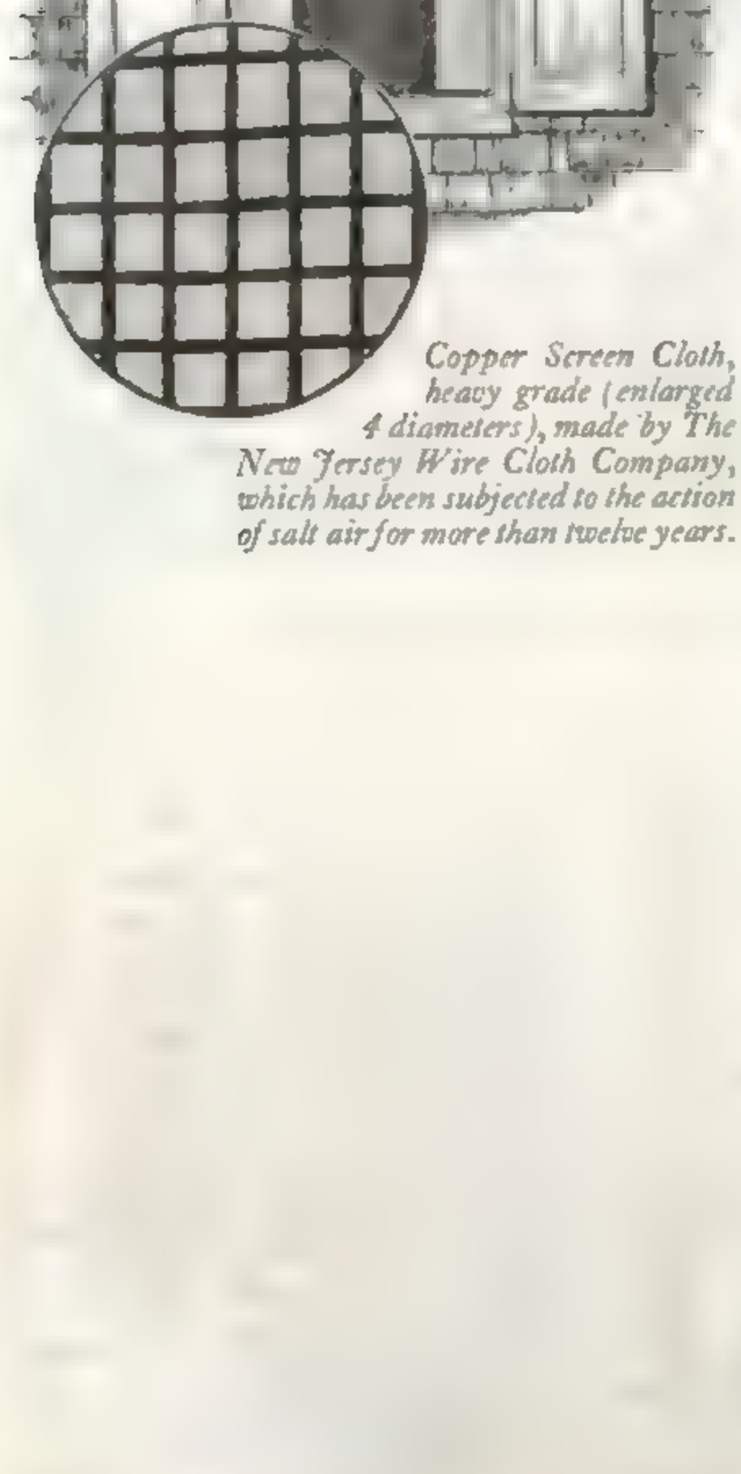

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TRADE JERSEY MARK

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(Continued from Page 190)

with the general multitude at three o'clock in the morning.

In the story books the sheltered sons and daughters of the Social Register never, never are submitted to contact with the vulgar populace; but the rule does not hold for the game of crowds as it is now played. Not only the sons and daughters but their mothers and fathers—yes, even their grandparents display a human willingness to take their chances with the milling throngs on equal terms, and they do it without grumbling at their fate.

And that marks one very decided change in the character of the American crowd in recent years, especially at sports events.

Not such a very long time ago, well within the memory of folk who are still up and doing, virtually the only crowds in which gentlewomen were to be found, except by accident, were the modest hundreds or few thousands assembled at a college football game. Otherwise, long after the decline of the age of innocence, about the nearest to a sports spectacle nice girls and their mothers ever got was a horse show or a tennis match at the very private country club. Nor is that all of it. In those rare old, fair old days men of standing paid little attention to professional baseball and they did not attend prize fights—that is, they did not let it be generally known if they did.

There are, to be sure, plenty of citizens who continue to regard the World's Series as at best a silly frivolity and boxing as beyond the pale, and they let their opinions be heard; but for all that, one wonders what would have happened to the public man—a governor of a conservative state, say—who was present at the early equivalent of the Dempsey-Firpo bout and made no secret of it. Yet no less than the governors of five states and seven United States senators witnessed the defeat of the Argentinean—and let it be known. So far there is no indication that the career of a single one of them, or of any of the lesser luminaries present, will be affected.

Good Nature En Masse

Whether this shift in the make-up of sports crowds speaks good or ill for our day and age is for others to say. The fact is there and it is not without influence. Let those who will deplore the presence of women at boxing, at the six-day bicycle races and such other pastimes as used to be entirely masculine. If they join the crowds on such occasions, they can hardly avoid remarking that although they are still free and easy as a crowd must be, they are almost entirely free from offensive vulgarity. A man may take his womenfolk into them reasonably certain that neither his own nor his family's sensibilities will be outraged; that about the worst they will encounter will be a generous amount of rough and ready but quite harmless boisterousness, because it is the distinction of the game of crowds that it is the personification of good nature, and that is why it is rarely marred by riots or casualties. As far as that goes, it is not entirely unknown for women to go unattended; and if the word of those who have tried it is to be believed, the result was rather more courtesy and consideration from both attendants and the crowd at large than would have been encountered under masculine protection. It is open to question whether the mother of Young Stribling, pride of Georgia, would have been allowed to be as completely at ease and conspicuous in the ring entourage with her son by an old-time sporting crowd as she was by a modern crowd just a few weeks ago in Newark, New Jersey. Not only class distinction but sex discrimination fades before the genius of the crowd.

Although the last English Derby, which was seen by a crowd estimated between 300,000 and 500,000—take your choice—looms up as the record of the year in the world and reminds us there is one activity in which we have not attained supreme size, we seem to be living up to our national reputation of doing what we do with a vengeance in the game of crowds as in other things. There is one unexcelled reason—cash.

It is nothing new for figure-loving brethren to sit down and estimate how much sports cost us in a given year—and then admit they really do not know—but not even the income-tax man can tell how much was expended on the game of crowds in any twelvemonth. He can, if he wants to, figure up the taxes paid on tickets and arrive at their cost; but the price of the game does not begin or end when admission has been paid; not with a crowd-loving population that will take days away from business and go half or all the way across the country for the sake of being in at one great crowd show; not with residents of Bermuda making up a party to come to New York for a boxing match, and special trains being run 1000, 2000 or 3000 miles, as a matter of course, for anything from a convention to a baseball game; not with eminent manufacturers ordering out their private cars to bring themselves and friends from Chicago or Philadelphia to New York.

When the Hotel Men Pray for Rain

To the thrifty or lean of purse it may seem extravagant to pay from $5 to $27.50 or $55, and even speculators' higher prices, for a few minutes of prize fighting and the privilege of being buffeted by several thousand milling mortals; but as with a motor car, so it is with crowds—it's not the initial cost that hurts. The price of a ticket, be it ever so high, is likely to be a minor item. It is the incidentals that count up—transportation, hotel bills, meals, and—for the ladies, at any rate—clothes for the occasion. After that come all the attendant indulgences and luxuries that people out for a good time are likely to take advantage of so far as purses permit. That is why one railroad official remarked that it would be a fine thing for his business if there were a big sports event going on in one part of the country or another every week. That is why New York hotel men prayed for rain during the World's Series last fall. It would have meant another $1,000,000 in their aggregate pocket.

We can and we will pay for the things we want, and one of the things that we have let it be known unequivocally that we do want is to gather in ever-increasing crowds, primarily for games and contests, but to gather for almost any reason. It seems particularly appropriate that "get together" should be American slang. Almost any excuse will do.

If you doubt it or regard 1923 as a freak year, pause and consider that juvenile 1924 started off with an automobile show in New York that was the biggest ever, and necessitated one railroad line putting on thirty extra trains to bring people in from the West. And consider, too, that preparations are already under way in New York for the biggest crowd that the country's biggest city has ever seen. That will be in June, when the Democratic National Convention will be held in Madison Square Garden. Clark Howell, national committeeman from Georgia, predicts that the presidential tryout contest will attract 200,000 visitors to the metropolis. The Garden can seat only an odd 20,000, and so the suggestion has been made that one session be held in a ball park so that the crowd can see a session. Truly crowds has become our national pastime. And don't forget that there will be a prize fight either immediately before or after, which, with such a huge mother crowd to draw on, will almost inevitably result in the biggest sport crowd in our history.

What does it mean, this staggering exhibition of our zeal to forgather with as many as possible of our fellow men for almost any occasion, be it work or play? Is it an indication of the spread of brotherly love, or a bit of handwriting to warn us that we are well on the way to our fall like the Rome of the Colosseum? There are plenty of ardent and excellent spokesmen for both opinions and all intervening shades, but to date there is none that can be counted authoritative on the why or wherefore.

Some blame the automobile for this, as they blame it for everything else—even the decline in the use of haberdashery. The automobile has made big crowds possible, particularly in the less populous sections, because it enables people in groups to go to events and come away over long distances. Yet Charles Ebbets, who owns the Brooklyn baseball team, says his crowds would be larger if the prospective spectators could not hop into the family flivver and go off to the seashore. So the auto works both for and against the game of crowds.

Of those who believe that the modern game of crowds is something less than praiseworthy, nine out of ten are prepared to name two causes for the dereliction—a falling away from the Spartan virtues of our fathers into ways of softness and self-indulgence, and the modern press. It is an

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When in need of a kitchen range, insist on seeing the Alcazar variety of models. Includes styles from the big Alcazar Oil-Duplex, burning wood or coal and kerosene oil, singly or together, to the finest coal and wood ranges.

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Quality Kitchen Ranges—*Every Type, Style and Price for Every Fuel*

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Ask your jobber about the Locktite Sales Plan which includes this FREE Display Cabinet. It is making more money for dealers than you dream exists in tire patches.

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Lazin' down a lazy stream

A SUMMER afternoon—the fresh, clean smell of the woods—and a stream shining like a polished mirror. It's a perfect "Old Town" day.

Graceful—buoyant, the "Old Town Canoe" rests upon the water. A lazy stroke or two keeps it moving down a water lane of ever-changing beauty.

"Old Town Canoes" match any setting—they are truly beautiful. Each is patterned after a real Indian model. "Old Town" master builders have improved the construction, but the original Indian lines have been retained.

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But get real foot comfort, too, in "Korrect Shape" shoes.

Particular men wear "Korrect Shape" shoes, not alone because of their smart styles, fine leathers and fine shoemaking, but because they are built on "Korrect Shape" lasts, embodying "Korrect Shape" principles.

All styles of "Korrect Shape" lasts are shaped to conform to the contour of the foot.

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$10 for most styles

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A toague that is just one of many

Send for booklet and name of dealer

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opinion too sincere and too often met to be ignored; so let a suitable representative of it, the solicitor general, James M. Beck, put it forward. This is what he had to say on the subject last fall:

"The increased dominance of athletic sports in our day is a social phenomenon to which too little attention has been paid. It is not without some justification, for as a mechanical civilization has eliminated real physical labor from life, there is an instinctive demand of man to prevent physical decay by finding some outlet for his physical powers.

"Nevertheless, its dominating interest in our day has become a serious problem, for it indicates that the real change in the average man is in his sense of values. Today we have lost a true sense of values; and such loss in the past has been the significant sign of the decay of a civilization. If Dempsey and Firpo had fought twenty-five years ago, the newspapers on the morning after the fight might have given a column to it; but today the modern newspaper will give whole pages to a wholly unimportant and rather brutal contest for weeks and months before the event, and for days thereafter. Where a few hundred people would have witnessed the prize fight—for such it was—a quarter of a century ago, 100,000 will journey today from the four ends of the earth to see Dempsey and Firpo punch each other for a few fleeting moments. What is more significant, thousands of women are now spectators, even as Roman matrons 2000 years ago turned down their thumbs upon the gladiators of the Colosseum who were butchered to make a Roman holiday. *Panem et circenses*—bread and the circus games—was the prelude to the fall of the Roman Empire.

"The value of athletic sports to those who actually participate in them cannot be denied, but those who are merely spectators gain nothing but amusement. In the greatest age of Greece, the Academy, where men communed upon the 'true, the beautiful and the good,' and the palæstra, where the youth of Athens wrestled and developed their physical power, were one institution. If the Athenian youth loved to wrestle, he also loved his Homer. The Homer that the youth of today best loves is the kind that Babe Ruth contributes to the delight of a hysterical multitude."

Are We Headed for the Bowwows?

"The chief amusement of today is the vaudeville show or a moving-picture spectacle. The one saves concentrating of thought on any one subject for three hours; the other gives the maximum of emotional impression with the minimum of thought. The Athenian had the true sense of *mens sana in corpore sano;* but the later degeneracy of Athens—and centuries later the decay of Rome—was measured by the love of the hippodrome, where only a few contended and tens of thousands merely gratified the primitive lust for brutality as spectators. The press of today indubitably shows that we are in the age of the hippodrome; that even in our colleges, where the well-born youth of our country should be trained to defend in these critical days our institutions, the classroom has been largely superseded by the stadium.

"Doubtless the press would disclaim responsibility for this degeneracy in our sense of values by its familiar claim that it simply gives the people that which interests them; but this is only a half truth; for while the newspaper must be, in the nature of the case, an abstract and brief chronicle of the times, and must show to the spirit of the age its form and pressure, yet it is equally true that if the sense of values of the average man has been, as I claim, distorted, the press is largely responsible, for too often it creates the interest which it subsequently gratifies. If, for example, there had never been a reference to the Dempsey-Firpo fight until the day before it took place, and then only in an obscure corner of the paper, few people would have been aware even of the existence of these favorite gladiators; but the interest in them was systematically developed by three months of antecedent publicity, until every man, whether he liked a prize fight or not, felt a real curiosity to know who would be the winner."

The reply of the press has been heard before. Its business is with the events of the day; its first job is to tell its readers what they want to know, and experience has shown that the majority does want to know what great crowd attraction is on the cards, its progress and its outcome. Some day perhaps the argument will be settled.

The Greatest Crowd in History

Most of those who discuss the subject confine themselves to the spectacular outdoor crowds. They forget the motion-picture theaters, great and small, the country over that draw 50,000,000 a week; that hundreds were unable to get into the Metropolitan Opera House in New York to see a performance of Eleonora Duse; and finally that a sizable church in New York was too small for the crowd that wanted to hear a debate between a fundamentalist and a modernist minister so that for their second meeting they hired Carnegie Hall.

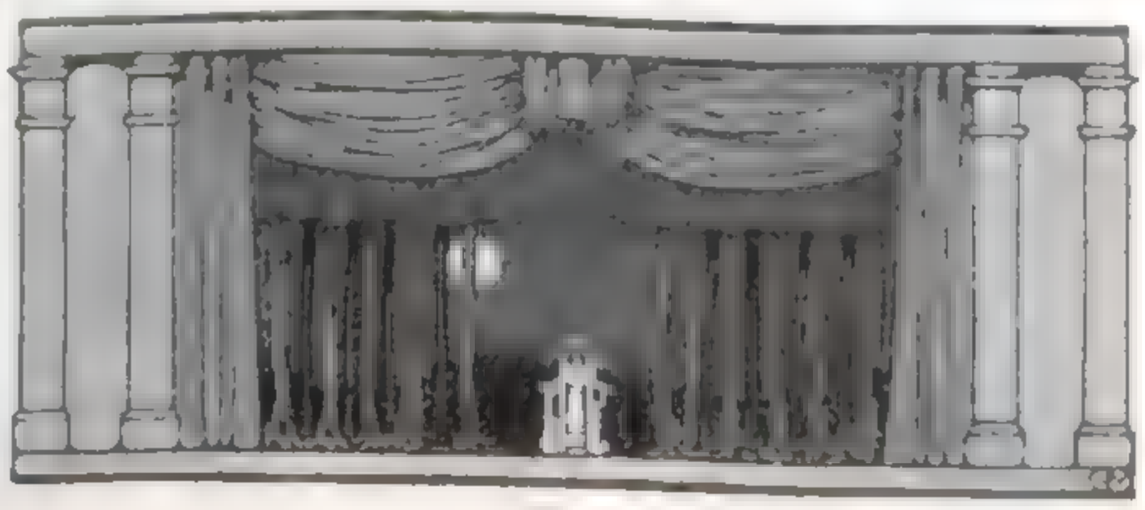
So far, no one has spoken up for the crowd, to tell the world why it is and why it continues to form on the slightest provocation; and that is the interesting point. Only partial explanations are available, and many of those are open to argument. The growing interest in sports and games and contests can scarcely be questioned, just as we must admit that Americans generally are better able now than ever in the past to indulge such tastes. Not all of us have leisure and means; but it is not rash to assert that more of us have both of those now than a hundred or fifty years ago.

We know that the crowd impulse is nothing new and not exclusively American, although it seems due to develop in new directions among us. Who can doubt that Rome and Madrid have both seen the prototype of the cripple who journeyed all the way from San Francisco to New York for a boxing bout? When a friend protested at his folly and tried to urge him to stay away, warning him that he ran a risk of being hurt in the crowd, he replied that he was ready to take his chances on injury or not seeing the show, ending up, "I am getting old and may never have another chance to see such a big thing in my life."

That is one viewpoint. Certain theorists have it that crowds merely indicate that the average American is infinitely bored with himself and his routine life, and jumps at any means of escape; or again they point a scornful finger and talk of the herd instinct.

Or again, possibly those are wrong who say that we are a people who has forgotten how to play. Though the occasion of the crowd is an entertainment or spectacle, rather than participating play, it is quite as true that the game of crowds requires first of all the play spirit, good sportsmanship and good nature. The problem is properly one for psychologists; but when all is said and done, why forget that the greatest game of crowds ever played on a single day—when half the world in city and hamlet poured into the streets, actuated by an instinct to celebrate a great event by mingling with their fellows in joy and happiness, exhilaration and abandon—was on November 11, 1918—Armistice Day?

And still one final question continues to recur in surveying the size and extent of the game of crowds—that is, Who stays at home?



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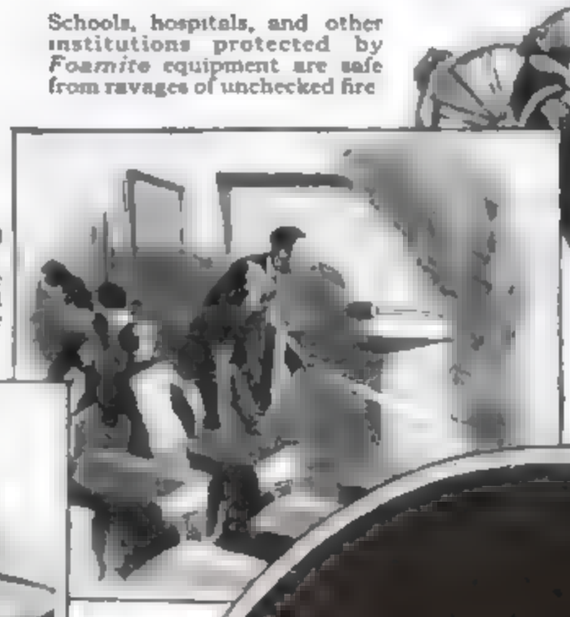

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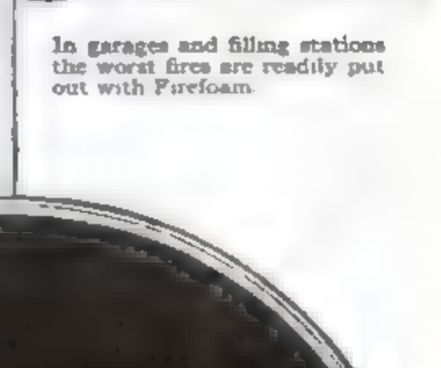

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Now the wonderful *Sunbeam* comes in a beautiful steel case

PUT the hot iron away in the case at once when ironing is over.

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Buy it at your dealer's or we will send it prepaid in the steel case. Send no money, merely pay the postman $8.50 on arrival, the same as at your dealer's.

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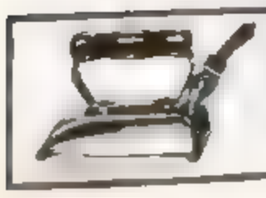


We also make the DOMESTIC ELECTRIC IRON Known everywhere as "the best $5.00 iron made." These irons will not burn out.

THE SUNBEAM TOASTER AND TABLE STOVE. Cooks 49 dishes right at the table. Toasts bread flat and turns it over. Also boils and broils. $10 50

THE CRIMINAL CONFESSIONS OF A COLLECTOR

Continued from Page 24

sinking deeper and deeper, and in a few years would have rusted quite away—a historic relic, a fine example of early Yankee craftsmanship, tossed to oblivion. To me, the moral issue isn't quite so simple as it looks to some other folks.

Take the matter of panels. I wanted to panel all four walls of one room in the style of the eighteenth century, and I wanted old panels. There are—or were—plenty of them in abandoned houses through New England. But when I attempted to buy some, and a nice cornice as well, from a house on a deserted hill seventeen miles from a railroad and with a hole ten feet square in the roof, the owner, whom I finally discovered in a town forty miles away, said he wouldn't sell his house in sections. Later a Polack bought it, and before I discovered that fact had ripped it down for the beams, smashing everything else in the process.

After that, whenever I stumbled on a house going to ruin in the fast-encroaching wilderness, I took what panels it contained, if any of them were still sound enough to use, and considered that I had done my duty by the memory of some old Yankee carpenter who planed them out by hand so carefully more than a hundred years ago. I ought, in justice, to add that I never did it when the house was sound enough for any possible restoration, or was of historic interest, or was in a region that made the chance of a sale at all likely. From one house I took several panels—now built into my walls—and a lot of assorted hardware, risking my neck to get some of the stuff, for the floors were rotted away, the roof was collapsing and the great central chimney yawned with cracks. Last summer I tramped again over the deserted road to this dwelling—and found the weight of winter snow had been too much. The whole dwelling was a mass of splinters, plaster and stone, heaped in the cellar hole.

Finds at Country Auctions

A few years ago it was possible to get a great many desirable things at country auctions, but that happy time is fast passing. The craze for every sort of American antique has sent the dealers and the wealthy collectors into the remotest byways at the call of the auction bill. However, I have fared pretty well and still occasionally slip one over on the sharp-nosed dealers and the limousine ladies. Once I bought an entire keg of hand-wrought nails for twenty-five cents. They had been pulled out of some ancient house or barn and were bent and rusty. No one at the auction had troubled to examine them and thought them scrap iron. Perhaps you don't quite realize why they weren't scrap iron. I've put on thirty latches and innumerable hinges with those nails, made two batten doors you can't distinguish from old ones, and given away ten pounds to a society that is restoring a historic tavern and can't get genuine old nails for love or money. Put a hand-wrought latch on a door with modern screws and it looks ridiculous. Put it on with real hand-wrought nails and it has a style no modern hardware can even remotely approximate.

I always slip out behind at an auction and examine the dump heap. I've achieved almost a dozen early American flasks and bottles that way, and not broken ones either. Another place I examine is the loft of the woodshed. Here, perhaps for generations, have been thrust away and forgotten all the broken chairs, abandoned beds and other discarded furniture. You don't, of course, ask the auctioneer to put this stuff up—not if you are wise. You dicker casually with the owner for a private sale, alleging that you have a broken bed or chair which his broken stuff would enable you to mend. And ultimately you have collected in your own attic enough stuff to reassemble into delightful furniture. Sometimes it comes in handy in unexpected ways. I have a much-admired stair rail, its charm coming from the unusual and graceful spindles. They were the spokes of a broken-down spinning wheel, salvaged out of an attic. The newel post is the turned-oak stick which held this wheel.

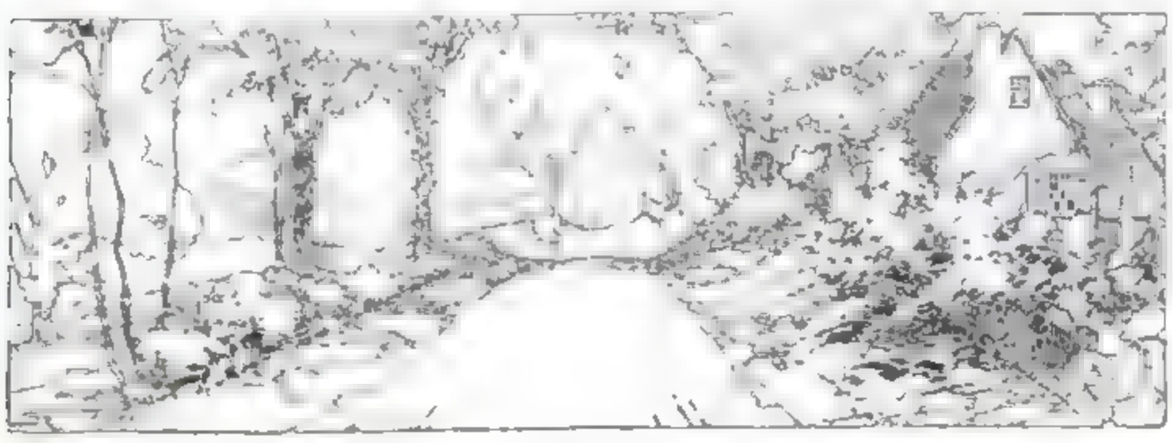
It is always a source of legitimate pride to put one over on a dealer, which I did at one auction by slitting with my knife the greasy cloth cover on the back of a hideous homemade rocking-chair and discovering that the chair was in reality an unusually fine banister-back armchair, with the rockers superimposed. I hastily reclosed the slit and bid in the monstrosity against a dealer for $4.85. With the rockers removed and all marks of them carefully filled, with the chair rubbed down and repainted, it is worth in a New York auction room at least one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars, and looks every inch the patrician of 1730 which it is.

Rifling the Ruins

However, I'm getting into another story here. You don't find furniture in abandoned houses—though I did find a pair of tongs in one house, and a pair of jolly old iron kettles in another, and the headboard of a maple bed in another, and in still another the leaves of a cherry table; while deep in the woods, rising solitary and strange from the mass of rubbish and fallen walls, I came once upon all that was left of a beautiful corner cupboard, and carried the two fluted pilasters and the arched keystone cap three miles on my shoulder to my car. The pilasters I have built into a bookcase and the keystone cap into the arch over a fanlight.

What I set out to tell about was my criminal predilection for rifling ruins. I started, I confess, on this career with no more exalted motive than the selfish desire to keep my house in period, to have genuine details instead of imitations. But I very soon worked from a different motive altogether. No merely selfish ambition, no low and unworthy aim, could have driven me over the roads I have traveled, up the hills the poor old car, worn out now in the service, has toiled in low with engine boiling, through the tangled paths down which I have toted dirty and half-rotten woodwork on my aching shoulders. I have been buoyed up and driven on by a desire to salvage from oblivion all I could of the solid, simple, dignified and lovingly wrought craftsmanship of a hundred years ago. In most cases there was nobody to say me nay, and I could do it with a clear conscience. In some cases I could do it with a few dollars. But in some cases I had to do it behind the owner's back, and I admit that I have seldom hesitated if there was a fair chance of a get-away. I would rather commit a technical theft any time than let the stubborn ignorance of a hill-billy prevent the salvage of some piece of Colonial wrought iron or hand-planed trim, which but for my predatory passion would rot back into the earth.

If this be disrespect for the law—and it is—let the American who has just drunk a cocktail throw the first stone. I'm going to keep right on my criminal way. My house is finished, to be sure, but I may some day be able to fix up the barn as a historical museum.



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THE BLACK GOLCONDA

Continued from Page 17

process of drilling consists of a fishtail bit placed on the end of a string of drill pipe, the bit turning with the pipe to make the hole. Deep drilling is possible by either of these methods, and in some cases a combination of both is used. Much of the recent California production has been obtained by deep rotary drilling.

Lucas, and Sharp before him, saw that the rotary bit was the key to deep and difficult production. Lucas had to work with more or less primitive rotary tools and his well collapsed when he reached quicksand. He installed a heavier rotary outfit and started all over again. It is not necessary to go into the details of the man's long and baffling struggle. He ran out of money and it was only by surrendering a considerable portion of his interest that he persuaded J. M. Guffey, the Pittsburgh oil operator, also destined for a conspicuous part in the Spindletop drama and subsequent happenings, to see him through.

On January 10, 1901, the Lucas gusher, as it is always known, came in with a torrent of oil that flooded the adjacent countryside. Nothing like it had ever been seen before in oil production. It ran wild for ten days and more than 1,000,000 barrels of the crude was wasted before the flow could be controlled.

The Lucas gusher, as such, occupies merely what might be called a freak place in oil history. It was really a stunt and yielded comparatively little money. What concerns us is the sensational development of the field itself as it marked the real beginning of big Texas production, and the chain of events, some of far-reaching significance, that followed thick and fast.

Spindletop inoculated the American system with oil. The papers boomed with the news of the first gusher, and thousands, including operators, speculators and soldiers of fortune, flocked to the field. The mechanic left his tools, the barber his shop and the clerk his counter to join the rush. A quartet of brothers doing a vaudeville stunt in a Beaumont theater abruptly closed their season and on a borrowed stake formed a company that brought in a well. The magnate of today was the bankrupt of tomorrow. Fortune was never more fickle than in that congested corner of Texas.

Derricks sprang up like magic. At one time there were 500 on 140 acres of land. Beaumont, which had been a peaceful cattle, lumber and rice town, became a mining camp that seethed with excitement. People slept on billiard tables. There was an overproduction of oil that brought the price down to three cents a barrel, and an equal overproduction of vice and debauchery that sent morality to a lower level. Drink and death went hand in hand. Out in the field, saloons were established between the derricks, often using the rig timbers as part of their structure.

A Notable Group

The madness to get production was only exceeded by a similar insanity on the part of the people to get rich quickly in the new El Dorado. Endless promotion companies were started and excursions were run to Beaumont from New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Galveston, New Orleans and elsewhere. One of these trainloads of expectant millionaires arrived at Beaumont wearing badges inscribed, "All is well at Beaumont."

Those who had wells turned them on to gush for the benefit of the visitors, and in this way millions of barrels went to waste. It was a prodigal period.

All the tumult and shouting of this frenzied era subsided and Spindletop became a normal producing field, which at high tide—that is, in 1902—produced approximately 18,000,000 barrels. Today the output is negligible.

I went there in January of this year. A few wells were being pumped from a central power station, but they were a melancholy spectacle. A spot which once hummed with activity, and held the eye, interest and some of the bank roll of the nation, was a forlorn and desolate stretch cluttered up with the wreckage of other days. Only the strong smell of petroleum remained unimpaired.

What were the consequences of Spindletop? It would take a book to record them fully. First of all, the field mobilized a group of men who made Texas oil history. They not only included Cullinan and Sharp, but also W. S. Farish, R. L. Blaffer, John Markham, Jr., Edward Simms, Underwood Nazro, F. A. Leovy, Walter Fondren, R. S. Sterling and Howard R. Hughes. Each one of these individuals, and I have listed only a few, became conspicuously identified with oil production in a big way as you will now see.

It is a striking fact that the four major companies of Texas—the Gulf, Texas, Humble and Magnolia, some of them with international ramifications—all had their inception at Spindletop. We will begin with the Gulf. The institution which is controlled by what is perhaps the ablest, certainly one of the most powerful, financial families of the United States—namely, the Mellons—developed almost by accident. The Mellon association with it at the outset was almost unwilling.

Pioneer Pennsylvanians

You may recall that in his efforts to drill what came to be the discovery well at Spindletop, Captain Lucas had to enlist the financial aid of J. M. Guffey, who was associated with J. H. Galey. The firm of Guffey & Galey was one of the most important in the early history of American oil. Guffey was a picturesque character who figured conspicuously in national politics and had been in Pennsylvania petroleum almost from the start of the industry. He represents the corner stone of the whole Gulf structure. It came about in this wise:

In order to operate at Spindletop, Guffey organized the J. M. Guffey Petroleum Co., which was the real angel of Captain Lucas. Production at Spindletop at the outset was more or less haphazard. The wells poured forth a mighty flood and much of it went to waste. Storage, as we now know it, was almost unknown. Even had the oil been of high gasoline content, it would have lacked a market for this purpose because the automobile was in its infancy. Fuel oil was just coming into use. In order to introduce it, the producers had first to install plants and then educate manufacturers in consumption. This was an expensive procedure. With oil ranging from three to ten cents a barrel, the operation was not highly profitable. The largest employment of oil as fuel so far had been in the locomotives of the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific railroads.

It naturally came about that before long the J. M. Guffey Petroleum Company needed financing. Having come from Pittsburgh, Guffey knew the Mellons, and they undertook to underwrite a bond issue for the company. The Mellons had been financially concerned with oil from the early days, and W. L. Mellon in particular had served an apprenticeship in the fields, and later directed the Crescent Pipe Line. The second natural consequence was that when the Guffey company got into difficulties the Mellons had to take over the concern. Thus, without seeking it, the family became sponsors for what has become, under their management, one of the outstanding oil corporations of the country.

Once the Mellons sat in the seat of power, the Guffey organization underwent a series of evolutions during the next few years. First came the Gulf Oil Corporation, which remains the parent company. W. L. Mellon is president. Until he became Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew W. Mellon was vice president; but he relinquished all his corporate connections when he entered the Cabinet. The executive vice president today is George S. Davison, who was one of the best-known mechanical engineers in Pennsylvania before he entered oil. F. A. Leovy, who was an obscure railroad clerk at Spindletop, is head of the ramified production.

As the southern and central fields expanded, came the Gulf Refining Company of Louisiana; the Gulf Pipe Line Company, which owns the pipe lines in Oklahoma to Port Arthur, where the company's largest refinery is located; the Gulf Production Company; and the Gypsy Oil Company, which is the Oklahoma subsidiary. There are also subsidiary companies for operations in South America, Venezuela, Mexico, Panama and elsewhere.

One of the little-known episodes of Texas oil history is that C. H. Markham, now president of the Illinois Central Railway and one of our foremost transportation

(Continued on Page 201)

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After fifty years of remarkable development, the city of Grand Rapids has won the same enviable distinction in the creation of fine furniture. Her fame is as widespread; her craftsmen as expert; her methods and ideals as uncompromising; her product as trustworthy.

Today, to buy furniture built in Grand Rapids is to follow the safe guidance of established reputation. Your dealer will be glad to show you his Grand Rapids Furniture.

Grand Rapids Furniture

ASSOCIATED FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS OF GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 198)

figures, was associated with the Guffey Petroleum Company and was later inherited by the Mellons, who made him the first president of the Gulf Refining Company and also of the Gulf Pipe Line Company. He had been connected with the Southern Pacific Railway and his knowledge of oil as fuel was useful in marketing the Texas product. In 1911, however, he returned to his first love and has been in railroading ever since. The Markham oil field in Texas is named after him.

One feature in connection with the Gulf is worth pointing out because it affects the crux of the whole industry, which is production. The keynote policy of the company has been to procure insurance against shortage.

It has production in more fields than probably any other concern. This insures an equitable distribution of supply. Last year the total Gulf output in American fields alone was 40,542,473 barrels, or one-eighteenth of the total production of the whole United States. It means that in oil, as with investment generally, it is unwise to put all your eggs in one basket.

The Texas Company sprang from the tenacity of Cullinan and the vision of Sharp. As soon as the Lucas gusher let loose they were on the scene at Spindletop. Here they began the intimate association which meant so much for the future of the industry. Less than three months after the dream of Lucas was realized, they formed the Texas Fuel Company with a capital of $50,000 It was chartered to do a general oil and pipe-line business in the state of Texas. The first step was to make a deal with the Hogg-Swayne Syndicate—Hogg was an ex-governor of the state—which had a good production on Spindletop Heights. The second was to secure a pipe line from Beaumont to Port Arthur. This infant concern was the nucleus of the present Texas Company with its world-wide interests. That original $50,000 capitalization has been increased more than 3000 fold.

Cullinan and Sharp were not the type to permit others to do their producing. They therefore formed the Producers Oil Company, whose sole purpose was to get oil out of the ground. Thus by the end of 1901 they had two separate and distinct activities. Their first-born transported oil and the second produced it. I emphasize the difference between the functions of these companies because it leads to the unusual corporate stewardship then exercised by the state of Texas. In it you can see why the way of the big outside corporation, whether railroad, insurance or industrial, has been so hard within its borders.

At that time there was on the statute books of Texas the authority to organize only two kinds of oil companies. One was a company authorized to produce oil only. It is an interesting commentary on the then attitude toward petroleum that in the statute a company was authorized "to prospect for, develop and use coal and other minerals, *and* petroleum." The italics are mine. What is today the most precious of minerals was regarded merely as an incidental.

The Port Arthur Development

The second type of company that could be authorized was for the purpose of storing, transporting and selling oil and gas. Furthermore, the law decreed that it was for operation solely within Texas. Putting it in another way, a company incorporated under the first statute was limited to produce the crude, while one that came into being under the second could only store, transport, buy or sell. In a word, no one company could perform all the functions necessary for a complete operation in petroleum from well to consumer or even refiner.

This is one reason why the expansion of what was often an out-and-out Texas enterprise began outside the state.

As a producing field Spindletop was never a vital factor save in that it led to the larger state oil development. Cullinan and Sharp began to look about for new fields. It was not until the so-called Sourlake area, located eighteen miles west of Beaumont, was opened that these two men, and with them the Texas Company, were really launched as factors in production. It was Cullinan who showed the way.

At this point another figure enters the Texas oil narrative. He was silent but impressive. A few years prior to the opening of Spindletop, John W. Gates became interested in Port Arthur, which is about thirty miles from Beaumont. It was founded by Arthur E. Stillwell, who named it after himself.

Stillwell was the promoter and first president of the Kansas City Southern Railway, which he built from Kansas City to the Gulf of Mexico. He believed that Sabine Pass and its adjacent waters would be the ideal deep-water terminus for his road. In those days the deep water of the Gulf did not extend inland more than two or three miles to the town of Sabine Pass. Stillwell was unable to get desirable property at Sabine, so he decided to start a new city of his own on Sabine Lake, which is the Port Arthur of today. Since he could not take his town to deep water, he brought deep water to the town by means of the channel known as Sabine Pass.

Gates had an estate on Lake Sabine and spent considerable time there. He naturally became interested in the development of the new town so near at hand. Cullinan and Sharp needed money, so Cullinan interested Gates in the Producers Oil Company, and subsequently in the Texas Company, which, upon its organization in 1902, took over the Texas Fuel Company. Many people have wondered why the word "oil" does not appear in the name of this big organization. It was because Cullinan at the outset wanted to make it a strictly Texas enterprise.

Gates knew that if a new oil field were discovered in the vicinity of Port Arthur it would boom the town. Such has proved to be the case, because Port Arthur today is the capital of the greatest oil-refining district in the world. Where Tulsa represents a prosperity and an expansion due 75 per cent to oil, with Port Arthur it is a matter of 100 per cent.

Mystery and Caution

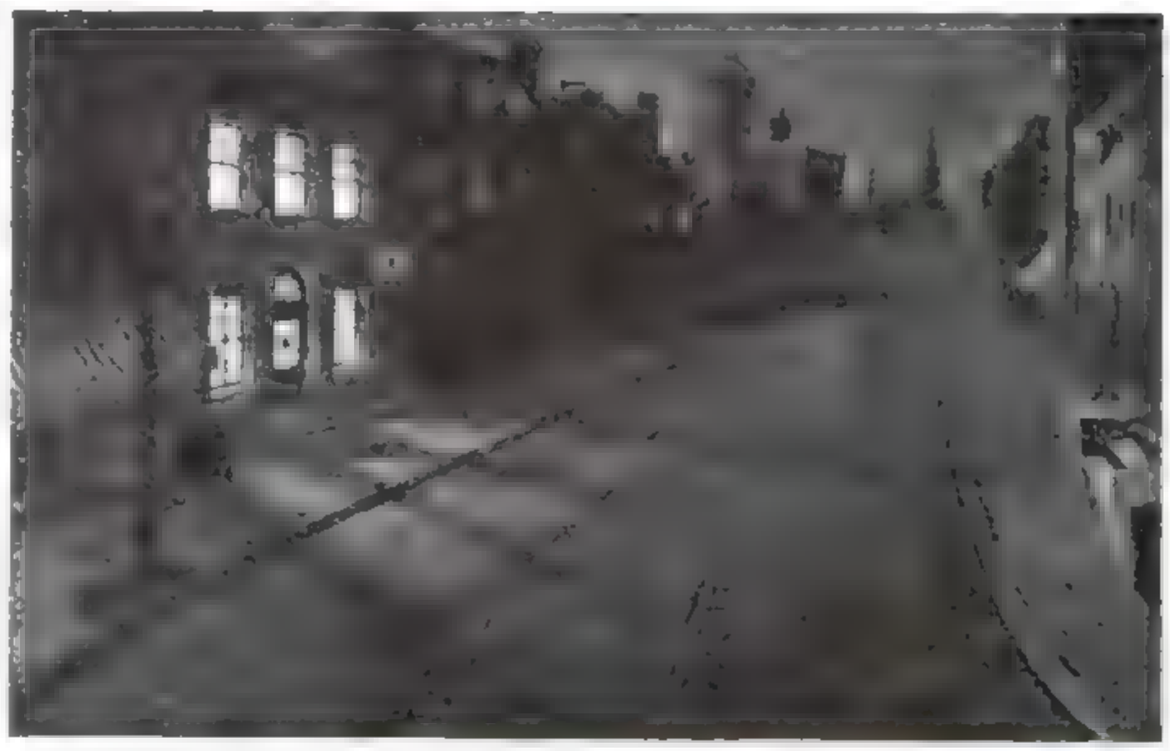
With Gates as an ally, Cullinan and Sharp now proceeded to develop new areas. The first objective was Sourlake Springs, a well-known Texas health resort. The mud and water there were impregnated with sulphur and had certain admirable curative qualities. Sulphur indicated the presence of petroleum, and Sharp's nose for oil—it did not belie his name—soon found it.

The upshot of the matter was that the trio got an option on a considerable part of the health-resort property. The prospective purchasers were to have the right to drill a specified number of test wells before making the principal payment. To Sharp was intrusted the task of drilling the first well, which was near the hotel. As soon as he knew that he had struck oil he shut in the hole until the night of a terrific rainstorm, when he opened it up and found that he had a 10,000-barrel proposition. He then shut down the well again. He chose the rainy night because the water washed away all evidences of the oil.

There were two reasons for this mystery and caution. One was, of course, that the ultimate purchase price would be affected. The other and more timely was that, due to the falling off of production at Spindletop, fuel oil had risen in price from ten cents a barrel to eighty-five cents. Sharp knew that once the Sourlake discovery became known, the price would go down again. The Texas Company interests had wells at Spindletop and they wanted to get everything possible out of them. As a matter of fact, when Sourlake did let loose with something of a rush, fuel oil dropped to fifteen cents a barrel. Fortunately the public had been educated somewhat in the use of fuel oil and there was a bigger market than in the early days of Spindletop. The Cullinan-Sharp-Gates group, which in reality was the Texas Company, now exercised their option at Sourlake.

It meant the purchase of 900 acres in this section for $900,000, which was a record price even then. The second big producing field now came into being in Texas. The Sourlake field not only identified the Texas Company with production in an important way but formed the basis of the growth which makes it one of the great forces in American petroleum today.

Sourlake gave the Texas Company its start. The company not only drilled the first and succeeding wells in this area but was active in all succeeding petroleum developments in the state. Having become a producer, it turned to transport. Next came the organization of the Texas Pipe Line Company, and later the Texas Pipe Line Company of Oklahoma. Today the company has production in nearly every important field in Texas, the mid-Continent



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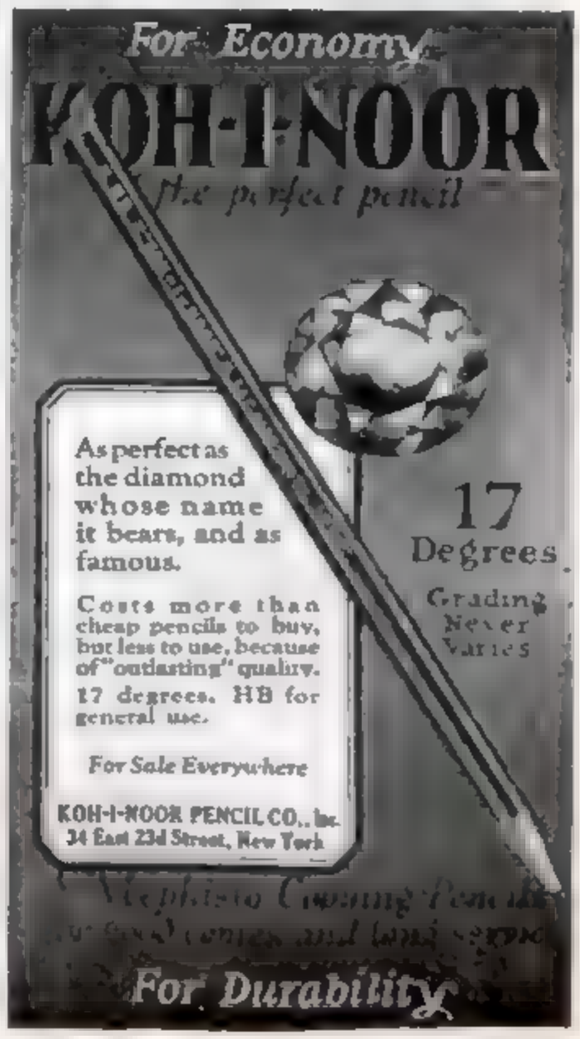
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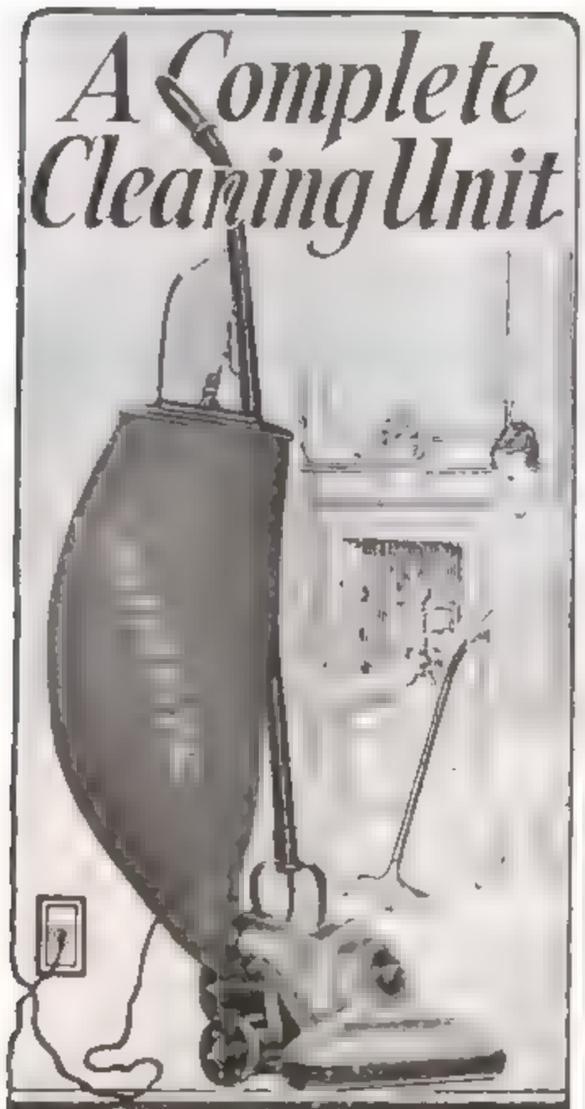

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area, Louisiana, and also in Mexico. Its refinery at Port Arthur, one of seven similar plants, was the first in Texas.

Cullinan was president of the Texas Company until 1913, when he was succeeded by E. C. Lufkin, who entered oil first as chief engineer of the Indiana Pipe Line and later as a manufacturer of pumps and other oil machinery. His father, Chauncey Lufkin, was one of the outstanding figures in the history of petroleum, having scoured the world for sources of supply for the old Standard Oil Company. In 1920 Lufkin became chairman of the board of directors and was succeeded by Amos L. Beaty, who had long been associated as general counsel of the Texas Company.

As you proceed with the biographies of the major Texas companies you discover that each has a story all its own. The transition of the Humble from obscure beginnings into a factor in state production is a characteristic story of American oil expansion. Once more we must go back to Spindletop for the start.

In the first flush of Spindletop two young men arrived on the scene. One was W. S. Farish, a native of Mississippi, who left the law, donned overalls, boots and flannel shirt and worked on a well. The other was R. L. Blaffer, member of an old New Orleans family, who got a job as clerk in the local office of the Southern Pacific. They became friends, and before long did what everybody else was doing, which was the buying and selling of leases. Farish was the practical man of the combination and had some of Sharp's oil intuitiveness. As new Texas fields opened up they entered them and in a few years were successful producers. They had no books, articles of agreement, no name under which to do business except their individual cognomens. It was a case of two friends doing business together. Soon it became apparent, as their interests widened, that sooner or later they must have a firm which, as they looked ahead after the manner of ambitious youth, would develop into a great enterprise. They postponed the day of organization, however.

Humble Beginnings

Now we come to the third human factor. When the Humble field, another well-known Texas area, was opened up, R. S. Sterling conducted a feed store near by. In those days the automobile truck had not arrived and all oil machinery was hauled by horses and mules. Naturally, Sterling's business took on a new lease of life. When an individual, no matter what his calling, lives in a new oil field, oil gets into his system. He buys a lease or an interest in a well or company. Sterling was a little wiser than the rest in that he began to lend money on leases and property. As the field expanded he was able to start a small bank. In time he found himself loaded up with acreage due to unpaid loans, so, in conjunction with Walter Fondren—an experienced rotary driller—and his brother Frank, he formed the Humble Oil Company, with a capital of $300,000.

Farish and Blaffer began to buy stock in the Humble company. Meanwhile each had married. They realized that the time had finally come to establish a formal business, because they were still carrying on in the more or less disorganized way that I have described. Coincident was the desire of Sterling to increase the company he had founded, which was growing fast. The net result was that the five individuals pooled their interests and the Humble Oil and Refining Company emerged.

In 1917 it was a modest organization owned exclusively by Texas men, producing 8000 barrels a day at Goose Creek, Humble and West Columbia. At the close of the World War its producing properties had been expanded, but the company lacked the facilities with which to transport and refine. A chance wartime meeting proved to be the approach to a new day.

During the war, and as a member of the National Petroleum War Service Committee, Farish had met Walter C. Teagle, president of the Standard of New Jersey, at committee conferences. When the Humble needed money for expansion Farish went to New York, the usual market place. He found bankers ready and willing to lend, but at a prohibitive price. So he went back home without the funds and waited.

After the Armistice he appealed to Teagle and found him a ready listener. He had the production—actual and potential—and the Standard needed oil. The outcome was that the Standard of New Jersey acquired a 50 per cent interest in the Humble for $17,000,000. Later this was increased to 60 per cent.

The Standard interest was bought in Teagle's name. There were several reasons for this procedure. The attorney general and secretary of state of Texas had held that only individuals could be subscribers to stock newly issued by a corporation, either upon its formation or upon a subsequent increase of its capital. Moreover, some years previous Texas had ousted the Standard under its antitrust laws.

Although the Teagle deal had been publicly known since its consummation, it was not until four years later that the commonwealth filed suit against the Humble, alleging that the Standard was now doing business in the state in violation of the interdiction. In the lower court the Humble won, the bench holding that ownership of a 60 per cent interest in the capital stock of the Humble by the Standard did not constitute doing business within the confines of the state. The case is now on appeal.

With Standard capital, the Humble, under the original management, spread its wings until, as I have pointed out, it has become one of the four leading companies of Texas, with a network of pipe lines and a refinery at Baytown. For one thing, the Humble made the great Powell field development possible. That original capital of a few hundred thousand dollars has expanded to $50,000,000. Behind all this development is the fact that the dream of the young bank clerk and his friend, the husky driller, at Spindletop, came true.

John Sealy's Good Buy

In the Humble's encounter with the state of Texas you have the initial hint of what is one of the distinctive phases of the oil business in the state. Texas is the prize trust buster of the country. Her anti-corporation laws are aimed especially at absentee ownership—that is, foreign control of her enterprises. Naturally the path of the Standard in that part of the Southland has bristled with litigation. The Humble suit was the aftermath of a series of contests, one of which aroused nation-wide interest. A summary of it is an essential prelude to the story of the Magnolia Petroleum Company, the last of the big four.

The first chapter was written before 1898, when the Texas attorney general sued the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, a Missouri corporation controlled by the old Standard of New Jersey—its interest was about two-thirds—charging a violation of the state antitrust laws. After a jury trial, judgment was rendered against the company, canceling its permit to do business in Texas and perpetually enjoining it from doing business there. This decision was later affirmed by the United States Supreme Court. In May, 1900, the old Waters-Pierce Oil Company was dissolved and a new corporation bearing the same name was formed. It received a permit to do business in Texas. The subsequent career of this company there and elsewhere is of no interest here. The reason for the intrusion of this case is that it marked the first time that the Standard came to grips with the commonwealth of Texas.

The Standard, however, did not remain out of the Texas field. By ownership through individuals it created the Corsicana Refining Company at Corsicana—it was later transferred to the Navarro Refining Company—and the Security Oil Company at Beaumont. Once more the state went on the warpath. It sued these organizations, got a judgment, and the properties were sold in 1909 under the hammer, by a receiver appointed by the court, for $875,000.

They were bought in by John Sealy, a private banker of Galveston and one of the richest men in Texas. For upwards of a year they were conducted by the partnership of John Sealy & Co. Subsequently a joint stock company, the Magnolia Petroleum Company, was formed to take them over. In this company, John D. Archbold and Henry C. Folger, Jr., two of the conspicuous Standard magnates, had an 85 per cent interest.

Again the Standard drew the lightning. The state of Texas brought suit seeking to prove that the Magnolia Petroleum Company had violated the state antitrust laws, making the New Jersey company a co-defendant. A settlement of this case was

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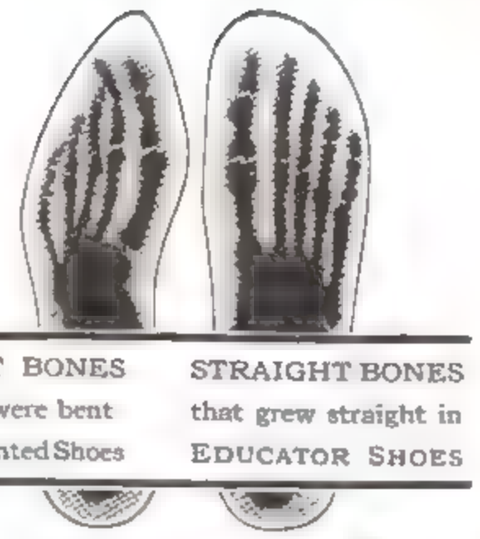

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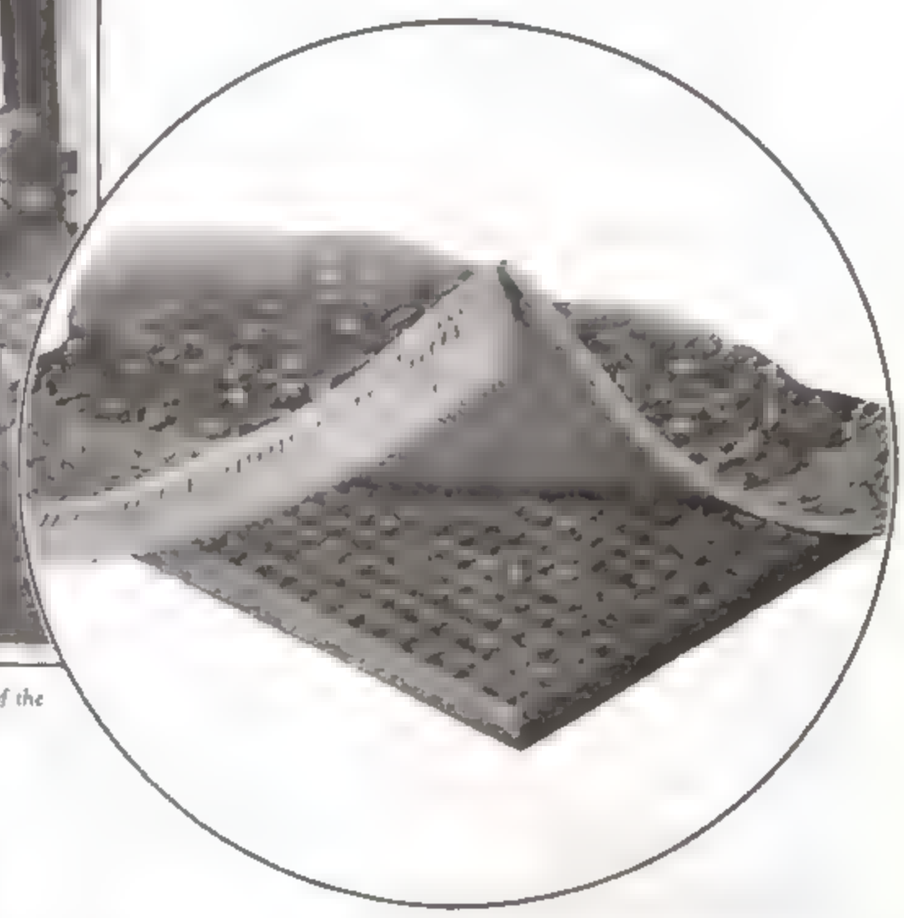

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Now the cost of rugs or carpeting has been cut in half. It has been made an *economy* to cover your floors this way.

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Millions of square yards are in use today in stores, offices, hotels, clubs, churches, theatres, and other places of public or semi-public character, as well as in fine homes.

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We will lay OZITE up to 30 square yards on any floor you select under rugs or carpeting, leaving it for 30 days. At the end of that time if you are willing to do without OZITE, it will be removed at our expense. We stand responsible to the dealer. A test with many advantages for you—and no drawbacks. Mail the coupon and details will be arranged. Or go direct to your dealer.

Even if you do not now care to make the test, send coupon for information, samples, and a list of a few of thousands of enthusiastic OZITE users. You will find it valuable and interesting.

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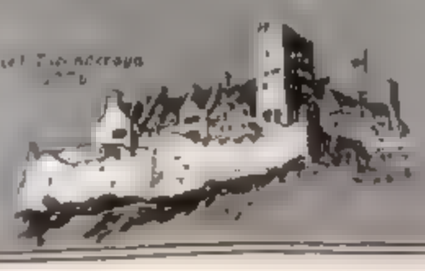

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effected by which the Standard of New Jersey paid a fine of $500,000 on account of violations of the state antitrust laws committed prior to October 26, 1909, and the case was dismissed as to the Magnolia and all other defendants. A further result was the appointment of a trustee representing the state of Texas whose function was to hold the Archbold and Folger stock in the Magnolia. This stock was later acquired by the Standard Oil Company of New York. The state trustee, however, remains steward of it. Under this supervision the Magnolia continues as a Texas concern so far as management is concerned.

In passing, it is interesting to know that when Archbold's estate was appraised in 1918 it showed that at the time of his death he owned 66,478 shares of Magnolia stock, which were valued at $300 a share, or a total of $19,943,400.

This was the largest single investment in the Archbold estate.

Various features stand out in an estimate of the Magnolia. The first is that the $875,000 paid for the original units at a sheriff's sale has expanded to the point where a capitalization of $180,000,000 stands instead. The Magnolia put over the biggest single deal in the history of American oil when it purchased the assets of the McMan Oil Company for $35,000,000. This deal, by the way, was consummated over the telephone. The McMan Oil Company, as I told in a previous article, was the giant that grew from a $700 investment, made in the Glenn pool of Oklahoma, by Robert McFarlin, a small-town banker, and James A. Chapman, a cattleman.

The Texas oil story, however, is not altogether the story of big companies, as is largely the case in California. The fifty-odd fields form a moving picture, and each reel is invested with distinct and diverting interest.

Take Electra, which not only again discloses the unexpected element of oil finding but shows that often "whosoever hath, to him shall be given."

Sprawling over North-Central Texas is the great Waggoner ranch of more than 600,000 acres. The owner, W. T. Waggoner, is one of the last of the cattle kings. One day in 1911 he gave orders to drill some water wells. Instead of finding water he got oil. At that time water was an essential on the ranch and petroleum was not. Waggoner was really incensed over what he called a fluke. However, being a practical man, he set to work to get an oil production and the result was the well-known Electra field, so designated from the first name of Waggoner's daughter. The twenty-story Waggoner Building in the heart of Fort Worth was built entirely out of oil from Electra and it represents only a part of the earnings.

The beginning of the Ranger field in 1917 is another illustration of the chance that attends petroleum production. "Chance" is the apt word here, because it was Ranger first, and later the town-site field at Burkburnett, that plunged Texas, and a considerable portion of the rest of the country, into a frenzy of stock speculation.

W. K. Gordon's Well

Ranger owed its inception to the tenacity of W. K. Gordon. As a young engineer he went to Texas to survey the route for a railroad from Strawn to Dublin. In his explorations he discovered coal. This black mineral was exploited by the Texas and Pacific Coal Company, which subsequently came under the control of a well-known New York banking firm.

Gordon always believed that there was oil in the area that now comprises the Ranger field in Eastland County. Largely at his representations, the Texas and Pacific leased an immense acreage in the section. At a certain farm where Gordon went to obtain a lease the housewife told him that her husband was out in the fields. Gordon asked her if her husband were a notary public.

She had probably never heard of the phrase, for she answered, "I don't know anything about that, but I do know he is a good Democrat."

In the middle of the territory leased by Gordon is the town of Ranger. When the citizens heard of Gordon's big leasing program they said to him, "We will give you 18,000 acres if you put down some test wells."

Gordon assented. His first drilling was on a farm owned by J. H. McCleskey, less than a mile from Ranger. When he got down to 3235 feet the New York bankers wired him to quit drilling. He had kept them informed of the progress of his work with daily telegrams. Gordon, however, was an optimist. On his own responsibility he decided to keep on, and at 200 feet farther down got oil. It was the discovery well, which developed a capacity of 1800 barrels a day. This was the beginning of the Ranger field.

It was also the beginning of fortune for the McCleskey family. Mrs. McCleskey was more concerned at the start about the integrity of her domestic establishment than the well that flowed with wealth almost at her front door. On the day after the well came in she invited a number of friends to a midday dinner. While she was in the midst of broiling the chickens, Gordon asked her to put out her fire for fear of starting a conflagration on her premises, as the oil was flowing rather wild. At first she indignantly refused, claiming that her meal was more important than the well. The same afternoon she again became incensed, this time because the oil was soiling the feathers of her white Leghorn chickens. Needless to say, Mrs. McCleskey soon sacrificed both cooking and chicken interests in favor of the compensations of the large income from royalties that streamed in. With part of his money McCleskey built a hotel in Ranger.

The first well at Ranger was the spark that started the oil fire in Central and North Texas. This is no figure of speech, for there was gas in the well. The field became dotted with derricks and the rush began. Eight pipe lines were soon under construction. These pipe lines were slight compared with the conduits of hot air that rushed from the plants of the promotion companies.

A Fortunate Mistake

One feature is worth pointing out. In 1917, when the field was opened, the gross earnings of the Texas and Pacific Railway at the Ranger station were $94,098. In 1918 they were $2,349,334, while in 1919 they rolled up to $8,146,309. Similar station earnings in this oil field beginning at Strawn, Texas, and extending to Cisco, Texas, which embraced the Ranger station, a distance of thirty-five miles, were $684,867 in 1917 and $13,080,744 in 1919, when the business was at its peak. The earnings of the Ranger station in 1923 receded to $1,646,517. In these statistics you can see how the fortunes of nearly all the allied or associated interests ebb and flow with the tide of petroleum.

Ranger, with its seething activity, was the forerunner of Burkburnett. Together they made 1918 sensational in oil history. The thrill and tumult of Spindletop were duplicated.

As was the case in that first South Texas field, nearly the whole country became interested at one time or another.

With Burkburnett you have the usual story of happy accident in oil discovery. In this case there is a new kink. Near the town of Burkburnett, named after S. Burk Burnett, an old-time cattleman, lived S. L. Fowler, whose rather large farm was stronger on sterility than on production. For years he had threatened to sell it. His wife, with the curious instinct of her sex, always opposed this step. The discovery of Ranger and other oil fields not so very far away had put the oil bug in the atmosphere, so to speak, and she was not immune. Fowler's desire to sell became so strong that he announced to his wife one night that he had found a prospective purchaser. Her answer was:

"Don't sell until we have made at least one test for oil."

Fowler agreed and an arrangement was entered into for drilling the well. The Fowlers formed a pool among their friends and each contributed units of $100 to defray the expenses. Now comes the most remarkable feature of all. The drilling contractor selected a certain site and ordered the tools, derrick, timbers and machinery hauled to it.

The foreman of the teamster gang took them to another spot by mistake and dumped them down. When the contractor arrived he saw that his instructions had not been carried out.

Not wishing to waste any more time transporting the material, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "On a big farm like this one spot is as good as another; I will drill here."

Hugs Wet Rocks

The sole of this rugged shoe is slightly concave (not the ordinary rocker-type). This brings all the 16 suction cups, from heel to toe, into sure contact with the ground. They'll cling to a smooth surface like a "blood-sucker" to your hand.

And your foot can't slip around inside this shoe! A specially cushioned, narrow heel prevents that.

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The cool, light, canvas uppers are bound with cowhide. The moulded suction soles have heavy scuffer toes. You can get as perfect a fit from these as from the highest priced leather shoes. Ask your dealer or write directly to—

The Servus Rubber Company
ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS

We have an interesting proposition for dealers, athletic coaches and camp directors. Write for full information.

Ralph Jones.
PROFESSIONAL
SPORT SHOES

"Floor Surfacing Pays Me $25 Per Day"

So says Don Arnold of Ind., whom we started as [illegible] I began making $5 [illegible] Machine. I cleared $180.00 in 17 hours."

I am making $25.00 per day and have made as high as $40.00 per day with my American Floor Surfacing Machine. I get plenty of work to keep my 'American Universal' busy all the time.

THE SAME OPPORTUNITY IS OPEN TO YOU

Would you don a pair of overalls and go to [illegible] over a floor for $25.00 to $40.00 [illegible] can build up enough business to [illegible] work for [illegible] If you [illegible] you can [illegible] in the world we can help [illegible] Write for [illegible] to enlarge and [illegible] has made profits from the start.

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does the work of six hand scrapers—earns you the wages of six men does better floor work than is [illegible] Has [illegible] Write for [illegible] Machine. We show you how [illegible] Write for full particulars.

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In the Newly Papered Room
Hang [illegible] and other [illegible] with
Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads—Steel Points
Moore Push-less Hangers
The Hanger with the Twist
Easy to use. Protect your walls
10c pkts. Sold everywhere In Canada 15c.
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Here it is—

The Ball the Golfing World Has Been Waiting For

Meet the new Goodyear "Dollar."

Players, professionals and amateurs, who have tested it on southern courses, say that it has everything a golf ball should have—length and controllability that win hard-fought matches, and the sweetest click off the club-head they've ever heard.

More than that, the Goodyear "Dollar" is unbelievably tough—immune to punishment.

It is guaranteed

After 36 or 72 holes, the Goodyear "Dollar" is as perfectly balanced, as accurate as when new, before wood or iron first touched it.

And the paint holds up too; the Goodyear "Dollar" is always glistening white.

The Goodyear "Dollar" is made by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company and distributed solely by the Great Lakes Corporation, makers of Swastika Golf Clubs, excellent in design, flawless in workmanship and shafted with the finest hickory.

Start the season right. Ask the professional at your club or your dealer in golf supplies for

The GOODYEAR "DOLLAR"

If your professional or dealer cannot supply you, we will send two balls on receipt of $2

GREAT LAKES CORPORATION

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He therefore drilled a well which produced 1600 barrels the first day. A curious fact was that had he drilled the first well on the site originally indicated he would have had a dry hole and the whole Burkburnett development would have been delayed and possibly not started at all. Such are the freaks of petroleum production.

Every member of the original Fowler syndicate received exactly $12,000 for every $100 that he or she put into it. Fortunately for the Fowlers, the only syndicated well was the discovery one. The rest of the farm was theirs and it proved to be oil-bearing on many different parts. What was once a sterile and unprofitable domain became a gold mine.

With the discovery of oil on the Fowler farm, excitement let loose to an extent that had not been witnessed in an oil field since Spindletop. Hundreds of operators rushed to the scene and there was the usual scramble for leases. Every householder in the town of Burkburnett fondly believed that he was living over oil and before long derricks sprang up in back yards. Oddly enough, the fond expectation of these citizens was realized, because it was discovered that the town itself lay almost directly over a huge oil pool. Frenzied town-lot drilling really came into vogue here. It was destined to be repeated on a more elaborate scale at Signal Hill and Santa Fé Springs in California.

What was happening at Burkburnett was also transpiring throughout the adjacent countryside. A month after the Fowler well was brought in, Wichita County and its environs hummed with the efforts of an oil-mad army. The roads were bad; heavy rains set in; housing accommodations were inadequate. In lieu of hotels, the operators, lease hounds, promoters and the general ragtag who always clutter such a setting lived on trains. The railroads were unable for a time to build tracks to keep pace with expansion. Amid all this confusion the one thing essential was being achieved. This was the flow of oil. By August, 1919, the Burkburnett field was producing 120,000 barrels a day.

I have briefly described the turmoil at Burkburnett to emphasize what to the layman is one of the miracles of oil production. In the early days of a flush field, and more especially in an inaccessible region, organized output seems impossible in the circumstances. This was especially true before the era of motor trucks, and when huge boilers and heavy drilling tools had to be hauled for miles through the mud—oil and mud seem to be almost synonymous—by horses and oxen. Yet out of a seeming chaos the machinery rises like magic. With an almost equal sleight of hand pipe lines are laid, tanks rise up and a coherent functioning community is born. It is largely due first to the unfailing optimism which is the chief characteristic of the oil man, and second to a dogged determination which runs it a close second.

Oil-Stock Promotion

The crowded scene in the Burkburnett field was only one part of the picture. With its development, together with that of Ranger, Fort Worth became the capital of a vast oil-promotion movement. In this bustling city was mobilized almost overnight the largest group of persuasive stock artists that this country has ever known. They created a selling literature that Wallingford might have claimed with pride. The office capacity of the place was taxed to accommodate them.

In the same way these grafters made a corresponding tax on the savings of the people. Hundreds of oil companies were floated and hundreds of millions of dollars of stock sold.

Chief among the powers that preyed was a group which built up what was probably the most pretentious of all the stock-selling organizations. As nearly everybody knows, they and their associates, together with many others of the same ilk, both at Fort Worth and Houston, were convicted of fraudulently using the mails and sentenced to prison. The whole story of oil-stock promotion in America, in which the Fort Worth and Houston episodes are merely chapters, will be told in a succeeding article of this series. I merely refer to it here as it fits into the narrative of Ranger and Burkburnett.

To resume the story of Texas oil development is to bring us to what is so far the crowning event, which was the discovery of the great Powell field. To understand its unfolding it may be well to know that in Texas there have been four distinct oil epochs.

First came that accidental discovery at Corsicana, which really started production in a small way. Second, was Spindletop, which launched the larger oil era. The third important period was the development in North and North-Central Texas, beginning with the Electra and ending in the Ranger and Burkburnett booms.

The fourth and latest in the progress of the industry involved a spectacular return to its birthplace at Corsicana, culminating later in the Powell bonanza. The Mexia field was really the approach to Powell. In December, 1920, Col. E. H. Humphreys, a well-known pioneer in Western mining and petroleum exploration, who had been wildcatting in West Virginia and Wyoming, completed a small well south of Corsicana which led to the discovery of the Mexia domain and secured for East Texas a prolific production.

Mexia did much more than this. The experience gained there made it possible for the student of oil-finding to suspect and determine the location of the Powell field in 1923. As I have already remarked, this immense reservoir of oil remained untouched for twenty-five years, although operators drilled and produced all around it. The field, which has been the largest producer in the United States—its high tide last year was 356,000 barrels a day, the American record—was found to be a part of a great system of earth fractures—or faults, as they are technically known—which traverse Texas and are now known to be oil bearing.

Conservancy Methods

Before Mexia, faults had generally been considered as only indifferently effective in forming petroleum reservoirs. It is worth repeating that the uncovering of Powell was due almost entirely to geology, which is more and more reducing the dry-hole hazard. The great discovery which will eliminate it is still elusive.

In the development of Powell there was no hectic scramble such as obtained at Ranger or Burkburnett. It was a big-acreage proposition from the start. Thanks to the accuracy of its geological investigators, the Humble had more than 30 per cent of the area before production got under way. Its share of the 40,000,000-barrel output of last year was 9,487,870 barrels, or nearly one-quarter. The Humphreys Oil Company got 3,556,114 barrels; the Gulf, 3,061,890; and the Texas, 1,370,152 barrels.

There was another reason why the Powell expansion was so orderly. Texas has a conservancy act administered by an oil-and-gas division operating in connection with the railroad commission. Under this act, individuals and companies seeking to drill wells must first make application and get permits. Furthermore, wells must be separated by at least 150 feet. The idea behind this injunction was to prevent one well from draining another. These regulations, I might add, were promulgated after the furor at Burkburnett. Had they then been in force much petroleum could have been conserved. At Ranger the Government was able for a time to check the mad drilling because we were in the World War and M. L. Requa, oil controller, stopped priority on shipments of pipe and casing.

In some Texas fields, and especially in Breckinridge, operators have introduced a striking innovation by pooling their interests and drilling a common well in a certain area

Here you have another antidote for the economic waste which so frequently comes in oil production.

Texas conservancy also provides for the shutting-in of gas wells. Formerly much of the natural gas produced went to waste in the hunt for the more valuable oil. In these Texas provisions, as well as those that obtain in Oklahoma, you have the germ of a movement which is vital to the integrity of our future oil supply.

Thus the Texas oil story, like the larger biography of the state, is alive with action and aglow with color. The stirring drama of border days has been reënacted more than once in the development of the petroleum fields. Oil is seldom dull under the Lone Star.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson dealing with American oil The next will be devoted to the evolution of the Standard Oil Company

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It is not enough for a chest to *smell like cedar!*

REAL protection from moths, dust and dampness is found only in a chest where the interior is fully fashioned from genuine red cedar heartwood with a thickness of at least three-quarters of an inch. And it must be as air-tight as it is possible to make it with specially joined panels, interlocked corners and perfectly fitted lid.

The LANE is just that kind of a cedar chest. It affords the most effective and convenient security for your furs, woolens and daintier apparel, from day to day or year to year. And in addition every one of the many attractive designs is as fragrant and beautifully decorative as your heart can desire.

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AFTER wearing them for months, you can still look down at your Packards and say, *"Those are fine shoes."*

For theirs is the fineness of good leather and very skillful shoe making—a built-in fineness.

Packards are made *slowly*. That adds a little to their cost but a lot to their wear and continuing good looks.

They are so firmly lashed together with linen cables and the tension of leather is so uniform that Packards become adjusted to your feet without bulging, running over or in any way losing their lines of sturdy elegance.

Because there are many different shapes of feet and a variety of tastes when it comes to style, a Packard dealer offers a wide selection of smart models, worth from $9 to $12.

If your feet trouble you ask to see our wonderful Phlexopedic. It is a right looking shoe for feet that are beginning to go wrong.

Write to us if you don't know a Packard dealer.

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY
BROCKTON, MASS

THE Packard SHOE

SURVIVAL

(Continued from Page 21)

He had sold off his real property, until there remained only the mill and the family homestead. He had called in his notes and mortgages wherever possible, so that at the day of his death his estate was largely a matter of cash and securities in bank.

And as the lawyer read off these balances and the sum of these securities a stir swept through the room and the hall. Through her veil the eyes of Caleb Thorn's widow grew strained with utter astonishment. Her husband had left a fortune such as no one in those parts had ever accumulated. His interests had been extended even outside the county, in directions that she had never suspected. She had a vision for an instant of a powerful man, acquiring, conserving, hoarding, always secretly, with a sort of fanatic satisfaction in his own self-sufficiency.

Then this glimpse of the man she had lived with for twenty-eight years gave place to something that could only be compared to the rush and whir of wings. They unfolded within her with a terrible and painful swiftness, the wings of her long-stifled imagination. Money and freedom! Money with which to send her children on their way to delayed happiness. For Wilbur and Judith and Stephen—ah, for Stevie most of all! Money at last for the best surgeon in the land; money at last to buy beauty to feed his denied genius!

There was something wild and fantastic in the flight of these wings. They carried her to far lands she had never consciously thought of; they showed her a graciousness her own life had never known—faces and manners gentler than any she had ever been surrounded by, a bright softness of living so far undreamed of. Longings that must have been lying dormant in her soul all her life suddenly flowered into dazzling beauty and became realities which soon she would be able to touch, to hand on to her children.

She must have straightened up, to have made some gesture of ecstasy, for her son Wilbur touched her on the arm and brought her back to sight of the black box and Mr. Harvey behind it. The lawyer was bending over the long sheet of white paper, silent for the moment as if he hung back from something. Afterward it was said that in this pause he had glanced once, as if he besought it, at the face of his silent client. But Caleb Thorn's widow saw nothing but that long double sheet of white paper, a scroll on which was written the fate of four persons.

"Ah er" Mr. Harvey cleared his throat—"to proceed: 'I, Caleb Thorn, do testify that the above is a true statement of my assets and liabilities at the above-mentioned date. I have labored night and day so that my children may have a fitting competence in their old age. I desire that my labors shall not be in vain. I therefore, after prayer and due cogitation, do make this my last will and testament to wit, as follows: One-third of my real property to which in law my beloved wife, Emily, is entitled, shall consist of the family home with its land, and a one-third interest in the mill known as Thorn's Mill. The remaining two-thirds interest in Thorn's Mill shall go to my son Wilbur. The cash and securities at present in bank shall be disposed as follows: One-third of each to be placed in trust as per attached directions. The interest therefrom, in the approximate sum of twenty-five hundred dollars yearly, shall be for the use and maintenance of my wife Emily and my children, Judith and Stephen. This sum will be ample for their comfort so long as they and my son Wilbur do conduct their lives in the manner that I believe to be best for them, to wit, as follows —'"

The stillness of the room was broken by a whispering stir as what can only be described as the audience leaned forward the better to hear, and to stare at the family whose future conduct was about to be prescribed.

"'—— in the manner that I believe to be best for them,'" Mr. Harvey repeated nervously. "'My son Wilbur shall agree not to sell or to mortgage his share of Thorn's Mill, and to give it his personal daily attention for a period of not less than ten years from date. In this business he will never be a conspicuous failure, being by now well grounded in my principles. He shall endeavor to rid himself of certain fanciful ideas he once had of a less useful career—in which I am convinced he would have amounted to nothing—and shall cure himself of a certain half-heartedness which interferes with competence. If he does so he will find himself eventually a man of standing in the community and my worthy successor.

"'My daughter Judith will renounce once and forever any misguided thought she may have had of a marriage with one Robert Crandall, a freethinker and a ne'er-do-well. I know the Crandalls root and branch, and they are not worthy of an alliance with the Thorns. I request that my daughter Judith remain at home with her mother until such time as she may marry into one of the families whose blood and achievements I respect, as follows ——'"

At this point the rustling became so excited that Lawyer Harvey paused and frowned over his glasses before he resumed: "'The Raymonds, the Jordans, the Mowers—not the Mowers of Silver Creek—the Grover Meachams, and the heirs of Jacob Hannan—not of Sylvester Hannan, who was a profligate and repudiated his debts. I request my wife, Emily, to see that no alliance except with one of these families be made by my daughter Judith.'"

Even in that assembly of the curious many found it painful to look at Judith Thorn's face, fiercely scarlet, with pitifully twitching lips. She shrank back behind her brother's shoulder, her outraged stare fixed upon the black box.

The lawyer from this point on read hurriedly, as if he wished to be quickly through with his task:

"'My son Stephen to have one year at Brown's Business Seminary, after which he will keep the books of Thorn's Mill until such time as he shall be rid of certain vain imaginings. Not one cent of money is to be spent by him or his mother on an education which can only lead him into temptation and profligacy. I am convinced that he has neither the strength of will nor the ability to make worth while such risks. I hope for him that a term of practical living may counteract a temperament naturally vain and emotional. . . . And to my beloved wife, Emily, I leave the task of carrying out these my dying requests. She will see to it that the above-mentioned Wilbur, Judith and Stephen do fulfill and honorably, to the best of their ability, become living monuments to my memory. She will conquer her natural weaknesses and strengthen her will to continue her life and to guide her children strictly in accordance with the above directions. . . . And at the end of ten years from date, when my children, Wilbur, Judith and Stephen, shall have attained to years of maturity, and my wife, Emily, has gained some wisdom in worldly affairs, the following reward shall be theirs:

"'The sum of one hundred and two thousand dollars having been placed in trust as per directions attached hereto, shall be, with its accrued interest, divided equally among them, providing they have strictly fulfilled the above conditions. But if any or all of them have failed to fulfill the above conditions, then the entire sum shall go to the founding of a charitable institution in Thorn's Hollow, according to directions attached to this will.'"

The ceasing of the lawyer's voice was so sudden that silence caught the staring faces in all their naked greed for sensation.

Above the rim of the black box nothing could be seen save the forehead and the craglike nose of Caleb Thorn, raised slightly above the shoulders on a pillow of white satin. But his voice seemed to hover over them all, the embodied voice of an undying will to rule; and no one would have been greatly surprised had Caleb Thorn sat up in his narrow bed and turned upon them his austere eyes of imperious rectitude.

"There are certain directions"—the lawyer's voice broke in upon this absorbing silence—"inclosed in a note to me. Er—the heirs, if they accept the above conditions, which they have just heard read, are to—er—advance and make their acceptance of the same known—er—publicly, in the following order"—the lawyer looked down at a memorandum in his hand—"Stephen, Judith, Wilbur, Mrs. Emily Thorn."

He paused, passed a nervous hand over his forehead, fumbled with his papers, and finally made a half turn so that he again faced the family as they sat in a short row against the wall.

(Continued on Page 208)

Black Jack

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Try it!

SEN-SEN to sweeten and perfume the breath.

Delightful flavor, aromatic and fragrant.
Valuable for singers and speakers.

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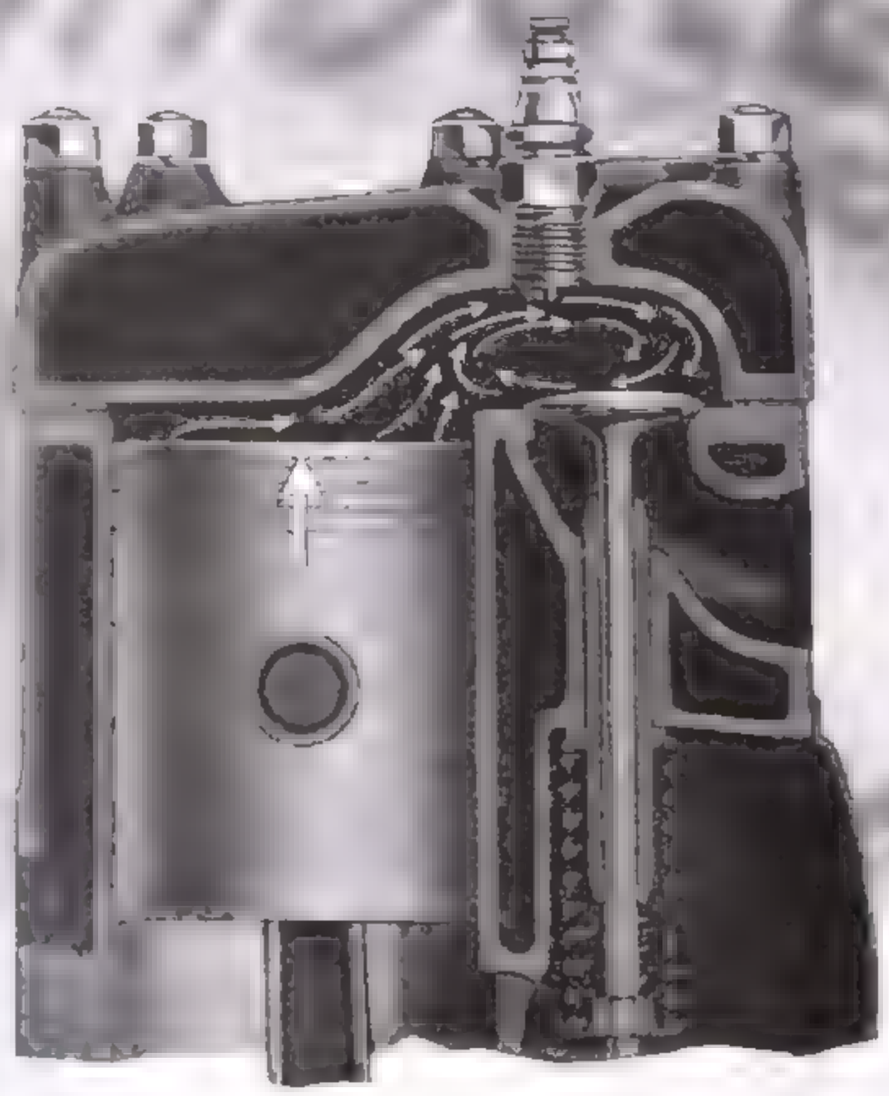
Waukesha Ricardo

The Ricardo Head



Turbulence accelerates combustion as the wind fans the flame

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The Ricardo Head allows higher compression without detonation.

The Ricardo Head produces such promptness and completeness in charge-burning that the power output produced and the economy effected is greater than is obtained from standard types of engines.

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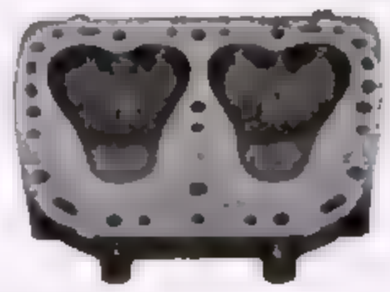

An interior view of an efficient design of the Ricardo Head.

United States Patent granted Nov. 13, 1923, to Waukesha Motor Co. as assignee of Henry Ralph Ricardo, the English Scientist.

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You can do it with a Hilab, because it's leather, the right stuff for fan belts, and we've proved it.

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says L. D. Payne. Frank DePries made over $325 profit in one day. Slidell and Viles sold over $25,000 in 2 years. G. Howard earned $100 in one day. F. E. Mendenhall worked half time and made $100 a week. W. P. [illegible] Every Home, Auto Owner, Store and Factory a Live Prospect. E. O. Keeton, Glenn Haven, Texas, writes: [illegible] No Experience Necessary. Get our free Sales Plan. Write for [illegible] Territory going fast.

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Look for the name DUBAN on the Awning. Dealers wanted where we are not represented.
The DUBAN SHADE CORP.
174 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 206)

"You have heard the reading of the will. If it is your intention to accept the conditions laid down in it you are requested to come forward, and standing thus"—he laid one hand upon the rim of the coffin—"pledge yourselves to carry out the testator's wishes."

The children of Caleb Thorn sat motionless, as if made immobile by their bewildered incomprehension. The widow of Caleb Thorn huddled under the veil that gave her its grotesque touch of the sinister. She seemed to grow smaller, meeker, more futile instant by instant. Her black-gloved fingers trembled as they moved one over the other. A new bead had been added to her rosary and she was saying it over and over:

"Ten years! Ten years!"

Lawyer Harvey made a sudden small movement, as if he could no longer stand the silence.

"Stephen?"

His voice was sharp, like a command, from strain, and the boy stood up automatically. His expression was dazed, as if he had wakened in some frightening and melancholy land. Like an automaton, he moved forward. The clubfoot, dragging, scratched faintly over the carpet. And then as he wavered forward, rounding the head of the black box, the painful silence of the room was broken by a loud, dull sound. The clumsy boot had hit against one of the trestles supporting the coffin. It made a noise like a wooden shriek in that breathless room. At the sound the widow started up to her feet as if she had been stabbed. Her eyes behind the black veil distended sharply. She threw out her arms and in an instant drama took possession of that room so long arid of reality. A cry rang through it, an intolerably outraged cry of anguish and of protest. The widow of Caleb Thorn darted forward toward her younger son.

"No! No! Stevie, you shall not! No! I forbid you!"

She pushed him back toward his chair so sharply that he stumbled and half fell into it. She tore back the heavy veil from over her face, and she leaned over the black box.

"I refuse!" she cried. "I refuse! I refuse!"

And with each word her clenched fist came down upon the lid of the coffin. Three thuds, blood-freezing echoes of Stevie Thorn's clubfoot striking against the trestle. The room stirred wildly. The undertaker, the lawyer, aghast, would have led her back to her chair; but she waved them away with a wild gesture of her arms. And alone she stood behind the black box. The small meek black bonnet weighted askew by the great black veil that fell down her back added to the something fantastically strange which transformed her. She appeared to grow taller, heroically younger. Two bright crimson spots appeared on her thin cheek bones—the old April touch come back, with madness to heighten it.

"I refuse to be ruled from the grave!" she cried, and she looked down upon the stony face upon the white satin pillow. "Do you hear me? I've been ruled and governed and thwarted by you for twenty-eight years, and now you want to keep on doing it until we're all shaped to suit you. Well, I refuse, and my children refuse. Ten years! The best ten years of their lives, like squirrels in a cage, to carry out your will! They shall not, they shall not! Do you hear me? I'd rather see them pauper-poor all their lives, and free from you, do you hear?"

A horrified voice came from the end of the family row, where sat a distant relative of Caleb Thorn.

"Shame, Emmy Thorn! He was a good man——"

"Ha, good! Oh, yes, he was a good man, Sarah Thorn, if you can call a man good that loved himself better than anybody else in the world!"

"Mother!" Judith Thorn stretched out protesting arms to the widow.

"Be quiet!" said Emily Thorn, with strange authority. "I'm going to tell the truth. He took advantage of being dead to humble us before everybody, and now being dead can't save him from hearing my side."

A shiver went through the rows; one or two women were gasping; those in the hall pressed forward into the room, fascinated.

"My side!" The widow did not exactly laugh, but there was laughter in the strange twist to her mouth and in the inflection of the words. "Nobody ever heard my side least of all him. I lived with him twenty-eight years, and I done my best always, and never once did he ask me what I thought or what I wanted or what I believed. He built this house and I never stepped inside it until it was done. It was his house, built the way he wanted, and it's got two steps down into the pantry. They've put ten years on me, those steps. And it's up here in this little hollow where the snow drifts so we can't get out in winter. I was young when I come here, and I used to pray for a team to pass, down on the main road. And I've never been away on the train since our wedding trip, because he believed a woman should stay at home. And when my children wanted to go away to school he said the money would be wasted on them because"—here she did at last laugh, a choked shrill sound—"because they were too much like me. He said that to me, and I never forgot it. He felt that way about women. And I made myself small because I wanted peace for my children. My children! They were his property, like his mill and his men and this house and me."

The words poured out of her, as if from a very nausea of the spirit. Old wounds bleeding, memories buried under and living, slights and repressions, a crescendo of naked revelation. Tiny tyrannies—the children's names which he chose, the setting of eggs he always put a price to, the dun-colored dresses he bought for her. But over and above these things throbbed her resentment of his denial of her and her children's right to be themselves.

"His property, that's what we was!" she cried wildly. "Like cattle to be drove where he wanted us to go! Wilbur drove into the mill when he wanted to learn to sing, Judy separated from the one she loved, Stevie sneered at and his writing tore up. Stevie ——"

Her face quivered, the blaze in her eyes flared higher. She threw back her head so that the veil and the bonnet slipped more askew, dragging her iron-gray hair back from her meek forehead. And her hands, clenched upon the rim of the black box, looked as if they were about to shake it horribly.

"Look at my boy's foot! It needn't have been like that if his father had loved him, ever. On my bended knees, when Stevie was little, I begged him to let me take the boy somewhere to a surgeon, and he wouldn't do it. He said it would cost too much and, besides, Stevie's foot was an act of God!"

The hands unclenched themselves from the rim of the coffin, they went up over her head, shaking in fury.

"God! God!" the horrified roomful heard her cry. "You've got him now! Let him hear what I've said!"

With this last cry the preacher himself, shocked into action, stepped forward and caught at the fluttering hands.

"Mrs. Thorn, Mrs. Thorn, you blaspheme ——"

At his touch, as if a stretched wire snapped, Stevie's mother became again the widow of Caleb Thorn. She swayed, looked about her with dazed eyes; and then, dragging the black veil down over her face, she began to cry weakly. Her daughter Judith and a neighbor woman led her out between them, meek, a small, huddled shadow of a woman.

In her ugly black-walnut bed, with its high headboard, she lay, now and then dozing off and waking to wipe the slow tears from her face, while the body of Caleb Thorn was carried to its grave. The children, the two or three distant relatives of the dead man, returned to the house for supper. Just as the meal was being put on the table, Emily Thorn came down, dressed in her black gown, her iron-gray hair smoothed, her face composed. She took her place at the head of the table and poured the tea as usual, meekly and anxiously peering to see that everyone was served.

The relatives left early for the drive to their homes, the neighbor woman's husband called with a lighted lantern to take her across the field to her own house. The widow and her children were left alone. They were silent from preoccupation and weariness. Emily Thorn sat staring at a red chink of light that glowed through the open draft of the kitchen stove. She had turned her skirt back over her knees and was warming her feet.

Presently she said with difficulty, "Do you—do you think I—went crazy?"

It seemed to be the word they were waiting for. They drew their chairs about her. Wilbur bent and patted her shoulder.

"No, we don't," he said in his patient voice. "I guess we all understand too well for that."

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Then they began to talk about the future. There was very little bitterness in their disappointment, for they had scarcely grasped the extent of the fortune they were renouncing. The predominant note in the conversation was the fact that they were free now to plan their lives. They accepted their mother's action without a question. They planned soberly how they could get the most out of the small income they would have, and where they should live when they had sold this house and Emily's one-third of the mill. Would they have enough to send Stevie to college, and perhaps to a surgeon—if it was not too late? Was it too late now to do anything about Wilbur's voice?

They talked timidly at first; but slowly their cramped spirits seemed to unfold, to rise a little from the ground. They were all conscious still of what had lain in the parlor at the front of the house; but here in the remote kitchen, lamplit and checkered with the moving flames that showed through the draft of the stove, they were warmed by one another's nearness, by a sense of something lifted from between them, so that now their eyes could meet clearly. They need no longer be afraid or ashamed to acknowledge how dear they were to one another, how completely they were their mother's children.

When they had stumbled wearily up the stairs to their rooms their mother still sat in front of the kitchen stove. She wanted to sit there a while, she said, until she felt like sleep. No, she would not be long, she promised; and she would not get to crying again; she just wanted to think things over a bit.

What she did not tell them was that she dreaded to go to bed in that black-walnut bed where for so many years she and Caleb had lain. She had a chill feeling that he might come back to that room where, night after night for twenty-eight years, he had been in the habit of reviewing her mistakes and omissions of the day. Tonight what provocation he had for censuring her! She cowered in her chair and her fingers went to her lips. A wave of dreadful weakness and loneliness swept over her. He had been her tyrant; but he had been her husband, too, and she had married him with a great love in her heart. And this afternoon, while he lay helpless in his coffin, she had defied and publicly lashed him.

Rising tremblingly to her feet, she took up the lamp and went down the wide hall to the parlor. The neighbor woman had carefully replaced the furniture in its usual stiff order, and Emily Thorn put the lamp down upon a marble-topped table in the center of the room. Then she faced toward the spot between the windows where the great black box had stood that afternoon.

"Caleb"—her whisper shivered through the room—"Caleb, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for all I said. If you'll forgive me I'll forgive you, my—my dear."

Her tongue stumbled over the endearment which Caleb had never encouraged. She stood there for a moment with bent head, and then suddenly she was afraid. She was no longer oppressed by a sense of her wickedness; but she was filled with terror of something unnamable that seemed to be thick in the room about her. She caught up the lamp and went toward the door.

But as she approached the threshold she started so violently that the lamp nearly leaped from her hand, for a long finger of light had traveled across the floor of the hall and gone out again.

It seemed to Emily Thorn that she should die of her terror until her ears caught the grind of wheels on the driveway outside, and she realized that the light had shone through the sidelights of the front door from a lantern on some vehicle that was approaching the house. Pressing her face to the narrow panes beside the door, she saw a horse and buggy, with a lantern tied underneath, drive past the door and around to the side of the house.

She forced herself to carry the lamp back to the kitchen, where she stood shivering until the sound of a human voice whoaing to the horse at the hitching post reassured her. Then she opened the door.

"It's me, Mrs. Thorn; don't be alarmed," a voice called from the darkness, and Lawyer Harvey came up onto the porch.

"Oh, my!" she said faintly. "Come in. Is anything—wrong?"

No one ever drove the five miles from town to that house in the evening without calamitous reason.

"No, no; only something—well, rather queer. Wait a minute. I'll explain."

He threw his overcoat, damp from the drizzle of rain, over a chair and from a pocket he took the manila case she had seen that afternoon. This he opened hastily, and she was astonished to see that his hands shook a little. She noticed, too, that there was excitement in his face. He spread the contents of the envelope upon the red cloth of the table under the lamp. All the papers he pushed aside save the long double sheet of foolscap from which he had read that afternoon. This he unfolded and spread before her.

She saw the close black lines of her husband's handwriting slanting across the page from top to bottom.

"You'd better sit down," said the lawyer, placing a chair for her. He seated himself across the table from her. The will lay between them.

"Mrs. Thorn, something has happened that I confess I don't understand. I am ashamed to say that in reading the will this afternoon I overlooked something of great importance. How I ever came to do it, I don't know."

He did, indeed, look as if something had severely shaken his self-esteem, as if he were apologetic and puzzled.

"This evening," he went on, "after supper I went back to my office to make a copy of the will so you could have it tomorrow. In doing so I turned back the first page, so—and you could have knocked me over when I saw this."

He pointed to a few lines of writing on the back of the will.

She glanced uncomprehendingly at the brief paragraph.

"What is it?"

"It's a codicil, Mrs. Thorn. And here's the extraordinary thing about it—tonight is the first time I've seen it. Believe me, if I had known of its existenee I never would have read that will this afternoon. Extraordinary! How I could have failed to see it beats me."

"A codicil?" she stammered. "What does it mean?"

"It means that Caleb at the last minute revoked, canceled, that will I read this afternoon. This codicil names you executor, with control of Caleb's fortune, to use as you see fit for the best good of Wilbur, Judith and Stephen. Wait, I will read it to you."

The words he read were almost without meaning for her because of a growing preoccupation with an idea that seemed suddenly to engulf her consciousness.

One phrase only stood out, like something softly glowing: "My faithful and beloved wife."

"When—when did he write that?" She heard her own voice far off.

"It is dated the sixteenth of November. That was the day before he died, wasn't it? Do you remember, I came up here that day to see him? But he was sinking fast, and you asked me not to disturb him by talking to him."

She nodded.

"I remember."

"I had brought this envelope with his papers and the will, for I thought there might be changes he would want made. I recall I sat beside the bed with it in my hands. He seemed to be asleep, but I thought he might waken and want me to do something for him. So I sat there a few minutes. But I heard my horse thrashing around at the hitching post—he never was a good stander—and I went down for, maybe, five minutes. Mrs. Thorn, I am convinced he must have written that codicil while I was out of the room."

Her eyes were dilated, for now a curious inner excitement was washing over her, making it hard for her to breathe. She leaned forward heavily on the table, staring at the lawyer.

"But, Mr. Harvey, he could not have written it—then," she whispered. "Don't you know he was half paralyzed those last few days?"

"You mean you thought he was," the lawyer urged. "Caleb was a strong man. How do we know what resources he had? How do we know ——"

"But I tell you he hadn't been able to lift his hands for three days! He hadn't opened his eyes all that day."

The lawyer hit the long white sheet irritably with his knuckles and the sound went crackling through the room electrically.

"But there's the date, Mrs. Thorn, and we can't get round it. And the handwriting. It is his writing, isn't it, Mrs. Thorn?"

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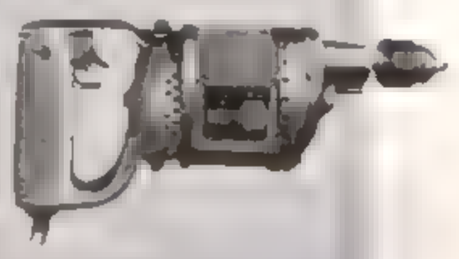

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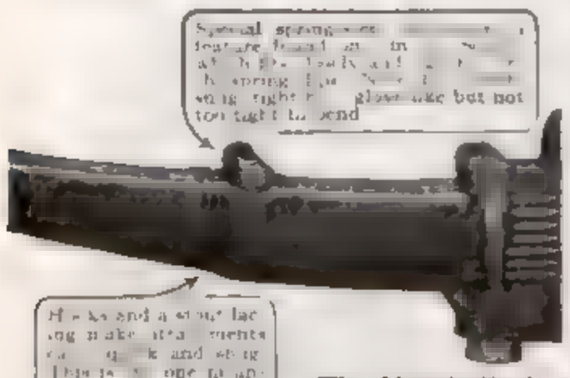
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Avoid Imitations

She bent forward, staring. But after a second or two she passed her hands across her eyes.

"I can't see ——"

"But you must see," the lawyer's voice squeaked. "Get your glasses, Mrs. Thorn, and try again."

She wavered across the kitchen to where a basket of darning stood, found a pair of spectacles and came back. Putting them on, she stared a long time at the reverse side of the will; so long a time that the lawyer finally demanded, "Well? It is his hand, isn't it?"

She looked up. And when she had swept the spectacles from her eyes he saw that something had happened to Emily Thorn. In her face there was a glory of triumphant happiness.

"It is his handwriting," she said softly. "But it's the way he wrote when he was a young man—firm and proud."

The lawyer threw himself back in his chair with a gesture of desperation.

"I don't know what you mean!" he cried loudly, as if to reassure himself. "I don't believe in miracles, but sometimes the sick do rise, get their strength back for a moment. And it's possible ——"

The word faded into silence, a silence extraordinary for its quality. The woman across the table sat smiling at him indulgently, peacefully.

"Mr. Harvey, do you really think a dying man could write like that?"

"But there's the date—the date, Mrs. Thorn!"

She looked at him wistfully, stubbornly.

"The date don't mean much to me."

"But it will to the court!" Lawyer Harvey shook himself as if to be rid of something intangible that threatened his judgment. "Of course, it's difficult, there being no witness to the signature. But the court may accept the codicil on the ground that it's a holographic will, with no contestants. Yes, I'm inclined to think it's going to be all right, Mrs. Thorn. And I can tell you I for one shall be mighty glad to see the money in your hands."

"The money don't matter much —now."

The lawyer regarded her for a long time intently, with a touch of puzzled awe. Then with an effort he appeared to tear himself away from some speculation to him highly fantastic.

He reached for his overcoat, dropped it, looked over his shoulders at the closed door to the hall, and then he leaned forward across the table.

"Look here, Mrs. Thorn," he pleaded in a low voice, "when do you honestly think he wrote that will?"

She lifted her gaze to meet his, and it seemed to him that she looked very much as she did when he had known her as a girl. And something else was in her face that he could not put a name to, not knowing that the April touch may be mystical. Her lips moved, but before she could speak the lawyer threw up a warning hand.

"No, don't say it!" he cried. "Don't ever say it to anyone! I know and you know Caleb wrote that codicil the day before he died. I don't know what's going on in your head, Mrs. Thorn—women are queer ——"

"I know when he wrote it," she whispered stubbornly.

"All right, all right; but don't say so. You don't want folks to call you mad, do you?"

"I'm not mad," she smiled peacefully. "I won't say it—but I know what I know. And it has made everything all right, happier, different."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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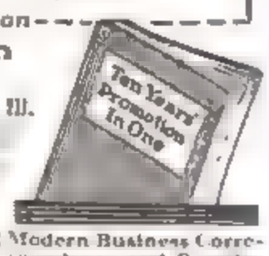

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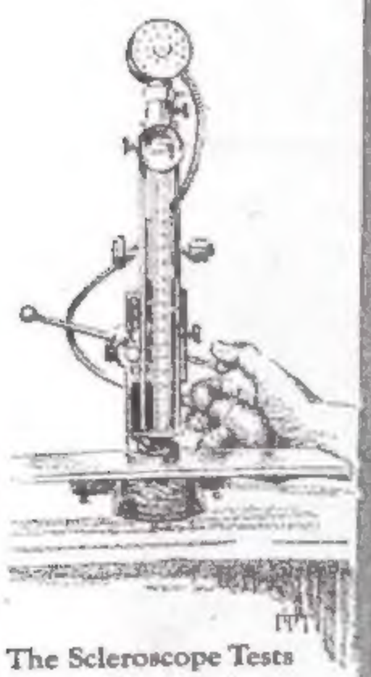

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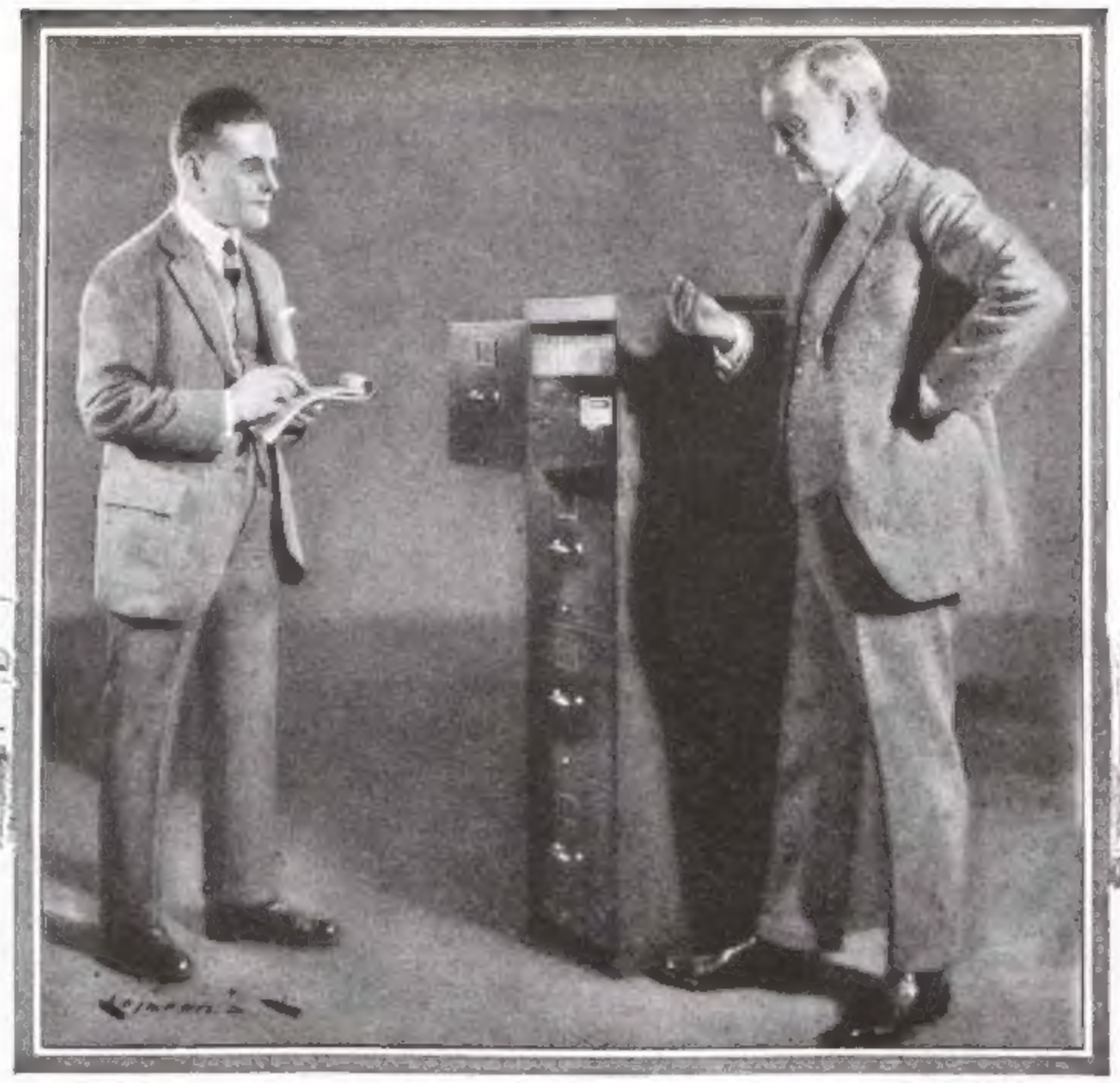

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THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

Ten Sizes Ten Prices
for Sunkist Oranges

IT'S a mistake to think that Sunkist Oranges come in but one size.

There are ten sizes; and prices vary according to the size.

So there are Sunkist Oranges for every pocketbook. Be sure to keep a dozen always in the house.

One thousand million Sunkist Oranges are now eaten every year because so many people have learned to depend on them for quality.

What are Sunkist?

Sunkist are California's *uniformly good* oranges, selected from the finest orange crops that the world produces.

So "Sunkist" is a *grade-mark* as well as a trade-mark.

While sizes (and, therefore, prices) differ, and *appearances* may differ slightly also, the *eating quality*—the "*inside* orange"—is uniformly good.

"Sunkist" also brings you fresh, tree-ripened oranges in Spring and Summer as in Fall and Winter—one of the few fresh fruits that you can have the year 'round whenever you desire it.

Serve Daily

Serve Sunkist Oranges daily to get their healthful benefits. The *true* benefits from fruit come with *regularity* of use.

Try oranges for ten days as a test. Eat them with meals or between meals. Make them your breakfast fruit. Get the healthful "Bedtime Orange" habit.

Remember that the better California oranges come in tissue wrappers stamped "Sunkist." Look for these wrappers when you buy.

California **Sunkist** *Oranges*

Uniformly Good

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE

A Non-profit, Co-operative Organization of 11,000 Growers

DEPT. 104, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Look for This Machine

It is being distributed by the growers of Sunkist Oranges and Lemons to enable soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure wholesome orangeade and lemonade.

The soda fountains using the new Electrical Sunkist Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orangeade and real lemonade made to your order from the fresh fruit.

Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of quality.